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MISCELLANEOUS

PIECES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

The Rev. Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

K.

NOT INSERTED IN MR. SHERIDAN's EDITION
OF THE DEAN's WORKS.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXXIX.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO the Miſcellanies now preſented to the Publick little preface is neceſſary. The productions of DEAN SWIFT will ever ſpeak for themſelves. The Publiſher has only to lament that the death of a literary Friend, to whom he owes the communication of the greater part of this Volume, has deprived him of that ſatisfactory elucidation the Collection would otherwiſe have received; and to acknowledge the aſſiſtance of another Friend, from whom he has had ſome valuable additions.

It was originally intended that no Piece ſhould appear which was already in Mr. SHERIDAN's Edition; on a reviſal, however, it turns out that ſome ſmall articles have been admitted, which it may be proper here to mention, *viz.* the

ADVERTISEMENT.

"Fragment on Freethinking*," the Introductory Letter to Sir Charles Wogan †, a Letter to Alderman Barber ‡, and the poetical Billet of Dr. Sheridan, with the Dean's Anſwer §.

Whenever a COMPLETE EDITION ſhall be formed of SWIFT's Writings, it muſt be by an accurate compariſon of the SEVENTEEN Volumes publiſhed by Mr. SHERIDAN, with the TWENTY-FIVE Volumes in the editions of Dr. HAWKESWORTH and Mr. NICHOLS. When that is done, the preſent Volume will form an intereſting part; and till then it may be conſidered either as an EIGHTEENTH Volume of the one edition, or as a TWENTY-SIXTH of the other.

JUNE 10, 1789.

* See p. 132. † P. 29. ‡ P. 91. § P. 206.

LIST

LIST of DESIDERATA in SWIFT's WORKS.

1. SWIFT's Letter to the Biſhop of KILLALOE. See the note in Nichols's Edition, vol. xxv. p. 373.—If this was ever printed, it muſt have been *in* or *before* the year 1708.
2. A Tract, "On Reading, and the Corruption of "Taſte in Writing." See vol. xxv. p. 373.—If this was printed, it is probably alluded to in the Journal to Stella, Nov. 4, 1710: "I writ a pamphlet when "I was laſt in London, that you and a thouſand "have ſeen, and never gueſſed it to be mine." Oct. 12, he ſays, "They have fixt about fifty things on "me ſince I came; I have printed but *three*." Q. What were they?
3. "A Ballad (full of puns) on the Weſtminſter Elec- "tion, 1710." See vol. xxv. p. 313.
4. "Dunkirk ſtill in the Hands of the French: being "a plain and true Diſcovery of a moſt notorious "Falſehood, invented by Jacobites and Tories, "that the Town of Dunkirk was lately delivered "to the Engliſh. Price 1d." Adverti ſed July 17 *.
5. "A Hue and Cry after Diſmal; being a full and "true Account how a Whig Lord was taken at "Dunkirk in the Habit of a Chimney-ſweeper, "and carried before General Hill. Price 1 d."
6. "It's out at laſt, or French Correſpondence clear "as the Sun. Price 1 d."
7. "A Dialogue upon Dunkirk, between a Whig and "a Tory, on Sunday Morning the 6th inſtant. "Price 1 d."
8. What means "gueſſing is mine," in the Journal to Stella, Nov. 7, 1710? and "Goodman Peaſley and "Iſaac," Feb. 9, 1710-11?

* This and the *three* following are certainly part of the SEVEN PENNY PAPERS Swift mentions to Stella, Aug. 7, 1712. The other three are already in his Works; viz. 1. "Peace and Dunkirk." 2. "To- "land's Invitation to Diſmal." 3. "A pretended Letter of Thanks "from Lord Wharton to the Lord Biſhop of St. Aſaph, in the Name "of the Kit-cat Club."

9. Ob-

9. Obſervations on a Pamphlet, called "The Conduct "of Lord Treaſurer impartially conſidered." See vol. xxv. p. 377.
10. He wrote in 1725 more papers againſt Wood than are printed. See vol. xxv. p. 388.
11. "MS. Scheme to Mr. Pulteney, about proper "Meaſures to be followed by the Court." See vol. xxv. p. 413.
12. It appears by his letter to Mr. Windar, p. 18. of this volume, that ſeveral of his very early Sermons had been tranſcribed by that gentleman.
13. Eleven Sermons by the Dean were once in Mr. Pope's hands. See vol. xxv. p. 415.
14. An original letter of the Dean's (unprinted) is in the poſſeſſion of Lord Dartrey *.—Mr. York of Erthig † has another, containing a criticiſm on Pope's Homer.—Three more to Miſs Waryng of Belfaſt ‡, to whom Swift ſeriouſly paid his addreſſes, are exiſting.

* The Author of "A Philoſophical Survey of the South of Ireland" refers to an unpubliſhed letter of Dr. Swift, now in the poſſeſſion of Lord Dartrey, "which entirely acquits him of that want of hoſpita-"lity laid to his charge from ſome paſſages in his Hamilton's Bawn. "The letter is written to that Dr. *Jinny* repreſented in the poem as "looking ſo like a *ninny*; the purport of it is, to acquaint the Doctor "(then Rector of Armagh, in the neighbourhood of which he ſpent "the ſummer) how he paſſed his time. Among other amuſements, "he mentions that of writing this very poem, the motives which "excited him to it, and the effects it produced. And ſo far was it "from giving umbrage to the Lady, or jealouſy to the Knight, that "every addition he made at night came up with the bread and butter "as part of the entertainment next morning, and all parties expreſſed "the utmoſt ſatisfaction."—The offence which the Dean had given was not what this ingenious writer ſuppoſes. It was not by the poem called Hamilton's Bawn, which was not written till 1729, but by the deſtruction of a favourite old thorn in 1726, that the Acheſon family were offended. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by Sir Arthur; yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the abſence of the Knight, who was of courſe highly incenſed, nor would ſee Swift for ſome time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote the poem, "On cutting down the old Thorn at Market-Hill;" which had the deſired effect.

† From the information of a gentleman of diſtinction.

‡ See vol. xxv. p. 367. One admirable letter to this lady may be ſeen in the preſent volume, p. 248.

CONTENTS.

LETTERS to and from DR. SWIFT.

To Mrs. Howard.	Page 1
To the Same,	3
To the Same,	6
To the Same,	7
To the Same,	9
To the Same,	10
To the Rev. Mr. Windar, Prebendary of Kilroot,	15
To the Same,	19
To the Rev. Dr. Stopford,	20
To the Same,	24
To Sir Charles Wogan,	29
From Sir Charles Wogan to Dr. Swift,	36
To Mr. Alderman Barber,	91
To the Same,	93
To the Same,	97
To the Same,	99
To the Same,	101
To the Same,	103
To the Same,	105
To the Same,	107
To the Same,	110
To the Same,	113
To the Same,	116
To the Same,	117
To the Same,	119
About Publick Affairs,	121
To the Archbiſhop of Dublin,	123

OBSERVATIONS occaſioned by reading a Paper, entitled, "The Caſe of the Woollen Manufacturers of Dublin," &c. 127

Free-thinking: A Fragment, 132

On the Bill for the Clergy's reſiding on their Livings, 135

The Courtier's Creed, 144

The Character of Dr. Swift after his Death, 145

The Intelligencer.

Number IV. - - Page 147
Number VI. - - - 156
Number XI. - - - 164
Number XII. - - 176
Number XIII. - - 184
Number XIV. - - - 193

Miſcellaneous Poems.

Chevey Chaſe, - - 199
Betteſworth's exultation upon hearing that his name would be tranſmitted to poſterity in Dr. Swift's works, - - - 204
Upon Carthy's threatening to tranſlate Pindar, 205
Epigram, - - - 206
Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift. 1719. - ibid.
The Dean's Anſwer, - - 207
To the Dean, - - 208
To the Same, - - - 209
To the Same.—A Birth-day Poem. Nov. 30, 1736. 210
Dr. Delany's Villa.—Written by Dr. Sheridan. 212

Four Original Poems, by Dr. Swift.

Ode to Dr. William Sancroft, late Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury, - - 214
To Mr. Congreve, - - 225
Occaſioned by Sir W—— T——'s late illneſs and recovery, - - 233
Ode to King William, on his ſucceſſes in Ireland, 239

Miſcellaneous Pieces.

Tranſlation of Swift's Verſes on Biddy Floyd, 241
Part of an old Ballad, from which Swift took his "CORINNA, pride of Drury-Lane," 242
Extract of another Ballad from which Swift might have caught the Idea of his "CORINNA, pride of Drury-Lane," - - 244

Miſcellaneous Letters from Dr. Swift.

To the Athenian Society, - - 246
To Miſs Jane Waryng, - - 248
To Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Biſhop of Rocheſter, 254
To the Same, - - 255
To the Same, - - 258
To the Same, - - - 260

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT.

To Mrs. HOWARD.

MADAM, Feb. 1, 1726-7.

BEING perpetually teized with the remembrance of you, by the ſight of your ring on my finger, my patience at laſt is at an end; and, in order to be revenged, I have ſent you a piece of Iriſh plaid, made in imitation of the Indian, wherein our workmen are grown ſo expert, that, in this kind of ſtuff, they are ſaid to excel that which comes from the Indies; and becauſe our ladies are too proud to wear what is made at home, the workman is forced to run a gold thread through the middle, and ſell it as Indian. But I ordered him to leave out that circumſtance, that you may be clad in Iriſh ſtuff, and in my livery. But I beg you will not tell any parliament man from whence you had that plaid; otherwiſe, out of malice, they will make a law to cut off all our weavers' fingers.

I muſt likewiſe tell you, to prevent your pride, my intention is to uſe you very ſcurvily; for my real deſign is, that when the princeſs aſks you where you got that fine night-gown, you are to ſay, that it is an Iriſh plaid ſent you by the Dean of St. Patrick's; who, with his moſt humble duty to her royal highneſs, is ready to make her ſuch another preſent, at the terrible expence of eight ſhillings and three-pence per yard, if ſhe will deſcend to honour Ireland with receiving and wearing it. And in recompence I, who govern the vulgar, will take care to have her royal highneſs's health drunk by five hundred weavers, as an encourager of the Iriſh manufactory. And I command you to add, that I am no courtier, nor have any thing to aſk. May all courtiers imitate me in that! I hope the whole royal family about you is in health. Dr. Arbuthnot lately mortified me with an account of a great pain in your head. I believe no head that is good for any thing is long without ſome diſorder, at leaſt that is the beſt argument I had for any thing that is good in my own.

I pray God preſerve you; and I entreat you to believe that I am, with great reſpect, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

To the Same.

MADAM,

WHEN I received your letter I thought it the moſt unaccountable one I ever ſaw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverſeneſs of your lines aſtoniſhed me, which tended downwards to the right in one page, and upwards in the two others. This I thought impoſſible to be done by any one who did not ſquint with both eyes; an infirmity I never obſerved in you. However, one thing I was pleaſed with, that after you had writ me down, you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loſs for your meaning, till a bookſeller ſent me the Travels of one Captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although, at the ſame time, I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of ſeven hundred pages, in order to underſtand a letter of fifty lines; eſpecially as thoſe of our faculty are already but too much peſtered with commentators. The ſtuffs you require are making, becauſe the weaver piques himſelf upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has become a proſelyte of the Houyhnhyms, whoſe great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and, as to myſelf, I am ſo highly offended with ſuch a baſe propoſal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highneſs, that you are a mercenary Yahoo, fond of ſhining pebbles. What have I to

do with you or your court, farther than to ſhew the eſteem I have for your perſon, becauſe you happen to deſerve it; and my gratitude to her royal highneſs, who was pleaſed a little to diſtinguiſh me; which, by the way, is the greateſt compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the laſt; for I am not ſuch a proſtitute flatterer as Gulliver, whoſe chief ſtudy is to extenuate the vices, and magnify the virtues, of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praiſes of his country in the midſt of corruption, and for that reaſon alone has found ſo many readers, and probably will have a penſion, which, I ſuppoſe, was his chief deſign in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can eaſily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our ſex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers ſearching or ſeizing the plaids, for the ſilk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law againſt exporting ſilk manufacture from hence. I am ſure the princeſs and you have got the length of my foot, and Sir Robert Walpole ſays he has the length of my head, ſo that I need not give you the trouble of ſending you either. I ſhall only tell you in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reaſon few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot anſwer your queries about eggs buttered or poached; but I poſſeſs one talent which admirably qualifies me for roaſting them; for, as the world, with reſpect to eggs, is divided into pelters and roaſters, it is my unhappineſs to be one of the latter, and

conſequently

conſequently to be perſecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to diſcover the meaning of thoſe monſtrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits ſeems to threaten ſome dark court intrigue, and, perhaps, ſome change in the adminiſtration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal, that loves to walk in the dark. The blackneſs denotes the biſhops, whereof ſome of the laſt you have made are perſons of ſuch dangerous parts and profound abilities: But rabbits, being clothed in furs, may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram, by which is meant the miniſtry, butting with his two horns, one againſt the church, and t'other againſt the law, ſhall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of Ram and Yahoo, this is eaſily explained by the ſtory of Chiron, governor, or, which is the ſame thing, chief miniſter to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel obſerves, all good governors of princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my lines. This is without a cover, to ſave money, and plain paper, becauſe the gilt is ſo thin it will diſcover ſecrets between us. In a little room for words, I aſſure you of my being, with trueſt reſpect, Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

To the Same.

MADAM,

MY correſpondents have informed me, that your ladyſhip has done me the honour to anſwer ſeveral objections that ignorance, malice, and party have made to my Travels, and been ſo charitable as to juſtify the fidelity and veracity of the author. This zeal you have ſhown for truth calls for my particular thanks, and at the ſame time encourages me to beg you would continue your goodneſs to me, by reconciling me to the maids of honour, whom, they ſay, I have moſt grievouſly offended. I am ſo ſtupid as not to find out how I have diſobliged them. Is there any harm in a young lady's reading of romances? Or did I make uſe of an improper engine to extinguiſh a fire that was kindled by a maid of honour? And I will venture to affirm, that if ever the young ladies of your court ſhould meet with a man of as little conſequence in this country as I was in Brobdignag, they would uſe him with as much contempt; but I ſubmit myſelf and my cauſe to your better judgment, and beg leave to lay the crown of Lilliput at your feet, as a ſmall acknowledgment of your favour to my book and perſon. I found it in the corner of my waiſtcoat pocket, into which I thruſt moſt of the valuable furniture of the royal apartment when the palace was on fire, and by miſtake brought it with me into England; for I very honeſtly reſtored to their majeſties all their goods that I knew were in my poſſeſſion. May all courtiers imitate me in that, and my being, Madam, &c.

To the Same.

Twickenham, July 9, 1727, between Church and Dinner-time.

MADAM,

MR. Gay, by your commands, as he ſays, ſhewed me a letter to you from an unfortunate lady, one Mrs. Pratt, whoſe caſe I know very well, and pity very much; but I wonder ſhe would make any mention of me, who am almoſt a ſtranger to you, farther than your goodneſs led you a little to diſtinguiſh me. I have often told Mrs. Pratt, that I had not the leaſt intereſt with the friend's friend's friend of any body in power; on the contrary, I have been uſed like a dog for a dozen years, by every ſoul who was able to do it, and were but ſweepers about a court. I believe you will allow that I know courts well enough, to remember, that a man muſt have got many degrees above the power of recommending himſelf, before he ſhould preſume to recommend another, even his neareſt relation; and, for my own part, you may be ſure that I will never venture to recommend a mouſe to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a ſhoe-cleaner to your meaneſt domeſtic. But you know too well already how very injudicious the general tribe of wanters are. I told Mrs. Pratt, that if ſhe had friends, it were beſt to ſolicit a penſion; but it ſeems ſhe had mentioned a place. I can only ſay, that when I was about courts, the beſt lady there had ſome couſin, or near dependant, whom ſhe would be glad to recommend for an employment, and therefore would hardly think of ſtrangers: For

I take the matter thus; that a penſion may poſſibly be got by commiſeration, but great perſonal favour is required for an employment. There are, Madam, thouſands in the world, who, if they ſaw your dog uſe me kindly, would, the next day, in a letter, tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and being aſſured that a word of mine to you would do any thing, deſire my intereſt to ſpeak to you, to ſpeak to the ſpeaker, to ſpeak to Sir Robert Walpole, to ſpeak to the king, &c. Thus wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulruſh in their way.

One place I humbly beg for myſelf, which is in your gift, if it be not diſpoſed of; I mean the perquiſite of all the letters and petitions you receive, which, being generally of fair, large, ſtrong paper, I can ſell to good advantage to the band-box and trunk-makers, and I hope will annually make a pretty comfortable penny.

I hear, while I was at church, Mr. Pope writ to you upon the occaſion of Mrs. Pratt's letter; but they will not ſhew me what is writ: Therefore I will not truſt them, but reſolved to juſtify myſelf; and they ſhall not ſee this.

I pray God grant you patience, and preſerve your eye-ſight; but confine your memory to the ſervice of your royal miſtreſs, and the happineſs of your trueſt friends, and give you a double portion of your own ſpirit to diſtinguiſh them. I am, with the trueſt reſpect, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

To the Same.

MADAM, Twickenham, Aug. 19, 1727.

ABOUT two hours before you were born I got my giddineſs, by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine ſeat about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I uſed to read and ——, there I got my deafneſs; and theſe two friends have viſited me, one or other, every year ſince, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together. So much for the calamities wherein I have the honour to reſemble you; and you ſee your ſufferings are but children in compariſon of mine; and yet, to ſhew my philoſophy, I have been as cheerful as Scarron. You boaſt, that your diſorders never made you peeviſh. Where is the virtue, when all the world was peeviſh on your account, and ſo took the office out of your hands? Whereas I bore the whole load myſelf, no body caring three-pence what I ſuffered, or whether I were hanged or at eaſe. I tell you my philoſophy is twelve times better than yours; for I can call witneſſes that I bear half your pains, beſide all my own, which are in themſelves ten times greater. Thus have I moſt fully anſwered your queries. I wiſh the poiſon were in my ſtomach (which may be very probable, conſidering the many drugs I take), if I remember to have mentioned that word in my letter. But ladies who have poiſon in their eyes, may be apt to miſtake in reading.—

Oh!

Oh! I have found it out; the word perſon I ſuppoſe was written like poiſon.—Aſk all the friends I write to, and they will atteſt this miſtake to be but a trifle in my way of writing, and could eaſily prove it if they had any of my letters to ſhew. I make nothing of miſtaking Untoward for Howard; wellpull, for Walpole; knights of a ſhare, for knights of a ſhire; monſter, for miniſter; in writing ſpeaker, I put an *n* for a *p*; and a hundred ſuch blunders, which cannot be helped, while I have a hundred oceans rolling in my ears, into which no ſenſe has been poured this fortnight; and therefore if I write nonſenſe, I can aſſure you it is genius, and not borrowed.

Thus I write by your commands, and beſides, I am bound in duty to be the laſt writer. But, deaf or giddy, heaving or ſteady, I ſhall be ever, with the trueſt regard, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

To the Same.

MADAM, October 26, 1731.

YOUR ladyſhip's laſt letter made me a little grave, and in going to anſwer it, I was in danger of leaning on my elbow (I mean my left elbow), to conſider what I ſhould write; which poſture I never uſed except when I was under a neceſſity of writing to fools, or lawyers, or miniſters of ſtate; where I am to conſider what is to be ſaid. But as I write to a perſon whom I eſteem, I am in

no

no pain at all.—It would be an injury to you or Mr. Pope, to give thanks to either of you for juſtifying me about thoſe letters ſent to the queen, becauſe to think me guilty would diſgrace your underſtandings; and as he is my beſt friend, ſo your ladyſhip owes me no malice, except that of raillery; and good raillery is always ſincere. And if her majeſty were deceived, it would leſſen my opinion of her judgment; which would no otherwiſe affect me, than by making me ſorry upon her own account. But what your ladyſhip would have me diſcover, through all your refined civilities, is my great imprudence in ordering that monument to be fixed in my cathedral. I ſhall not trouble you with a long ſtory—but if ever a numerous venerable body of dignified clergymen had reaſon to complain of the higheſt repeated indignity, in return of the greateſt honour offered by them, to perſons they were wholly ſtrangers to, then my chapter is not to be blamed, nor I, who propoſed the matter to them: which however I could have done by my own authority, but rather choſe it ſhould be the work of us all. And I will confeſs it was upon their advice that I omitted the only two paſſages which had much bitterneſs in them; and which a biſhop here, one after your own heart, blamed me very much for leaving out; declaring that the treatment given us by the Schomberg family, deſerved a great deal worſe. Indeed, Madam, I ſhall not attempt to convince England of any thing that relates to this kingdom. The Drapier, whom you mention, could not do it in relation to

the

the halfpence. Neither can the parliament here convince you that we ought not to be juſt now in ſo miſerable condition in every article of diſtreſs. Why ſhould the Schomberg family be ſo uneaſy at a thing they were ſo long warned of, and were told they might prevent for fifty pounds? But here I wiſh your ladyſhip would put the queen in mind of what paſſed between her majeſty and me, upon the ſubject of Ireland, when ſhe was princeſs of Wales, and appeared ſo much to pity this diſtreſſed kingdom, and gave me leave to write to her if ever I ſhould live to ſee her queen; that ſhe would anſwer my letter, and promiſed, that in ſuch a caſe ſhe would uſe all her credit to relieve it. Whereupon I deſired Dr. Arbuthnot, who was preſent, to be witneſs of what ſhe ſaid; and her majeſty confirmed it. I will not aſk what the event has been.——If any ſtate-ſcribble writ here ſhould happen to reach London, I entreat your ladyſhip would continue to do me the juſtice of believing my innocence, becauſe I lately aſſured the D. of Dorſet that I would never have a hand in any ſuch thing. But I gave him my reaſon before his ſecretary; that looking upon this kingdom's condition as abſolutely deſperate, I would not preſcribe a doſe to the dead. Some parts of your letter I do not underſtand. Mrs. Barber was recommended to me by Dr. Delany, who is now in London, and whom I once preſented to you at Marble-hill. She ſeems to be a woman of piety and genius; and though I never viſited her in my life, yet was I diſpoſed to do her good offices on the

the doctor's account, and her own good character. By lady M—— I cannot gueſs whom you mean. Mrs. Haywood I have heard of as a ſtupid, infamous, ſcribbling woman, but have not ſeen any of her productions. And now, Madam, I utterly acquit your ladyſhip of all things that may concern me, except your good opinion, and that very little ſhare I can pretend to in your memory. I never knew a lady who had ſo many qualities to beget eſteem; but how you act as a friend, is out of my way to judge. As to the queen, whom I never offended, ſince it would be preſumption in me to imagine I ever came voluntarily into her thoughts, ſo it muſt be a mortification to think, when I happen to be named in her preſence it is uſually to my diſadvantage. I remember to have once told her majeſty, how hard a thing it was, that when a prince, or great miniſter, had once received an ill impreſſion of any perſon, although from the moſt falſe information, although the prince were demonſtrably convinced of the perſon's innocence, yet the impreſſion ſtill continued; and her majeſty condemned the ſeverity of ſuch a proceeding. I had ſaid the ſame thing before to Sir R. Walpole; who, upon reporting it to others, was pleaſed to give it a turn that I did not deſerve. I remember the plaid, but I forget the crown, and the meaning of it. If you had thought fit to have ſent me as much of the plaid, as would have made me a morning cap, before it fell to the ſhare of the loweſt of your women, I ſhould have been proud that my head ſhould have worn your livery. But

if

if you are weary of your character, it muſt lie upon my hands, for I know no other whom it will fit. And if your ladyſhip will not allow it to be a character, I am ſure it may paſs for a prediction. If you ſhould put the ſame fancy into the queen's head, I muſt ſend her a much larger character, and in royal paper, otherwiſe ſhe will not be able to wrap the bundle in it. I fear ſo long a letter is beyond your mercy to forgive; but your ladyſhip is ſure to be eaſy till Mr. Pope ſhall tell me that you are content to receive another. I ſhould be heartily ſorry if your increaſe in honour and employment has not been accompanied with increaſe of health. Let Mr. Pope, in all his letters, give me a particular account on this head, and pray God I may never have the leaſt motive to pity you. For as a courtier, I forgive your *ame endurcie*; which I once charged on my lord Cheſterfield, and he did not diſlike it. And you have not a favourite or flatterer, who makes more outward offers of wiſhes for your eaſe and happineſs than I do prayers from the bottom of my heart, which proceed entirely from that reſpect and eſteem, wherewith I am, Madam, your ladyſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

A Character of Sir R—T W——.

With favour and fortune faſtidiouſly bleſt,
He's loud in his laugh, and he's coarſe in his jeſt:
Of favour, and fortune unmerited, vain,
A ſharper in trifles, a dupe in the main.

Atchieving

Atchieving of nothing—ſtill promiſing wonders—
By dint of experience improving in blunders.
Oppreſſing true merit, exalting the baſe,
And ſelling his country to purchaſe his place.
A jobber of ſtocks, by retailing falſe news—
A prater at court in the ſtyle of the ſtews:
Of virtue and worth by profeſſion a giber,
Of juries and ſenates the bully and briber.
Tho' I name not the wretch, yet you know whom I mean—
'Tis the cur-dog of Britain, and ſpaniel of Spain.

To the Rev. Mr. WINDAR, Prebendary of Kilroot.

[To be left at Belfaſt, in the County of Antrim, Ireland.]

More Park, Jan. 13, 1698.

I AM not likely to be ſo pleaſed with any thing again this good while, as I was with your letter of December 20, and it has begun to put me into a good opinion of my own merits, or at leaſt my ſkill at negociation, to find I have ſo quickly reſtored a correſpondence that I feared was declining, as it requires more charms and addreſs in women to revive one fainting flame than to kindle a dozen new ones; but I aſſure you I was very far from imputing your ſilence to any bad cauſe (having never entertained one ſingle ill thought of you in my life), but to a cuſtom which breaks off commerce between abundance of people after a long abſence. At firſt one omits writing for a little while, and then one ſtays a while longer to conſider of excuſes, and at laſt it grows deſperate and one does not write at all: At this rate I have ſerved others, and have been ſerved myſelf. I wiſh

wiſh I had a Lexicon by me to find whether your Greek word be ſpelt and accented right; and I am very ſorry you have made an *acutum in ultima*, as if you laid the greateſt ſtreſs upon the worſt part of the word. However, I proteſt againſt your meaning, or any interpretation you ſhall ever make of that nature out of my letters. If I thought you deſerved any bitter words, I ſhould either deliver them plainly, or hold my tongue altogether; for I eſteem the cuſtom of conveying one's reſentments by hints or inuendoes to be a ſign of malice, or fear, or too little ſincerity; but I have told you *coram* and *abſens*, that you are in your nature more ſenſible than you need be, and 'tis hard you cannot be ſatisfied with the eſteem of the beſt among your neighbours, but loſe your time in regarding what may be thought of you by one of my privacy and diſtance. I wiſh you could as eaſily make my eſteem and friendſhip for you to be of any value, as you may be ſure to command them.

I ſhould be ſorry if you have been at an inconvenience in haſtening my accounts; and I dare refer you to my letters, that they will lay the fault upon yourſelf; for I think I deſired more than once, that you would not make more diſpatch than ſtood with your eaſe, becauſe I was in no haſte at all.

I deſired of you two or three times that when you had ſent me a catalogue of thoſe few books, you would not ſend them to Dublin till you had heard again from me: The reaſon was, that I did believe there were one or two of them that might

have

have been uſeful to you, and one or two more that were not worth the carriage: Of the latter ſort were an old muſty Horace, and Foley's book; of the former were Reynolds' works, Collection of Sermons, in 4to. Stillingfleet's Grounds, *&c.* and the folio paper book, very good for ſermons, or a receipt book for your wife, or to keep accounts for mutton, raiſins, *&c.* The *Sceptis Scientifica* is not mine, but old Mr. Dobb's, and I wiſh it were reſtored: He has Temple's *Miſcellanea* inſtead of it, which is a good book, worth your reading. If *Sceptis Scientifica* comes to me, I'll burn it for a fuſtian piece of abominable curious virtuoſo ſtuff. The books miſſing are few and inconſiderable, not worth troubling any body about. I hope this will come to your hands before you have ſent your cargo, that you may keep thoſe books I mention; and deſire you will write my name, and *ex dono* before them in large letters.

I deſire my humble ſervice to Mrs. Windar, and that you will let her know I ſhall pay a viſit at Carmony ſome day or other, how little ſoever any of you may think of it. But I will, as you deſire, excuſe you the delivery of my compliments to poor H. Clements, and hope you will have much better fortune than poor Mr. Davis, who has left a family that is like to find a cruel want of him. Pray let me hear that you grow very rich, and begin to make purchaſes. I never heard that H. Clements was dead: I was at his mayoral feaſt: Has he been mayor ſince? or did he die then, and every body forget to ſend me word of it?

Thoſe ſermons you have thought fit to tranſcribe will utterly diſgrace you, unleſs you have ſo much credit that whatever comes from you will paſs: They were what I was firmly reſolved to burn, and eſpecially ſome of them the idleſt trifling ſtuff that ever was writ, calculated for a church without company or a roof, like our * * * * * * * * * Oxford. They will be a perfect lampoon upon me, * * * * * * * look on them, and remember they are mine.

I remember thoſe letters to Eliza; they were writ in my youth; you might have ſealed them up, and nobody of my friends would have opened them: Pray burn them. There were parcels of other papers, that I would not have loſt; and I hope you have packed them up ſo that they may come to me. Some of them were abſtracts and collections from reading.

You mention a dangerous rival for an abſent lover; but I muſt take my fortune: If the report proceeds, pray inform me; and when you have leiſure and humour, give me the pleaſure of a letter from you: And though you are a man full of faſtenings to the world, yet endeavour to continue a friendſhip in abſence; for who knows but Fate may jumble us together again: And I believe, had I been aſſured of your neighbourhood, I ſhould not have been ſo unſatisfied with the region I was planted in. I am, and will be ever entirely,

Your's, *&c.* J. SWIFT.

P. S. Pray let me know ſomething of my debt being paid to Tailer the innkeeper of ——; I have forgot the town, between Dromore and Newry.

To the Same.

SIR, Dublin, Feb. 19, 1731-2.

I HAD the favour of yours of the 6th inſtant. I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental ſtrain, and can neither ride nor walk, nor eaſily write, elſe you ſhould have heard from me ſooner. I am heartily ſorry for your diſorder, and am the more ſenſible by thoſe I have myſelf, though not of the ſame kind, but a conſtant diſpoſition to giddineſs, which I fear my preſent confinement, with the want of exerciſe, will increaſe. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to ſerve you, or my neareſt friends, in any manner, with people in power; for I have the misfortune to be not only under the particular diſpleaſure both of the king and queen, as every body knows, but likewiſe of every perſon both in England and Ireland who are well with the court, or can do me good or hurt: And although this and the two laſt lieutenants were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevail with any of them to give a living to a ſober grave clergyman, who married my near relation, and hath been long in the church; ſo that he ſtill is my curate, and I reckon this preſent governor will do like the reſt. I believe there is not any perſon you ſee from this town, who does not know that my ſituation is as I deſcribe. If you or your ſon were in favour with any biſhop or patron, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind, or ſolicited; but

I am no way proper to be the firſt mover, becauſe there is not one ſpiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I viſit, or by whom I am viſited, but am as mere a monk as any in Spain; and there is not a clergyman on the top of a mountain who ſo little converſes with mankind, or is ſo little regarded by them, on any other account except ſhewing malice. All this I bear as well as I can; eat my morſel alone like a king, and am conſtantly at home when I am not riding or walking, which I do often, and always alone.

I give you this picture of myſelf out of old friendſhip; from whence you may judge what ſhare of ſpirits and mirth is now left me. Yet I cannot read at nights, and am therefore forced to ſcribble ſomething, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning. Forgive this tediouſneſs in the pen, which I acquire by the want of ſpending it in talk; and believe me to be, with true eſteem and friendſhip,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant, *&c.*

To the Rev. Dr. STOPFORD.

Wretched Dublin, in miſerable Ireland, Nov. 26, 1725.

DEAR JIMM,

I HAD your kind letter from Paris, dated Nov. 14, N. S. I am angry with you for being ſo ſhort, unleſs you are reſolved not to rob your journal-book. What have *vous autres voyageurs* to do but write and ramble? Your picture of

K. C. I.

K. C. I. will be a great preſent whenever I ſhall receive it, which I reckon will be about the time of your return from Italy; for my lord Oxford's picture was two months coming from London.

Mr. Pope is very angry with you, and ſays you look on him as a prophet, who is never eſteemed in his own country, and he lays all the blame upon you, but will be pacified if you ſee him when you come back. Your other correſpondents tell me, that Mr. G., beſide his cloaths, loſt 200 l. in money, which to me you ſlur over. I like your Indian's anſwers well; but I ſuppoſe the queen was aſtoniſhed if ſhe was told, contrary to her notions, that the great people were treated and maintained by the poor. Mrs. Johnſon denies you to be a ſlave, and ſays you are much more ſo in quality of a governor; as all good princes are ſlaves to their ſubjects. I think you are juſtly dealt with: You travelled with liberty to work your ſlavery, and now you travel with ſlavery to work your liberty. The point of honour will not be ſo great, but you have equal opportunities to inform yourſelf and ſatisfy your curioſity. The happier you were abroad in your firſt travels, the more miſerable you were at your return; and now the caſe will be directly contrary. I have been confined a fortnight with a little feveriſh diſorder, and the conſequences of it, but now am as uſual with tolerable health.

As to intelligence, here is the houſe of commons, with a little remains of the nation's ſpirit againſt Wood's coin, are oppoſing the court in

their unreaſonable demands of money to ſatisfy the wanton and pretended debts of the crown, and all party but that of court and country ſeem to be laid aſleep. I have ſaid and writ to the lieutenant what I thought was right, and ſo have my betters; but all *ſurdis auribus:* This is enough for ſuch a hermit as I to tell you of publick matters. Your friends are all well, and you have not been long enough abſent for any material accident to fall out. Here is a great rumour of the king's being dead, or dying at Hanover, which hath not the leaſt effect on any paſſion in me. Dr. Delany is a moſt perfect courtier; Sheridan full of his own affairs and the baſeneſs of the world; Dr. Helſham *a ſon aiſe* at home or abroad; the Dean of St. Patrick's ſitting like a toad in a corner of his great houſe, with a perfect hatred of all publick actions and perſons. You are deſired to bring over a few of the Teſtons, and what d'ye call (Julio's, I think) of Parme, Florence, and Rome, which ſome people would be glad of for curioſities, and will give you other money for them. If you are rich enough to buy any good copies of pictures by great hands, I deſire when you would buy two to buy three, and the third ſhall be taken off your hands, with thanks, and all accidents be anſwered by the buyer. The people of Ireland have juſt found out that their fathers, ſons, and brothers are not made biſhops, judges, or officers civil or military, and begin to think it ſhould be otherwiſe; but the government go on as if there were not a human creature in the kingdom fit for any thing but giving

giving money. Your brother paid the money to the lady;—What would you have more? This is a time of no events. Not a robbery or murder to be had, for want of which and poetry the hawkers are ſtarving. Take care of your health, and come home by Switzerland; from whence travel blindfold till you get here, which is the only way to make Ireland tolerable. I am told the provoſt hath abſolutely given away all your pupils. Pray God give you grace to be hated by him and all ſuch beaſts while you live. I excuſed your baſhfulneſs to the lieutenant, who ſaid he obſerved and underſtood it, and liked you the better. He could govern a wiſer nation better, but fools are fit to deal with fools; and he ſeems to miſtake our calibre, and treats *de haut en bas*, and gives no ſugarplums. Our dean Maul and Dr. Tiſdal have taken upon them the care of the Church, and make wiſe ſpeeches of what they will amend in St. Andrew's veſtry every week to a crew of parſons of their own kind and importance. The primate and the earl of Cavan govern the houſe of lords. The A. B. D. attacked the ſame in the Caſtle for giving a good living to a certain animal called a Walſh black, which the other excuſed, alledging, he was preferred to it by lord Townſhend. It is a cant word for a deer-ſtealer. This fellow was leader of a gang, and had the honour of hanging half a dozen of his fellows in quality of informer, which was his merit. If you cannot match me that in Italy, ſtep to Muſcovy, and from thence to the Hottentots. I am juſt going out of town for two days,

elſe I would have filled my paper with more nothings. Pray God bleſs you, and ſend you ſafe back to this place, which it is a ſhame for any man of worth to call his home.

To the Same.

Twit'nham, near London, July 20, 1726.

DEAR JIMM,

I HAD a letter from you three months ago, with an account of a fine picture you had ſent me, which is now ſafe in Ireland, for which I heartily thank you, and Robert Arbuthnot ſwears it is an original. I did not anſwer you becauſe I was told you were in motion. I had yours of July 12, N. S. yeſterday; and ſince you are fixed at Paris, I venture to ſend you this, though Robert Arbuthnot be here. He hath lately married a lady among us of 900 l. a year, and I think will ſoon go to France; but I have chiefly lived above two months with Mr. Pope ſince the town grew empty. I ſhall leave him the beginning of Auguſt, and ſo ſettle my affairs to be in Ireland by the end of that month, for my licence of half a year will be then out. I came here to ſee my old friends, and upon ſome buſineſs I had with two of them, which, however, proves to be of little conſequence. The people in power have been civil enough to me; many of them have viſited me. I was not able to withſtand ſeeing the princeſs, becauſe ſhe had commanded, that whenever I came hither, as the news ſaid I intended, that I ſhould wait on her. I was latterly twice

twice with the chief miniſter; the firſt time by invitation, and the ſecond at my deſire for an hour, wherein we differed in every point: But all this made a great noiſe, and ſoon got to Ireland, from whence, upon the late death of the biſhop of Cloyn, it was ſaid I was offered to ſucceed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth, for I was neither offered, nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I abſolutely broke with the firſt miniſter, and have never ſeen him ſince, and I lately complained of him to the Princeſs, becauſe I knew ſhe would tell him. I am, beſides, all to pieces with the Ld. L—t, whom I treated very roughly, and abſolutely refuſed to dine with him. So that, dear Jim, you ſee how little I ſhall be able to aſſiſt you with the great ones here, unleſs ſome change of miniſtry ſhould happen. Yet when a new governor goes over, it is hard if I cannot be ſome way inſtrumental. I have given ſtrict charge to Mr. Pope to receive you with all kindneſs and diſtinction. He is perfectly well received by all the people in power, and he loves to do good; and there can hardly go over a governor to whom he may not, by himſelf or friends, ſtrongly recommend you.

I fear I ſhall have more than ordinary reaſons to wiſh you a near neighbour to me in Ireland; and that your company will be more neceſſary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in ſo great a dejection of ſpirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worral, that one of the two oldeſt and

deareſt friends I have in the world is in ſo deſperate a condition of health, as makes me expect every poſt to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two, with whom I have lived in the greateſt friendſhip for thirty-three years. I know you will ſhare in my trouble, becauſe there were few perſons whom I believe you more eſteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, ſo the poor caſual remains of it, after ſuch a loſs, would be a burden that I muſt heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too ſtrict and particular a friendſhip, with the loſs of which a man muſt be abſolutely miſerable, but eſpecially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendſhip. Beſides, this was a perſon of my own rearing and inſtructing, from childhood; who excelled in every good quality that can poſſibly accompliſh a human creature.—They have hitherto writ me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worral has been ſo juſt and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be ſtruck on the ſudden.—Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am ſaying; but believe me that violent friendſhip is much more laſting, and as much engaging, as violent love. Adieu.

If this accident ſhould happen before I ſet out, I believe I ſhall ſtay this winter in England; where it will be at leaſt eaſier to find ſome repoſe, than upon the ſpot.

If I were your adviſer, I would ſay one thing againſt my own intereſt; that if you muſt leave

your college, for the reaſon you hint at, I think it would be better to live in England on your own eſtate, and the addition of one thouſand pounds, and truſt to induſtry and friends, and diſtinction here, than paſs your days in that odious country, and among that odious people. You can live in a thrifty moderate way, and thrift is decent here; and you cannot but diſtinguiſh yourſelf. You have the advantage to be a native of London; here you will be a freeman, and in Ireland a ſlave. Here your competitors will be ſtrangers; there every raſcal, your contemporary, will get over your head by the merit of party.—Farewell again; though my head is now diſturbed, yet I have had theſe thoughts about you long ago.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following political tract, written in the epiſtolary ſtyle, was addreſſed to Dr. Swift by its author, Sir Charles Wogan, a gentleman at that time of high reputation, and much diſtinguiſhed at moſt of the courts of Europe. He was of an ancient Iriſh family, and nephew to the famous D. of Tyrconnel; who was firſt miniſter to K. James II. and commander in chief of his forces, during his reſidence in Ireland. Of courſe he was bred up in all the principles of Jacobitiſm, and being alſo a Roman Catholic, was tinctured with all the bigotry of the times. He followed his unfortunate maſter into exile, where he continued to ſerve him with a zeal worthy of a better cauſe. Among other

other inſtances of his loyalty, he was the perſon, accompanied only by one of his friends, who releaſed the princeſs Sobieſki, at that time married to the Pretender by proxy, from her confinement in the caſtle of Inſpruck, where ſhe had been arreſted as ſhe was going to Rome, by order of the Imperial Court, at the requeſt of the king of Great Britain. As ſhe was cloſely confined under a ſtrong guard, it was a matter of no ſmall difficulty to find the means of releaſing her; but Sir Charles contrived to get her out of a window, where he waited for her with a ſtout horſe and pillion behind him; on which having placed her, with the aſſiſtance of his friend, he made ſuch ſpeed as baffled all purſuit, and carried her ſafe to her huſband at Rome: For which gallant ſervice he was made a Roman Knight; an honour that was not conferred on any foreigner for many centuries before. The following tract was ſent to Swift juſt at the time that he quitted the French ſervice in diſguſt, and entered into that of Spain. His firſt military ſervice was at Oran, then beſieged by the Moors. He commanded the troops in a ſally from the town, and obtained a complete victory; but nearly at the expence of his life, as he was deſperately wounded in the action; from which having happily recovered, he was, for that, and many other ſignal ſervices, afterwards made a Grandee of Spain, and obtained a conſiderable government there. An account of this action at Oran, with honourable mention of Sir Charles Wogan's conduct that day, is to be found in the Memoirs of the D. de Ripperda. This tract is well worthy to be preſerved, both on account of the matter it contains, and the ſtyle. It is true, in ſome of the political part, great allowances are to be made for party-prejudice; but there are many things alſo that

deſerve

deſerve the utmoſt attention. The glow of patriotiſm which breaks forth in treating of the affairs of Ireland, and the true cauſes for the cruel oppreſſion under which that unhappy nation laboured, now probably for the firſt time laid open, cannot fail to give great pleaſure to all true lovers of their country, and to animate them in the exertions of that nobleſt of virtues, which has but lately ſprung up in their boſoms, and flouriſhed to ſo eminent a degree. But independent of every other conſideration, the compoſition is in itſelf ſo maſterly, beſpeaking at once the gentleman, the ſoldier, and the ſcholar, that it would be a pity to have it any longer concealed from the public eye. To underſtand the firſt paſſage of this addreſs to Swift, it will be neceſſary to premiſe that Sir Charles had ſent the Dean ſome time before a preſent of a caſk of Spaniſh Caſſala wine, accompanied by a crimſon velvet bag, with gold ſtrings, in which were a paraphraſe on the ſeven penitential pſalms of David, and ſeveral original pieces in verſe and proſe, dedicated to the reverend Dr. Swift, D. S. P. D. without any mention of his name, or giving any clue by which the author might be diſcovered. This, after ſome time, produced the following letter from the Dean to the Chevalier.

To Sir CHARLES WOGAN.

SIR,

I RECEIVED your packet at leaſt two months ago, and took all this time not only to conſider it maturely myſelf, but to ſhew it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a ſcholar, a man of genius

nius and of honour. We gueſſed him to have been born in this country from ſome paſſages; but not from the ſtyle, which we were ſurprized to find ſo correct, in an exile, a ſoldier, and a native of Ireland. The hiſtory of yourſelf, although part of it be employed in your praiſe and importance, we did not diſlike, becauſe your intention was to be wholly unknown; which circumſtance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of preſent perſons and things, I have made a ſhift, by talking in general with ſome perſons, to find out your name, your employments, and ſome of your actions, with the addition of ſuch a character as would give full credit to more than you have ſaid (I mean of yourſelf) in the dedicatory epiſtle.

You will pardon a natural curioſity on this occaſion, eſpecially when I began with ſo little that I did not ſo much as untie the ſtrings of the bag for five days after I received it; concluding it muſt come from ſome Iriſh friar in Spain, filled with monaſtic ſpeculations, of which I have ſeen ſome in my life; little expecting a hiſtory, a dedication, a poetical tranſlation of the penitential pſalms, Latin poems, and the like, and all from a ſoldier. In theſe kingdoms, you would be a moſt unfaſhionable military man, among troops where the leaſt pretenſion to learning, or piety, or common morals, would endanger the owner to be caſhiered. Although I have no great regard for your trade, from the judgment I make of thoſe who profeſs it in theſe kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly

eſteem

eſteem thoſe gentlemen of Ireland, who, with all the diſadvantages of being exiles and ſtrangers, have been able to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their valour and conduct in ſo many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the Engliſh aſhamed of the reproaches they caſt on the ignorance, the dulneſs, and the want of courage, in the Iriſh natives; thoſe defects, wherever they happen, ariſing only from the poverty and ſlavery they ſuffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the baſe corrupt ſpirits of too many of the chief gentry, *&c.* By ſuch events as theſe, the very Grecians are grown ſlaviſh, ignorant, and ſuperſtitious. I do aſſert, that from ſeveral experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who could ſpeak our language, to have a much better natural taſte for good ſenſe, humour, and raillery, than ever I obſerved among people of the like ſort in England. But the millions of oppreſſions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their prieſts, and the general miſery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the beſt ſpirits under the ſun. I return to your pacquet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree ſome corrections may be wanting, and at the ſame time we are at a loſs how to venture on ſuch a work. One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it beſt, is a little too lazy; but, however, ſomething ſhall be done, and ſubmitted to you. I have been only a man of rhimes,

rhimes, and that upon trifles; never having written ſerious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of Milton, I will read yours as a critick, and make objections where I find any thing that ſhould be changed. Your directions about publiſhing the epiſtle and the poetry will be a point of ſome difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the leaſt profit to the author's friends in diſtreſs. Dublin bookſellers have not the leaſt notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by ſubſcription; but they go on ſo heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In London, it is otherwiſe; but even there the authors muſt be in vogue, or, if not known, be diſcovered by the ſtyle; or the work muſt be ſomething that hits the taſte of the publick, or what is recommended by the preſiding men of genius.

When Milton firſt publiſhed his famous poem, the firſt edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or underſtood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain ſtate of my health (cauſed by a diſpoſition to giddineſs, which, although leſs violent, is more conſtant) could have prevented my paſſing this ſummer into England to ſee my friends, who hourly have expected me; in that caſe I could have managed this affair myſelf, and would have readily conſented that my name ſhould have ſtood at length before your epiſtle; and by the caprice of the world, that circumſtance might have been of uſe to make the thing known; and conſequently better anſwer the charitable part

of

of your deſign, by inciting people's curioſity. And in ſuch a caſe, I would have writ a ſhort acknowledgment of your letter, and publiſhed it in the next page after your epiſtle; but giving you no name, nor confeſſing my conjecture of it. This ſcheme I am ſtill upon, as ſoon as my health permits me to return to England.

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and ſatire, both in proſe and verſe, if that conjecture be right, although ſuch an opinion has been an abſolute bar to my riſing in the world; yet that very world muſt ſuppoſe that I followed what I thought to be my talent; and charitable people will ſuppoſe I had a deſign to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to laſh the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have ſome partiality for ſuch kind of writing, and favour it in others. I think you acknowledge, that in ſome time of your life, you turned to the rallying part; but I find at preſent your genius runs wholly into the grave and ſublime; and therefore I find you leſs indulgent to my way by your diſlike of the Beggar's Opera, in the perſons particularly of Polly Peachum and Macheath; whereas we think it a very ſevere ſatire upon the moſt pernicious villanies of mankind. And ſo you are in danger of quarrelling with the ſentiments of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay the author, Dr. Arbuthnot, myſelf, Dr. Young, and all the brethren whom we own. Dr. Young is the graveſt among us, and yet his ſatires have many mixtures of ſharp raillery. At the ſame time

you judge very truly, that the taſte of England is infamouſly corrupted by ſhoals of wretches who write for their bread; and therefore I had reaſon to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem called the Dunciad; and to hale thoſe ſcoundrels out of their obſcurity by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, ſometimes their lodgings, and their lineage; not with A——'s and B——'s according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As to your blank verſe, it has too often fallen into the ſame vile hands of late. One Thomſon, a Scotchman, has ſucceeded the beſt in that way, in four poems he has writ on the four ſeaſons: yet I am not over-fond of them, becauſe they are all deſcription, and nothing is doing; whereas Milton engages me in actions of the higheſt importance:

Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis: and yours on the ſeven pſalms, *&c.* have ſome advantages that way.

You ſee Pope, Gay, and I, uſe all our endeavours to make folks merry and wiſe, and profeſs to have no enemies, except knaves and fools. I confeſs myſelf to be exempted from them in one article, which was engaging with a miniſtry to prevent, if poſſible, the evils that have over-run the nation, and my fooliſh zeal in endeavouring to ſave this wretched iſland. Wherein though I ſucceeded abſolutely in one important article *; yet

* Againſt Wood's copper half-pence.

even

even there I loſt all hope of favour from thoſe in power here, and diſobliged the court of England, and have in twenty years drawn above one thouſand ſcurrilous libels on myſelf, without any other recompence than the love of the Iriſh vulgar, and two or three dozen ſign-poſts of the Drapier in this city, beſide thoſe that are ſcattered in country towns; and even theſe are half worn out. So that, whatever little genius God has given me, I may juſtly pretend to have been the worſt manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

Aug. 2.] What I have above written has long lain by me, that I might conſider farther: but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a law-ſuit of ten years ſtanding, and I doubt very ill cloſed up, although it concerns two thirds of my little fortune. Think whether ſuch periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philoſophical ſpeculations.

I ſhall not therefore tire you any longer; but, with great acknowledgment for the diſtinction you pleaſe to ſhew me, deſire to be always thought, with great truth and a moſt particular eſteem, Sir,

Your moſt obedient

and obliged ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

We have ſometimes editions printed here of books from England, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name ſome be-

low, and if you approve of any, I ſhall willingly increaſe your library; they are ſmall, conſequently more portable in your marches, and, which is more important, the preſent will be cheaper for me.

Dr. Young's Satires.
Mr. Gay's works.
Mr. Pope's works.
Pope's Dunciad.
Gay's Fables.
Art of Politicks, and ſome other trifles in verſe, *&c.*

From Sir CHARLES WOGAN to Dr. SWIFT.

I Have had the honour of a very obliging letter, from a perſon whoſe penetration I flattered myſelf I could have eſcaped; although I might aſſure him with great ſincerity, that I never had a more earneſt deſire for any man's acquaintance and friendſhip, than for his. Upon the late occaſion, it is true, my deſign was to have travelled and been received *incognito*. I had taken my meaſures for it in the beſt manner I could deviſe. But all my art and traveſty was vain. His *Mentor* was ſuperior to my *Uranius*, who could not avoid being diſcovered, as in the ſtory of Telemachus, and ſtriking ſail to a more exalted divinity. I own I was ſomewhat concerned at my being ſeen in my undreſs, through all the magnificence of thoſe diſguiſes I had put on. But Mentor has ſo much the air of a benign and friendly ſpirit, that my confuſion was ſoon over: and methinks I could be expoſed, in the midſt of all my defects, without any

any concern, provided it were only to thoſe whom he judges worthy of his intimacy.

Nothing can be more diſtinguiſhing, in regard of an unhappy people, than his character of thoſe abroad; nor more juſt than his remarks upon the genius and ſufferings of thoſe at home. But *jacta eſt alea:* the ſet of people he means, can no longer be looked upon as a nation, either in or out of their country. Thoſe who have choſen a voluntary exile, to get rid of oppreſſion, have given themſelves up, with great gaiety of ſpirit, to the ſlaughter, in foreign and ungrateful ſervice, to the number of above 120,000 men, within theſe forty years. The reſt, who have been content to ſtay at home, are reduced to the wretched condition of the Spartan Helots. They are under a double ſlavery. They ſerve their inhuman lordlings, who are the more ſevere upon them, becauſe they dare not yet look upon the country as their own; while all together are under the ſupercilious dominion and jealouſy of another over-ruling power.

To return to our exiles. Mentor certainly does them that juſtice which cannot be denied them by any of thoſe nations, among whom they have ſerved; but is ſeldom or never allowed them by thoſe who can write or ſpeak Engliſh correctly. They have ſhewn a great deal of gallantry in the defence of foreign ſtates and pretences, with very little advantage to themſelves, but that of being free; and without half the outward marks of diſtinction they deſerved. Theſe ſouthern governments are very ſlow in advancing foreigners to con-

ſiderable or gainful preferments. Their chief attention is reſerved for their own ſubjects, to make them ſome amends for the heavy yoke they have laid over them. The only fruit the Iriſh have reaped by their valour, is their extinction; and that general fame, which they have loſt themſelves, to acquire for their country, already loſt, with reſpect to them. They had the honour of Ireland at heart; while thoſe who actually poſſeſſed their country, were little affected with any other glory but that of England; which they advanced with great bravery during all the late wars. They were content to forget they were Iriſhmen; and England, in return for that compliment, has graciouſly conferred upon them, as ſhe ſtill does, the firſt employments both at ſea and land; whereby they have been enabled to leave very comfortable eſtabliſhments to their children: whereas the Iriſh exiles can only be ſaid to have buried the ſynagogue with honour. They were undoubtedly the flower of the Catholic diſtinction of ſubjects. They are extinct to a very inconſiderable number, and have not left one ſingle ſettlement in all the continent to any of their poſterity. They had always the poſt of honour allowed them, where it was mixed with danger; and lived in perpetual fire, which was all they could bequeath as an inheritance to their iſſue, who are extremely few, on account of the little encouragement given for begetting them. The very ſcum of French refugees have had much better treatment and fortune in thoſe countries, where they were only a charge to

the government, than the Iriſh nobility and gentry have met with, where their courage and fidelity were in a great meaſure its ſupport. Had it not been much better for them to have gone in ſearch of new eſtabliſhments out of the known world, and made ſome ſettlement for themſelves and their poſterity in the Antipodes?

As I was but a new comer among them, I have often blamed their men of chief diſtinction and ſenſe, for having rejected the terms offered by the prince of Orange to my uncle Tyrconnel, in favour of the Iriſh catholics in general, before the deciſive battle of Aghrim; which (by the by) till the ſudden fall of their general, was fought with more bravery on their ſide, than any battle has been, perhaps, for ſome centuries paſt, by any people under equal diſadvantages. The prince was touched with the fate of a gallant nation, that had made itſelf a victim to French promiſes, and ran headlong to its ruin for the only purpoſe, in fact, of advancing the French conqueſts in the Netherlands, under the favour of that helpleſs diverſion in Ireland, which gave work enough to 40,000 of the beſt troops of the grand alliance of Auſbourg. He longed to find himſelf at the head of the confederate army, with ſo ſtrong a reinforcement. In this anxiety he offered the Iriſh catholics the free exerciſe of their religion; half the churches of the kingdom; half the employments civil and military too, if they pleaſed, and even the moiety of their ancient properties. Theſe propoſals, though they were to have had an Engliſh act of parliament for their

ſanction, were refuſed with univerſal contempt. Yet the exiles, in the midſt of their hard uſage abroad, could not be brought to repent of their obſtinacy. Whenever I preſſed them upon the matter, their anſwer was generally to this purpoſe: "If England can break her public faith, in regard of the wretched articles of Limerick, by keeping up a perpetual terror and perſecution over that parcel of miſerable, unarmed peaſantry, and daſtard gentry we have left at home, without any other apology or pretence for it, but her wanton fears and jealouſies; what could have been expected by the men of true vigour and ſpirit, if they had remained in their country, but a cruel war, under greater diſadvantages, or ſuch a univerſal maſſacre as our fathers have often been threatened with by the confederate rebels of Great Britain?"—*Ad quod non fuit reſponſum.*—Yet their liberty and glory abroad is but the price of their blood; and, even at that expence, they have only purchaſed a more honourable Haſeldama*.

It was impoſſible for a people to thrive, after having been driven by their too warrantable diſtruſt of their enemies, into the ſnares laid for them by their falſe friends. France, upon their arrival, gave them a cruel reform of their officers and of their pay for a welcome, by a ſcandalous breach of faith; ſacrificed them to her wars; made their zeal and ſpirit the dupes of her idle pretences; and, at laſt, inhumanly diſbanded great numbers of them to

* The field of blood.

the

the wide world, after the peace of Ryſwick. Had they been kept together in one body from the beginning, to the number of 30,000 men, according to the promiſe that tempted them partly to quit their country, they had made a much better figure in the world. Richelieu's politics were againſt it. He was a great maſter, particularly in the judgment he had formed of the valour of his countrymen; ſince he has left it on record, that bodies of foreign troops muſt be mixed with French, in order to give them emulation. Upon this account the Iriſh were parcelled by brigades among the many armies entertained by the French king. Although this repartition was very mortifying to them, they ever behaved in their ſeveral bands apart with particular diſtinction. They never found themſelves in any engagement, where they did not pierce the oppoſite enemy. Not one regiment of them ever fled, till it was in a manner left alone; and during all the late wars, in which their principals were generally worſted, they cannot be ſaid to have loſt two pair of colours. The French never gained a victory, to which thoſe handfuls of Iriſh were not known to have contributed in a ſingular manner; nor loſt a battle, in which they did not preſerve, or rather augment their reputation, by carrying off colours and ſtandards from the victorious enemy. From this we may conclude, without any great vanity, that they had been an impenetrable phalanx, if they had been allowed to continue in one body; and that, inſtead of acquiring glory by retail, they had gained

complete

compiete victories; as one ſingle brigade of them did at Mellazo, having driven the whole German army into the town or the ſea, after they had been deſerted by the Spaniſh troops and generals to a man. Yet their principal officers, who have ſignalized themſelves equally upon all occaſions, have been advanced to no higher preferment than that of lieutenant-general; whereas Scots, Germans, Livonians, Italians, have been promoted to the dignity of marêchals of France. But as the valour of the Iriſh is already taken for granted abroad, and their zeal turned into a ſort of ridicule, on account of the unprecedented uſage it has met with at home, it is modeſtly preſumed all over the world, that they ſcarce need any reward for their virtue, but their virtue alone.

I have often been at a loſs for the cauſe of this odd deſtiny, that attends the Iriſh catholics in all foreign courts and countries. They are the firſt called upon for any ſervice that requires fidelity and reſolution; the laſt diſtinguiſhed with any eminent marks of honour or advantage. Let them behave ever ſo well, if it be thought fit to give them any recompence, it is always inferior to what might be judged ſufficient for men of any other country in the like caſe. Whatever others might be entitled to grumble at as a reward, muſt be received by them as a gift. Whatever is taken from them, either at home or abroad, is lawful prize. Their zeal, in regard of loyalty and religion, has been ſo cruelly miſrepreſented, and their unparalleled ſufferings ſo involved in ſhades, or

clad

clad with an air of juſtice, that they are become a by-word in all countries alike; which are perfectly agreed to keep them low, after the example of their own princes, upon a preſumption that they could not have been uſed ſo extremely ill, if they had not in ſome meaſure deſerved it. A long and perpetual train of misfortunes has a ſtrange tendency towards putting a people in the wrong; or, at beſt, making them the objects of ridicule. The Iriſh, for having been ſteady to their principles, and not as cunning knaves as the two neighbouring nations, have groaned, during the two laſt centuries, under all the weight of injuſtice, calumny, and tyranny, of which there is no example, in equal circumſtances, to be ſhewn in any hiſtory of the univerſe. All this calumny has been ſounded into the ears of all Europe by their enemies, both foreign and domeſtic; and thereby gained credit, more or leſs, on account of not having been ſufficiently controverted or refuted in time. Their conſtant misfortunes have given a ſort of ſanction to all this impoſture and iniquity. They could not defend themſelves, in the midſt of ſo much diviſion at home, from ſo many powerful and confederated enemies, who had alienated the hearts of their very ſovereigns from them, in order to make him the firſt, and them the laſt victims of the tragedy. In the mean time they were involved in too much war, or in too much miſery, to be the relaters of their own ſtory with any advantage; or found the Engliſh language as backward as the Engliſh nation and government, to do them common juſtice.

juſtice. Their enemies have ſpared them the labour with a vengeance.

The mongrel hiſtorians of the birth of Ireland, from Stanihurſt and Dr. King down to the moſt wretched ſcribbler, cannot afford them a good word, in order to curry favour with England. Our callow bards of the drama, with the ſame view, draw their firſt pens againſt their country, and force their way into the world through their mother's womb. The Engliſh writers take the hints from them with pleaſure; and delight in grafting the flatteſt nonſenſe, and moſt ſilly artifices, upon teigueiſm, to divert that honeſt generation of Num-ſkulls, the mobs of England, from the Land's End to Berwick upon Tweed. In regard of improprieties in the turn of a foreign ſpeech or accent, *totus mundus agit hiſtrionem*; but the genuine characters of a nation ought to be as ſacred, even upon the ſtage, as in hiſtory. In the days of king Charles the ſecond, the Iriſh bravery and fidelity had the applauſe of whole theatres; but now nothing but Iriſh ſtupidity, and wretched ſmall-craft, will go down, even upon that of Dublin.

As all the honour the proteſtant Iriſh have acquired by their pen or their ſwords, paſſes generally for Engliſh; ſo the Engliſh, and their adherents in Ireland, have been in a long confederacy, before Clarendon appeared, to ſuppreſs or tarniſh all the renown accruing to that unhappy country, from the worth and gallant actions of the catholics. Their pens are ever dipped in bitterneſs

and

and detraction; as if whatever could be reckoned valuable in that unfortunate people, were a leſſening to the honour of the Engliſh nation, to which all their incenſe is addreſſed. However, though they have done horrible outrages to juſtice and veracity, by propagating lies, more or leſs, all over the world, they muſt be allowed to have acted with great ſagacity, in favour of themſelves. For if the Iriſh had not been repreſented, with uncommon induſtry, and in full cry, as a barbarous and ſtupid people, breakers of public faith, cowards, murderers of the innocent, without any provocation, in every corner of their country; rebels to their lawful ſovereigns, in whoſe defence they have ruined and annihilated themſelves; all theſe attributes (except that of folly) had neceſſarily fallen to the ſhare of England; and ſhe muſt have been looked upon, by the whole univerſe, as the moſt lawleſs and inhuman tyrant upon the face of the earth. Yet all this villany ought not, in ſtrict juſtice, to be imputed to her. She had not gone all thoſe lengths of cruelty and iniquity, if ſhe had not been under the force of Cromwell, and the influence of a Clarendon.

In the mean time Ireland is left to trapes in her old draggletail'd weeds, by her own children; bribed, by their attention and reſpect for England, to abandon her to all the dirt and barbariſm laid at her door by her antient and modern enemies; while other countries are brightening up in their ſtory and character by the induſtry of their writers ſucceſſively labouring to adorn them. The neweſt

accounts

accounts given all over Europe, of the ſoil, genius, improvements, and cuſtoms of Ireland, may be dated 400 years ago. She is ſtill reckoned as ſavage as ſhe was under the oppreſſion of the Danes, or after the firſt incurſion of the Engliſh, who drove her, in ſpite of her voluntary ſubmiſſion, into wildneſs. For, after all, if I invite people civilly into my houſe, and they won't admit me to ſit at my own fire, but rather will grow inſolent, and force my family to herd in the bare court among my cattle, which I cannot reckon my own, but upon the foot of their will and pleaſure; I muſt either quit my dwelling altogether, or lay about me like a madman till I can repoſſeſs it.

On account of this perpetual ſilence about Ireland, all Europe looks upon her as under a conſtant fog, the ſeat of dulneſs, and the diſmal manſion of ignorance and diſtreſs. Scarce any people are taken for mere Iriſh, either in England or on the continent, but the vulgar of the country, and the few unfortunate exiles. The very diſtinction carries in the face of it a leſſening, and ſtrikes the fancy with the ungrateful idea of miſery. Beſides, the arms of whiggiſm are extremely long, and reach them to their remoteſt haunts. There are a thouſand inſtances of this enchantment; and, notwithſtanding the known ingratitude of France, ſome of the Iriſh had been marêchals of France before now: the whole voice of that nation was for them; but the fear of diſobliging the preſent government of England, gave a check to their promotion. As for the new nobi-

lity and gentry of Ireland, they paſs currently for Engliſh abroad; and Dublin, the fourth city of Chriſtendom, is ſtill taken for no more than the *Eblana* of Ptolemy.

Thus Ireland has not only loſt all her ancient progeny of any diſtinction, and ſeen them buried under the ruins of calumny and diſtreſs, by the overbearing pride and power of thoſe ſeveral ſwarms of inmates thrown in upon her, at ſeveral times, and ſupported by her maſters of Great Britain; thoſe very colonies are no ſooner ſettled in that country, and warmed into affection for it, than they are taken for mere Iriſh too; and ſo muſt be driven off to make room for new ones. Yet all this is not enough. Ireland might ſtill have ſome name in the world, if ſhe were allowed what belongs to her: But ſhe is ſtripped into the bargain of all the honour and merit that might redound to her, either from the actions or geniuſes of her latter offſpring. The very name of Iriſh carries ſo uncouth an idea along with it, eſpecially in England, that all thoſe who depend chiefly upon her for their fortune, or their fame, are ſhy, at their firſt ſetting out, of making an open confeſſion of their country, and ſuffer themſelves to paſs for Engliſh; while England permits the cheat to paſs upon the reſt of the world, and naturalizes them by a tacit conſent; upon the modeſt preſumption that wit and merit, ſuch as theirs, can be only of her own growth. Thus England, without being at the pains of aſſuming it, is allowed a right to all thoſe who have either written or fought in Engliſh with

with any diſtinction, as Scotland impudently whips away from Ireland all her old ſaints and her ſophiſts, on account of having ſhared with her the ſame name of Scotia. The Uſhers, Boyles, Congreves, Garths, Denhams, Swifts, Ormonds, Cadogans, Aylmers, *&c.* are all taken for Engliſh in foreign countries. Mac-Flecno, and all the wretched adepts in metaphyſics, are counted Iriſh in courſe: We have had but one Dunſe of irrefragable fame, the father of Dunſes by thouſands all over Europe; and the Scots have kidnapped him from us, by the conſent or connivance of all modern dictionaries, notwithſtanding the number of ſheriffs and ſheriffs bailiffs, of the ſame name, upon the records of our ancient city of Dublin. In ſhort, what can Ireland have left to her, but her bogs and her ſtupidity, ſince England and Scotland have ſwept away the ſtakes? If we muſt give up all our great men of war and figure to England, let her even ſhew us the example, and reſign to the Normans her Plantagenets, Talbots, and Nevills, conquerors of France.

However, we'll not ſtick out in our controverſy about theſe mighty men. They ſhall belong to England, ſince they have made her a preſent of their arms and allegiance. But, in the name of wonder, let us have our men of parts and letters. Let not the Engliſh wits, and particularly my friend Mr. Pope (whom I had the honour to bring up to London, from our retreat in the foreſt of Windſor, to dreſs *à la mode*, and introduce at Will's coffee-houſe), run down a country, as the

ſeat

ſeat of dulneſs, to whoſe geniuſes he owns himſelf ſo much indebted. What encomiums does he not lay out upon Roſcommon and Walſh, in the cloſe of his excellent Eſſay upon Criticiſm? How gratefully does he expreſs his thanks to doctor Swift, Sir Samuel Garth, Mr. Congreve, and my poor friend and neighbour doctor Parnell, in the preface to his admirable tranſlation of the Iliad, in return for the many lights and leſſons they adminiſtered to him both in the opening, and the proſecution of that great undertaking? Is it poſſible that theſe heroes of wit and learning, whom he commemorates with ſo much applauſe, and of whom he glories in having been the pupil, could have been of the birth of Ireland? while England could only furniſh him with titled pageants and names of quality, fitter to ſwell and encourage the ſubſcription, than to poliſh or enrich the performance? But, granting they were Iriſhmen; that it ſeems is no manner of argument in favour of their country. Were not all thoſe lights and leſſons given by them to Mr. Pope, in the purer air of England? Was it not to that air alone they owed the refinement and elevation of their geniuſes? Mr. Pope, though the beſt-natured man living, to my knowledge, had laughed at them, with great gaiety, had they pretended to forward any notices or inſtructions to him by letters written under their native fogs.

I remember to have been preſent at a ſcene humorous enough upon this very ſubject at Will's coffee-houſe. The ſages there, in profound contemplation, were very gravely offering their ſeveral

reaſons, why wit could not be of the growth of Ireland. Some would have it owing to the bogginеſs of the ſoil, which muſt undoubtedly and imperceptibly convey too much humidity to the brain; others to the perpetual cloudineſs of the ſky, that muſt, of all neceſſity, caſt a dull influence, infuſing melancholy, ſloth, and heavineſs to the underſtanding: many to the want of ſunſhine, ſo ſovereign in invigorating and giving cheerfulneſs and alacrity to the ſpirits. Among ſuch a number of ſhining geniuſes, who brightened up under the continual miſt over London, it was hard to end the diſpute about the cauſe, while all were agreed about the fact. At length the wag, Bob Dodwell (who had a little before forced a company of foot from lord Peterborough, as a ſort of amends for a ſevere joke upon his country), roſe up with a very demure countenance, as demanding audience of the very oaf-full aſſembly; which being granted——

" My Lords and Gentlemen, ſays he, it is a " very moot point to which of thoſe cauſes we may " aſcribe the univerſal dulneſs of the Iriſh. It may " be owing, perhaps, to ſome one; perhaps to the " combination of all together: God only knows, who " was pleaſed to order it ſo from the beginning. " But that the caſe is, as you agree it in your " great wiſdom, I ſhall offer a familiar and un- " anſwerable proof. My father had ſtudied with " great applauſe in Oxford (for had he ſtudied in " Dublin, where he was born, he had made but " a very ſlender progreſs in learning, as you ſhall " find

" find by the ſequel). In ſhort, he was allowed,
" in that famous univerſity, to be both an excel-
" lent divine, and a moſt eloquent preacher. From
" thence he removed to Dublin; where, on ac-
" count of the reputation he had juſtly acquired
" abroad, he was inſtantly preferred to the pariſh
" of St. Mican's. Great was the concourſe to
" hear him; but much greater the ſurpriſe to find
" how little his ſermons anſwered the character
" the world had given of him. This could not
" miſs being whiſpered to him: he made ſeveral
" efforts, in vain, to regain his credit: his ſermons
" were ſtill worſe and worſe liked: at length his
" church was almoſt forſaken, and he left to hold
" forth to very few but the old women.

" The man was at his wit's end to find the
" cauſe of this unaccountable change in him: at
" laſt he wiſely judged it muſt be owing to the
" climate in which he writ; and to make proof of
" it, ſet out one Monday morning in the packet-
" boat for Holy-head; there compoſed his ſermon
" for next Sunday; and returning to Dublin on
" the eve, after having begged of ſome friends,
" out of mere charity, to aſſiſt at it, preached di-
" vinely well, to the utter aſtoniſhment of his
" auditory, charmed at the excellency of his per-
" formance. This miracle rung immediately over
" the whole city; and he, making uſe of the ſame
" happy ſtratagem every week, of compoſing at
" Holy-head what he was to deliver from the pul-
" pit in Dublin, the doctor's name was up: all
" Dublin thronged to hear him; and perſons of

" the beſt diſtinction reſorted thither from all parts " of the kingdom to ſee this ſecond Livy.

" However, as the devil owed the doctor a " ſpite, it chanced unfortunately for him, that he " was obliged, for ſome ſlight indiſpoſitions, to " take phyſic two or three ſeveral times on the " very days the packet-boat ſet out; and being " thereby under the unhappy neceſſity of penning " his ſermons for the week in Dublin, his au- " ditory were aſtoniſhed, on thoſe occaſions, to " find them good for nothing. By theſe ups and " downs of the doctor, the myſtery at length came " out; and whenever the packet-boat ſailed for " Holy-head, the common queſtion, over the " whole city, was, whether the doctor had gone " on board? If the anſwer was in the affirma- " tive, there was a univerſal joy throughout; all " were ſure of being charmed the next Sunday. " If in the negative, the poor doctor was left, on " that day, to preach to the bare walls."

While Bob held forth in this manner, with a very grave phyz, that covered a wicked under-ſneer, very natural to him, the ſcene (I muſt own) was admirable, in regard of the auditory; and could give a by-ſtander room to form a certain judgment of the weight of brains that came to the ſhare of every one of them. Upon the opening of the diſcourſe, all ears were alert: it was a ſolemn ſilence and profound attention! for when that Demogorgon, Ireland, is to be run down, it is wonderful how almoſt every Engliſh heart bounds for joy. Before Bob had brought his father back from Holy-

Holy-head the firſt time, ſome had ſenſe enough to ſee the ridicule levelled at themſelves, and ſneaked off. Others were ſo numſkull'd as to wait for the ſermon compoſed in Angleſey, and delivered with applauſe at St. Mican's, whereat a ſudden light broke in upon their noddles; they could ſtand the joke no longer, and ſlunk away too. But when it came to the unhappy conſequences of the doctor's taking phyſic, the whole ſhoal of virtuoſo's were ſenſible to the ſtroke, and voided the room at once, except one blue, one green ribbon, and a lieutenant-general of the queen's army, that had courage and inſipidity enough to hear the poor doctor preach to the bare walls. Then the cloud that had hung ſo long and ſo obſtinately over their intellectuals, diſappeared. However, they were too ſtout to quit the field as their betters had done, and ſo contented themſelves with caſting ſheeps eyes and ſilly leers at each other, while Bob and I enjoyed their ſtupidity.

This received notion of dulneſs in the Iriſh, has not taken its riſe from the mob, though they gladly join in the cry. The Engliſh populace, the bluntest and moſt unenlightened race of people in Europe, are incapable of making ſo nice a diſcovery. They can readily imagine that the Iriſh have horns and hoofs; and it has been found eaſy, and of excellent uſe in politics, not very long ago, to perſuade them that every Iriſhman was ſomewhat more than of Venner's gang; ſince, inſtead of only chaſing, he was to have ſlain his thouſands. What affects the Engliſh mob, with regard to Iriſhmen,

is terror. Our Engliſh anceſtors diſpatched into Ireland, and their deſcendants, have taken effectual care to faſten this bugbear upon their mother-country, and repreſent the Iriſh as monſters and cannibals, in order to juſtify their own more barbarous oppreſſions upon that people. Theſe dreadful ideas have left ſo ſtrong an impreſſion, that even at this day, when the nations are more mixed than they have been formerly, an Iriſhman is looked upon by the vulgar in England, remote from great towns, as a raw-head and bloody-bones! It is therefore that the rumour ſpread of an Iriſh maſſacre has been found, of all ſtratagems, the moſt effectual towards promoting any change of government in England, by the extreme facility of raiſing a fright in the good people there, whenever the Trojan horſe is ſuppoſed to be filled with Iriſhmen. This may ſuffice to excuſe that honeſt generation of mortals (for whom I have a great regard, as I have a real concern for all men that are eaſily thrown into a panic fear) from having had any hand in introducing the opinion of Iriſh dulneſs. That grand arcanum could be diſcovered only by the ſublimer geniuſes of England.

However, this opinion, fooliſhly attributed to the climate, has ſome truth in it, with regard to thoſe remnants of old nobility and gentry, who have been ſtripped, by the iniquity of Cromwell, and the greater one of Clarendon, of all they had a title to, except the blood and ſpirit of their anceſtors. Theſe are a ſevere and a very inconvenient burthen to them at home, where they are obliged

to

to keep them under hatches in the neighbourhood of barracks, and of more tyrannical juſtices of peace. There are in Ireland a thouſand well-born Brutuſes of this kind, whoſe ſouls are ſtupified by the perpetual dread of perſecution, and dare not peep out of their bodies, leſt they ſhould fall under the laſh of the penal laws. But ſnatch theſe potatoe-mongers from their immediate ſlavery, or from the plough-ſhares to which their fathers have been reduced, into an air of liberty and politeneſs; tranſplant them but for one month into the hot-beds of London, how ſudden is the change? how ſurpriſing the improvement? The booby inſtantly commences beau, bully, ſharper, and cuckold-maker with a vengeance! he is *paſſe*, *preſto*, *vite*, Jack of all trades; all fire, all mercury, in the turn of a hand! With what dexterity does he empty the pockets of that notable ſon of earth, the Engliſh 'ſquire, at ſeven or eleven? What a ſturdy back is he to a baſhful Engliſh peer? What an awe does his modeſt aſſurance create in all the aſſemblies of men? How do the London ladies fall into fits at his approach, alarmed at the ſight of his broad ſhoulders, and engaging, though ſomewhat rough, addreſſes? But, to conclude this wonderful metamorphoſe of mere animals into ſmart and dextrous fellows, by the change of air, though it may go againſt one's ſtricter morals to juſtify their induſtry, it is hard to blame them for taking what repriſals they can upon the public in England,

by way of revenge, or at leaſt ſome amends for the irreparable wrongs and loſſes at home.

In the mean time, it is impoſſible for an upright and good-natured ſpirit, not to look with concern upon the inhuman ſlavery of the poor in Ireland. Since they have neither liberty nor ſchools allowed them; ſince their clergy, generally ſpeaking, can have no learning but what they ſcramble for, through the extremities of cold and hunger, in the dirt and ergotiſm of foreign univerſities; ſince all together are under the perpetual dread of perſecution, and have no ſecurity for the enjoyment of their lives or their religion, againſt the annual thunders of the Engliſh vatican, but the preſent moment: how can it be expected they ſhould keep clear of ſuperſtition, which is ſo elegantly and ſo truly called by a modern author, the ſpleen of the ſoul? But that of my ſpirit is up, and I muſt out with it, after having aſked pardon of my friend Mr. Pope, for having animadverted upon his jokes in the Dunciad, with regard to Ireland. Thoſe railleries are ſo agreeable to the humour of the world in general, that, like favourite vices, they carry their excuſe along with them.

Heu patria! infidis nimium vicina Britannis;
Olim altrix divûm; ſoboli jam ſæpe noverca
Dura tuæ, inque dies aliis data præda colonis.
Te, dum ſpernit, arat novus accola: mox ubi cultam
Diligit, illiciti pœnas luit exul amoris;
Aut ſua colla jugo, demiſſis auribus, ultro

Aptat,

Aptat, inops animi, et jam non ſua ſeminat arva,
Sic, uno excuſſo, te comprimit alter adulter
Nequior, et ſcortum infœlix poſt improba calcat
Oſcula; ſeu Scotus ille rapax, ſeu Saxo ſuperbus,
Quis Deus hiſce favet ſtupris? tua deperit uſque
Stirps antiqua; novis ſolum licet eſſe beatis;
Inque vicem ſeſe tam dira examina pellunt
Certatim: tibi rara quies; tibi perfidus idem
Hoſtis et hoſpes ineſt. Qui dividit, imperat Anglus,
Immeritam in terris matrem te ſcilicet unam
Temnere fas, et amare nefas? Qui ſtrenuus aufit
Conſuluiſſe tibi, et non immemor eſſe parentis,
Semper in exitium præceps ruit. Imminet Anglus,
Iratiſque frui divis jubet; utque tumeſcit
Bile jecur, crudelis et implacabilis inſtat.
Religio dat opem ſceleri; nec deficit atrox
Inter, quos invita paris, diſcordia fratres.
Tantis victa malis ſervit fortuna Meduſæ
Angliæ; at horrificos angues quatit iſta quotannis,
Ut libet eſſe truci; ſeu rumpere fœdera malit,
Seu fera bella ciet civilia; ſpargere peſtes
Vafra, dies condit lætos; tibi turpis egeſtas,
Et metus et dolus, et maleſuada peritia legum
Invigilant: at nec melior, neque fortior illa,
Ni diviſa ruas; ni tu tibi ſævior hoſtis.
Nec ſatis eſt in vota tuæ jurâſſe tyrannæ,
Et coluiſſe novos renuenti poplite ritus,
Improba ſi miſeram non rideat, atque catenis
Crimina ficta tuis et dedecus inſuper addat
Hiſtoriis fallax mordacibus: inde per orbem
Juſtis victa diis, ſimul immiſerabilis audis.
Dùm deſpecta jaces, Angli pueri atque puellæ
Illudent, impunè rudem, ſtolidamque notantes,
Et magis inſulſi jocus es et fabula vulgi.
Undique te lacerant ſpinæ; rapit Anglia flores

Uſque

Uſque tuos: - - - - -
- - - - - - Fruſtrà tibi lucet Apollo
Gratus, et æterno faverunt carmine Muſæ:
Fruſtrà animos virtute tuos Mars impiger auxit:
Cedit in Angligenas decus et laus transfuga fures.
Nimirum quodcumque tui fecere nepotes
Fortiter, aut ſacris moniti ſcripſere camænis,
Deſinit eſſe tuum! nec gens inimica cachinnis
Parcit, dum tibi raptat opes; tua ſplendida mendax
Induit et falſis ovat inſignita trophæis.
Proh ſcelus! Harpyæ manibus dum plaudit utriſque,
Te nudam atque inopem totus te ſibilat orbis!
Nempe nec è gnatis aderit, qui vindicet ultor
Exuvias? ſi nemo domi, niſi proditor, auſim
Ferre, parens, licet exul, opem. Sanxiſſe nefandam,
Aut ſiluiſſe nefas fraudem. Manet unicus heros.
Ictus amore tui miſeræ (cognomen Achillei
Is, ποδας ὠκυς, habet) nec tantis hoſtibus impar,
Sortis et invidiæ pergit tela aſpera contra,
Et quatit indomitam, mediis in millibus, haſtam.
Immemor ipſe ſui, ſpretæ memor uſque parentis,
Hic tibi fidus adeſt—Hoc uno excepto, alienos
Quiſque domi patitur manes; eſtque omnis Hibernus
Speve, metuve Anglus.—

The remains of the Iriſh (*Relliquiæ Danaum atque immitis Achillei*) labour under another very great inconvenience. They are far from partaking of the indulgence, or rather privilege allowed to all other people, by an exemption from any general charge on account of perſonal defects or villanies. If one Iriſhman, of any diſtinction, be found a blockhead, a knave, a traitor, or a coward, there ariſes a certain mirth upon the diſcovery, among ſtrangers of all kinds, eſpecially the Engliſh;

Engliſh; as if they were glad to light upon an example in that nation, of what is a pretty general rule in moſt countries, at this time of day. But, where they dare joke upon it, the ſingle blot is imputed, with great gaiety, to that whole people. Thus all Ireland is made anſwerable for the faults of every one of her children; and every one of theſe bears the whole weight of his country upon his ſhoulders. This is the greateſt of all compliments, if taken in a right light. It preſuppoſes a certain infallibility annexed to the Iriſh alone, which makes the world enjoy any exception from it with ſo much pleaſure. In this uncouth attitude the Iriſhman muſt, in his own defence, and that of his whole country, be braver, and more nice, in regard of his reputation, than it is neceſſary for any other man to be. All that he gets generally for his pains, is the character of having behaved as might be expected from an Iriſhman: yet, if there be any crime or miſtake in his conduct, not only he, but his whole country, is ſure to pay for it. This, in ſtrictneſs, regards only the Iriſhmen abroad; thoſe at home may be Engliſhmen, and join in the banter, when they pleaſe.

All this is owing to the calumny diſperſed, time out of mind, by the tongues and pens of the two neighbouring nations, in order to juſtify their own barbarous proceedings in regard of that unhappy people. But, not to miſpend our time upon thoſe wretched hiſtorians and geographers, who have continued ſo long to miſlead the world in that reſpect, there has appeared, of late, a writer of importance,

portance, the malignity of whoſe aſperſions upon the Iriſh, has ſpread itſelf, with an air, both at home and abroad. This is the famous lord Clarendon, whoſe long legend is tranſlated into French. He was the man generally employed by king Charles the firſt, in that ruinous paper war he unfortunately waged with his Parliamentarians, who never entered into negociation with him, but with a view of impoſing upon the people, and procuring a reſpite for themſelves, when they were inferior in the field. In this fatal medley of war and peace, both out of their proper ſeaſon, the king was undone, as well as the church and monarchy, by the mixture of fear and corruption that reigned in Clarendon, and his fellows of the privy-council. They engaged him to ſtrip himſelf of his rights in favour of his rebels; and then took effectual care to alienate his mind from his moſt loyal ſubjects, eſpecially the Iriſh, whom they repreſented as a parcel of inhuman, intractable, and ſenſeleſs brutes, in order to deter him from accepting all they were worth in men and money, to ſupport his ſinking cauſe. Theſe notable counſellors, after having done all the vile work inſpired to them by their cowardice, or their hollow intrigues with parliament, fled generally to it, and became its dupes at laſt. The king, robbed by their infuſions of the aſſiſtance of his moſt gallant and loyal friends, both in England and Ireland, found himſelf obliged to fly to the Scots, who ſoon delivered him up to his mortal enemies.

Clarendon

Clarendon followed the fate of the royal ſon, and would not ſuffer him to tranſport himſelf into Ireland, at the inſtance of that Engliſh hero, lord Digby, in order to vindicate his own cauſe, and that of his father, while he was yet alive. By his removal into France, that was then, and a long time before, in a tacit confederacy with the parliament, the father loſt his life upon the ſcaffold; the loyaliſts, and eſpecially the Iriſh, were devoted to deſtruction ſoon after, for having been willing to ſupport the king, in ſpite of his council. They loſt their lives, and all their lands at home, under the violence of a triumphant rebellion, when they had no prince to countenance or unite them. Numbers followed the royal exile; changed ſides with him, as he was obliged to change protection with the contending powers of France and Spain; ſerved him faithfully, and aſſiſted him in his diſtreſs. But the Clarendons of the council had contrived matters ſo well, that the father-king could not maintain his rights, becauſe they would not let him truſt his friends; nor the ſon ever be reſtored, but by the declared enemies and aſſaſſins of his father.

At the reſtoration, that ought to have ſettled the fundamentals both of church and ſtate, upon a baſis no more to be ſhaken by popular commotions, the joy was ſo univerſal throughout, upon the meeting of the king and his people, that they unhappily paſſed their time in capping of courteſy and compliments with each other. The king would exact nothing from them with an air of reſolution,

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out of pure modeſty and grateful deference to his reſtorers. Though he was very hard put to it for the maintaining of his own family, and in no manner of condition to reward his fellow-ſufferers; he was adviſed, forſooth, only to recommend to his people, with great humility, what he ſhould have demanded with authority, for the redreſs of his and their former wrongs, and the farther ſecurity both of the temporal and ſpiritual eſtabliſhment. The people, on the other hand, were grown ſo weary of their paſt ſervitude, and ſo charmed to ſee their lawful prince among them, that they waited only for his commands, to ſhew their prompt obedience, and looked upon all his ſlight overtures, as things he had very little at heart.

In this giddy interval, the occaſion of ſecuring the rights both of church and ſtate was loſt: and the prime miniſter Clarendon, who was taken for the king's ſecond ſelf, profited by the mutual extaſy of king and people, to advance the ends of his own avarice and ambition. While the prince, after ſo tedious an exile, gave himſelf up to the enjoyment of his preſent happineſs, the ſubjects ſquared all the regulations of government, and the meaſures of juſtice, by the ſtandard of Clarendon, whom they reckoned the faithful echo of their maſter's intentions. The plans of eccleſiaſtical and civil eſtabliſhments were equally committed to his care; and he has left ſuch a gangrene in both, as has ſince reached their very vitals. The church, it is true, was reſtored to her livings; but her pales were ſo

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ill fenced, that an inundation of all thoſe ſectaries, who had ſo lately borne her down to the ground, has forced its way into her very ſanctuary; and while they graciouſly ſuffer her name to ſubſiſt, appropriate to themſelves all her riches and authority. Clarendon, in that happy conjuncture, might have gone the lengths of Laud and Strafford with ſucceſs. But their undaunted zeal never could inhabit ſuch a heart as his. They had rendered her one of the moſt firm and amiable ſocieties in the univerſe, free from tyranny, inacceſſible to hereſy: whereas, in her preſent ſtate, ſhe is become the helpleſs victim of Clarendon's politics, and neither durſt ſtand by her principles, nor aſſert her doctrine, while all her hierarchy is in heterodox hands. Whatever the appearances may be, ſhe has, in fact, changed places with her adverſary. Preſbytery is become epiſcopal; and ſhe is reduced, in regard of her authority and livings, to be only preſbyterian; in ſhort, ſhe has taken a huge doſe of laudanum; and is in no danger, though ſhe have no pulſe, becauſe ſhe has been forced to ſleep extremely ſound.

All this has befallen the church, as a neceſſary conſequence of Clarendon's horrible prevarications and injuſtices with reſpect to the ſtate. In all national churches, loyalty and religion are linked in a very cloſe union, and tend naturally to the ſupport of each other. Where the one is wounded in any eſſential part, the evil is taking, and the other ſuffers of courſe. Clarendon opened the adminiſtration of king Charles the ſecond, with the

moſt unexampled and impolitic ſcene, in regard of monarchy, that ever appeared in the world. The church and monarchy had been juſt reſcued from the claws of a horrid rebellion. Thoſe loyaliſts, whom neither the corruption of the former privy council, nor the terrors of the parliament, had withdrawn from their zeal for the royal cauſe, had been long groaning under cruel oppreſſion or miſerable exile. They had now reaſon to flatter themſelves, not only with the repoſſeſſion of their lands, but the reward of their ſufferings and ſervices. But, though thouſands of loyal families had been undone by the rebellion, Clarendon, by impoſing on his maſter's indolence and facility, ordered matters ſo, that he was the only conſiderable gainer by the reſtoration, and made his fortune by perpetuating the diſtreſs and unaccountable hard fate of the cavaliers, after the return of their prince. Thoſe men of quality alone, who had the king's immediate favour, or cunning enough to deal with the chancellor in his own way, were reinſtated in their lands. The reſt, and the far greater number, were left to the wide world, or the permiſſion of ſharping by a lottery, which unworthy reſource was ſoon taken from them. The rebels and their iſſue, the ſpawn of fanaticiſm and rebellion, were continued in their ill-gotten poſſeſſions; and conſequently, as they had art enough to diſſemble their old religion and principles, were gaily admitted into the beſt preferments both in church and ſtate, and lent a helping hand to all their brethren in iniquity, under the ſame maſk. The abandoned cavaliers, and their

diſinherited offspring, muſt even make the beſt of a bad world; and ſince they were undone by loyalty, endeavour to repair their broken fortunes by faction, and lie in wait for an opportunity to be revenged of the royal family. This could not be long miſſing in a government, the majority of whoſe ſupporters were divided againſt it by their rotten and antimonarchical principles; and therefore it is obſervable, that the moſt ſtrenuous oppoſers of the royal cauſe ſince the reſtoration, were, and ſtill are, the deſcendants of thoſe families that had behaved with the ſtaunchеſt loyalty in the days of king Charles the firſt.

Thus the proceedings of Clarendon, upon the reſtoration, only laid in feed for a larger crop of rebellion. How could the church and monarchy thrive, by foſtering their covert foes in their very boſom, and obliging their only friends to become their inveterate enemies? No loyalty in the univerſe, but the Iriſh alone, could be proof againſt ſuch uſage. No church in Chriſtendom, not even the catholic, could ſtand firm and united, if ſectaries of all the preſent denominations were admitted, upon the merit of one ceremony, or rather choſen to make up her hierarchy. And thus Clarendon, by his unjuſt and intereſted politics, has been the real father of whiggiſm, the ſecond edition corrected and amended of the Round-heads, that has found the way to make an indiſputable property of Ireland, and to turn the natural frame of the church and ſtate of England *hors de page*, by the addreſs of ſtepping into their places.

This may ſeem hard upon the memory of that gentleman; but, after the moſt impartial reflection, it will be found undoubted truth. The gallant lord Digby opened the charge againſt him in parliament, the third year of his mal-adminiſtration, to no purpoſe. His aſcendant was ſtill too prevalent over the king and the Engliſh nation. Moſt of the rebellious members, who owed their all to him, were yet alive; and the univerſities had not yet had time to form the youth to the ancient principles of honour and integrity. At length the veil was drawn off, and the eyes of the whole nation opened upon the iniquity of Clarendon, during the moſt loyal and wiſe ſeſſion of parliament that perhaps ever was ſeen in England. But it was too late. Foundations could not be removed then, without threatening the whole building once again. The only redreſs that could be found for ſuch a heap of crying injuſtices, that are, and ever muſt be, in force, was the head of Clarendon, that contrived and eſtabliſhed them—an admirable ſtate-mender, who had found no other expedient for the ſupport of the monarchy, but that of putting loyalty to death!

He fled his country and his maſter, after he had done them all the miſchief he could, becauſe he durſt not ſtand his trial. He vaniſhed, and left a horrible ſtench behind him to this day. The few friends he had, upon his impeachment, could find no defence for him againſt the vile treachery of having kept correſpondence with his maſter's enemies during his exile, and made a viſit, *incog-*

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nito, to Cromwell, upon his return from his embaſſy in Spain. He had no pretence to ſecure him from the vengeance due to his former crimes, but that ample act of oblivion he had penned himſelf upon the reſtoration, and had made ſo vaſtly comprehenſive, in order to find room in it for his own iniquity. But that *mare magnum* could not ſave him from the prodigious charge of having ſold, not ſettled, the whole kingdom of Ireland afterwards. His flight alone could reſcue him from the wrath of the whole Engliſh nation againſt him, for his having doomed ſo many thouſands of innocent, or rather of meriting people, to the utmoſt extremities of ſhame, cold, and hunger, to ſerve the purpoſes of his own corruption, and make rebellion as laſting as the world.

Not all the mutual cruelty of the civil war, not the maſſacre acted in Ireland, firſt under the connivance of the round-head juſtices at Clontarf, Ballock, *&c.*; next by the Scots in the iſland of Maggee, near Carrickfergus, and then by Sir Phelim Oneil's brutal revenge in a part of the north, which was retaliated more than tenfold by Coote, Ireton, and Cromwell, over that whole kingdom, can equal the liſt of thoſe loyal Iriſh families which have been razed out of the world in miſerable infamy by the pen of Clarendon! The rump-parliament, and all its emiſſaries, were but tranſient plagues, that rioted for a while over the church, the ſtate, and the royal family of England. The hand of God ſoon overtook them. They died, and all their iniquities and abominations had died with

them, had not the church, the ſtate, and the royal family, found their bane perpetuated to immortality, by the ſingle corruption of Mr. Hyde, the chancellor of the exchequer and the lord high chancellor of England.

During his voluntary exile, Clarendon, to juſtify himſelf, and his amphibious companions of the former privy-council, digeſted at Rouen that long and eloquent ſatire he had compoſed, for the moſt part, in the iſle of Jerſey, upon the king's father and all his friends, but eſpecially the Iriſh; becauſe they never can forgive who do the wrong. He has taken a vaſt deal of pains to blanch rebellion in all its promoters, and caſt invidious colours upon the moſt eminent loyaliſts. He can ſcarce find a man of thorough worth and ſenſe in the royal party in England, except Mr. Hyde, the chancellor of the exchequer, and the lord Falkland. No Iriſhman has the honour of his approbation, but Daniel Oneil and colonel Wogan. However, though he allows the former more ſenſe than came to the ſhare of all his countrymen together, he vitiates that ſenſe with a mixture of too much cunning, whereby he mounted to the ſublime poſt of groom of the bedchamber, which, in his opinion, ought to be inacceſſible to an Iriſhman. As for colonel Wogan, he is ſo much in love with him, that he ſinks the mention of his country; and though he executed his purpoſe with wonderful courage and dexterity, he looks upon him as a little out of his ſenſes, becauſe he was extremely loyal and brave. He omits, however, giv-

ing him the honour of having ſaved the king's life at the battle, or rather flight, of Worceſter, by the deſperate ſtand he made at the head of 300 horſe againſt Cromwell's whole army, in the ſuburbs of that town, till the king and colonel Careleſs were out of ſight. How could the father king be maintained on his throne, or the ſon be reſtored to it by their friends, ſince, in the language of their daſtard or corrupt counſellors, all that was brave, was mad; and all that was thoroughly loyal and firm, ſavoured of popery? But as an inſtance of the unfair dealing of the Engliſh hiſtorians, the glory of the eſcape at Worceſter has always been aſcribed to their countryman Careleſs; as if it were more honourable to fly with the king, than to ſtop thoſe that are in full chace after him. The reſt of the Iriſh, according to Clarendon, were a horrid compound of ſtupidity and barbariſm, except the marquiſes of Ormond and Clanricard; who were ſtill more cunning than Daniel Oneil, and not half ſo mad as Wogan. Yet if the privy-council of king Charles the firſt had been as wiſe, or as honeſt, as the ſupreme council of Kilkenny, he had never been engaged to diveſt himſelf of his own will and prerogative, till he was forced to maintain his cauſe with the wretched remains: he had never been ſold by one people, or beheaded by another, who had nothing but treaſon in their hearts and cant in their religion.

But, on the other hand, Clarendon ſo kindly recommends the perſons, and mixes ſuch ſhining colours in the talents and characters of the moſt

notorious traitors, that one can hardly find in his heart to deteſt them for their villanies. The virtues of the braveſt cavaliers are tarniſhed; and the vices of the blackeſt republicans brightened up in his hands. Milton engages our fancies, perhaps, too far in favour of the devils, by the lively and beautiful images he often mixes with their characters: but if he had dealt with the angels, as Clarendon has with the cavaliers, the devils had undoubtedly been the heroes of his poem.—In ſhort, he has left a legend to all poſterity, the beſt leſſon that has ever yet been given to wicked ſubjects, and the moſt encouraging, to dethrone or deſtroy their kings.

If juſtice had been done to that voluminous treatiſe, it ſhould have had the ſame fate with the petition he left behind him in London, addreſſed to the houſe of lords, by way of juſtification, which was unanimouſly voted, by both houſes, a malicious and ſcandalous paper, and a reproach to the juſtice of the nation.

But that poſthumous work came out in excellent ſeaſon for him. The church was wonderfully prevented for him, which made her overlook the mortal wound he had given her through the ſide of the ſtate. The ſtate was poſſeſſed by his grandchild. The witneſſes againſt his falſehoods and calumnies were no more in being. That England, which had him in the greateſt deteſtation in 1667, and for many years after, ſubſiſted no longer. The liſts, both eccleſiaſtical and civil, were thronged either with the unwary admirers of his ſtyle, or

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with thoſe that owed their fortunes to his motley eſtabliſhments. His perpetual running down of the Iriſh, was no ſmall help towards gaining him a general benevolence among the Engliſh and Scots, whoſe rank treaſons he had taken ſo much pains to ſoften, or to ſpare. His books had frontlets of ſcripture to recommend and ſanctify all their venom. This is but the ſecond part of the Spaniſh hypocriſy in America, while they murdered whole nations in cold blood, with their beads in their hands.

How could any better dealings be expected from a man who had reſolved to make his fortune at any rate, nay at the expence of his truſt, honour, and loyalty when abroad; as moſt of his companions in the former privy-council had done before him, to keep their eſtates at home? He had none to loſe that could be as beneficial to him as his attendance on his exiled maſter. However, in order to bid fair for one, it is notorious, that in the year 1657, when he found his maſter's affairs deſperate, he made his peace and terms with Cromwell, by the mediation of Mr. ſecretary Thurlo, whom he was afraid, on account of that confidence, not to protect after the reſtoration; and then, ſince he could not ſell his maſter during his exile, he made himſelf more than amends after his return. He firſt ſold one of his kingdoms, with all its loyal ſubjects (who had ruined themſelves by their endeavours to ſerve and aſſiſt him, both in and out of their country), to his known enemies: he then, by his baſe and faithleſs mo-

deration, ſold the church and ſtate of England to their falſe friends: and, laſtly, did worſe, by the rotten foundations he laid, than Cromwell and all his accomplices could ever have compaſſed, ſince he ſold the royal family of England to diſtreſs and exile for all eternity.

As I am under voluntary articles neither to conceal nor diſguiſe any of my thoughts from Mentor, my ſpirit has been tempted to wander into this long diſſertation, in order to give itſelf ſome eaſe, while it had the ſatisfaction of opening itſelf entirely to him. I am willing to flatter myſelf it has ſome ſympathy with his, which I ſhould be extremely ſorry to ſhock, or even diſoblige, by this frank confeſſion of my ſentiments. If I have incurred his diſpleaſure, by any freedom of ſpeech that may be offenſive, or any notions that may be repugnant to his, I ſubmit to his cenſure, and am willing to ſtand corrected. I do not pretend either to inſtruct his better genius, or to force my thoughts upon him. I am a fond admirer of that worth and generoſity which has put a ſtop to his riſing in the world. I have no perſonal enmity to any man living, nor any intereſt in view, that can interfere in the leaſt with Mentor's.

It is true, I reckon Clarendon a more pernicous ſubject, and a worſe man, than the brave and wicked Cromwell. I take him to be the author of moſt irreparable miſchiefs to the church, the ſtate, and more eſpecially to the people of England, whom his deſign to maintain in a perpetual ſuperiority over their prince, has devoted to perpetual

petual ſlavery. He, for his own ends (as he fairly declared to the earl of Southampton), as well as in compliment to them, hindered the firſt parliament after the reſtoration to ſettle a conſtant and indefeaſible revenue upon the crown; whereby it had been ſkreened from factions, and the government from revolution, which muſt neceſſarily happen, where the prince muſt depend on the people for his yearly ſubſiſtence, and the maintenance of his own ſtate and family. This was by no means the circumſtance of the kings of England, till James the firſt had ſquandered away all the royal demeſnes upon his hungry and inſatiable countrymen; and ſo made his ſon a ſacrifice, by forcing him to become a bull-beggar.

All the conſtitutions of our weſtern world began by limited monarchies, after the fall of the Roman empire, as moſt adapted to the ſpirit and genius of our Gothic anceſtors. Theſe limitations regarded the meaſures of peace, the means of war, and the regular adminiſtration of juſtice; but not the daily bread of the ſovereigns, who had lands and immediate vaſſalages of their own, for the ſupport of their eſtate and dignity. Our Norman monarchs were the only arbitrary ones in Europe, except thoſe of Caſtile, who were complimented with abſolute ſway by the people, to enable them, without any delay or conſultation, to iſſue their orders, and repreſs the ſudden invaſions of the Moors, whoſe neighbourhood was a perpetual alarm.

However, as the common people of England were generally villains or ſlaves to their lords,

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theſe lords became, by the importance of their vaſſalages, an hereditary council of ſtate, upon extraordinary occaſions, when it was thought convenient to gain their aſſiſtance, by the compliment of aſking their advice, or their concurrence in taxing their vaſſals for the public good. The weak princes of the Plantagenet family (which has produced the greateſt in Europe) were ſtrangely given over to favourites and minions; as weak princes generally are, becauſe they have not their glory and real power ſo much at heart as their private ſatisfaction. The barons, as counſellors by their birth and fortune, were ſo diſguſted at this humour, and at ſubſidies and other vexations that had their riſe in the king's cloſet, and not in his council, that they made frequent confederacies of rebellion, on pretence of grievances; and as they were ſupported by the people, obtained great conceſſions in their favour from the crown. The kings found no way of ſupporting themſelves againſt the barons, but by diſengaging the people from them. This they effected by admitting them who had no manner of pretence to it before, to appear by their repreſentatives in the great council of the nation, which obtained the name of parliament, whenever they had any occaſion for ſubſidies againſt the barons, or the foreign enemies of the ſtate. The people, in return of their liberalities, obtained frequent enlargements of their privileges. But the Plantagenets and Tudors had ſtill an ample ſhare of their abſolute dominion left, and were greatly ſuperior both to the people and the barons.

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They had it always in their power to divide and rule, becauſe they had wherewithal, by their own demeſnes, to maintain their ſtate independent of them, except where the right of the crown was in diſpute. They called parliaments when they liſted, and diſſolved them as freely; or brow-beat them, when they had ſpirit, into what they pleaſed. Whether it regarded peace or war, church or ſtate, their will, in effect, was a law; and they had no need either of tricks or double-dealings, or of upſtart prime miniſters. Theſe they made uſe of to execute their orders, not to gain their points.

But, after king James the firſt had laviſhed the ample demeſnes left him by queen Elizabeth, the caſe was quite altered. His ſucceſſor could neither maintain his authority over the people, nor in his own houſe, for want of means to ſupport his dignity. He was reduced to a wretched dependency on his vaſſals, who never fail of becoming inſolent where they know they are maſters. As faſt as he called them together, they began with complaints, though they never had leſs cauſe for them. He wanted ſubſidies, in fact, for the maintenance of his houſehold, but made uſe of other pretences, after the example of his anceſtors, who were under no ſuch extremities at home. They immediately called for the previous redreſs of ſuppoſed grievances, and ſo he diſſolved, and re-diſſolved them, which was almoſt the only branch of power he had left him. Under theſe hardſhips he could hold out no longer; and, without debaſing his majeſty, could find no other reſource for ſubſiſting in independency,

dependency, but that of reviving ſome rights and claims of his deſpotic anceſtors, which were grown into diſuſe, becauſe they had no need of them. All this came very ſhort of his neceſſary expences, and encreaſed the ill-humour of the people; who were growing extremely rich and luxuriant, on account of giving him nothing but extorted trifles. At length his wants obliged him to lay himſelf at the mercy of a ſaucy and inexorable houſe of commons, upon which he, his miniſters, and his barons ſplit at laſt. Surely no prince ever found himſelf in ſo forlorn and deplorable a ſituation as his, from the firſt ſitting of that parliament upon his majeſty, till the laſt ſitting upon his life.

He had been long borrowing from all the world, upon the credit of dead authority, in order to give bread to a houſehold he could not pay. All his ſervants, from the ſecretaries of ſtate down to the ſcullions of his kitchen, were in an intereſt contrary to that of his dignity, and could never hope either for their arrears or their current wages, but by his being well with a parliament that never intended to be well with him. His honour was concerned in ſupporting his rights: his neceſſity and conſcience in making away with them by degrees, in hopes that his parliament might at length be engaged, by his condeſcenſions, to allow him wherewithal to pay his debts and defray his daily expences. All thoſe that ſerved him, either in his council, or his houſe, or his parliament, had a perſonal intereſt in making him take this party; except thoſe very few that were ſacrificed for voting

voting generouſly, and at their own coſt, on the ſide of his honour. All the reſt were bribed againſt his royal dignity, by their wants and their fears; and not only left him to be worried unmercifully by two nations, under the inſolent pretences of loyalty and religion; but obliged him to waſte part of his force, and all his indignation, againſt a third, the only one that had real loyalty and religion enough to reſtore him.

The mettle and ſuperior genius of Cromwell ſubdued faction and rebellion, by the very power they had put into their hands againſt the lawful ſovereign. He ſupported his ſtate and terrified all Europe, as well as the three nations, by the grandeur of his courage, and the ſpirit of his army; which he made, in effect, his parliament. They paid themſelves, and laughed at the conſtitution. Upon the return of king Charles the ſecond, the Engliſh nation, grown wiſe by a very dear-bought experience, had reſolved, at their firſt meeting in parliament, to ſet the royal family in its ancient ſtate of independency upon the people, except upon extraordinary occaſions, by ſettling a perpetual revenue on the crown, and thereby ſecuring it from the unavoidable danger and inſolence of faction. Clarendon, as perfidious to his country as to his ſovereign, has hindered this excellent purpoſe from taking effect, by his vile and intereſted infuſions, and made himſelf a merit with the Engliſh nation, of what has left it a prey ever ſince to unavoidable diſcontents and convulſions. By this means, and the abrogation of the ancient tenures,

tenures, the crown was abandoned to a more wretched neceſſity of begging annually, and condeſcending than before; and robbed of its old influence and authority over the people. Thus the kings of England were left in a worſe ſtate than the ancient kings of Sparta. Their cellars, their kitchens, and the wages of their footmen and grooms, depended upon the good graces of the houſe of commons: their inherent rights of making war and peace and alliances, or iſſuing *quo warranto's*, &c. were but mere feathers, the ſport of every wind that blew from the ephori of the people.

In this manner king Charles the ſecond, though the idol of England, was forced, by the malign aſcendant of Clarendon, to become her wretched penſioner. King only (and a very limited king) of Scotland, and tyrant of Ireland, to no manner of purpoſe for himſelf, but to the exceeding joy of his own and his father's enemies; he led a life of continual ſtruggle and uneaſineſs, from which he had no relief, but in turning rake, and drowning his royal ſpleen in all the common pleaſures he could afford himſelf. To ward againſt thoſe factions that aroſe naturally out of the triumph of the good old cauſe, and aimed at nothing leſs than his life and dignity, he found himſelf obliged to become a captain Tom too, to mix his majeſty with the mob, and turn caballiſt and factioneer, as well, and as knaviſhly, as the beſt of them. He muſt call parliaments as oft as his wants called upon him, not to adviſe him (according to their original

ginal inſtitution) but merely to keep him from ſtarving. At length he grew weary of acting a part ſo far beneath him: he plucked up his ſpirit, by calling to mind the power of his anceſtors, caſt his enemies into a pannic fear, put preſbytery to death, and died ſoon after he had made himſelf, in effect, king of England.

His ſucceſſor, who had not the force of his genius, and had more religion than either he or Clarendon would have thought neceſſary, was ſoon outwitted and outdone by faction. He had been uſed to cloſetting, favourites, and intrigues, during his former life, in order to ſecure his rights againſt the inconvenience of that religion: and after he had mounted the throne with great acclamation, he miſplaced his confidence upon thoſe that grew too hard for him at his own weapons. As he had made himſelf pretty eaſy in his domeſtic circumſtances, by making up a little demeſne of forfeited eſtates, he was not ſo entirely at the devotion of his parliament as his predeceſſors had been; and ſo began to reaſſume the old prerogatives of the crown, without a ſufficient fund of money, or friends, or art, to make them paſs upon a people that had ſo long looked upon themſelves as maſters, with a great deal of reaſon. He did not ſink under the mutual villany of privy-council and parliament, like his father; his favourites in the privy-council alone were more than enough for him. Deſerted by two kingdoms, and attacked by a foreign power; ſince he was too good-natured to allow any foreign power to ſupport him, he had nothing left

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but the common people of Ireland, and thoſe remnants of catholic nobility and gentry there, who had wreſted their eſtates, by favour or intereſt at court, out of the intricacies of Clarendon's act of ſettlement: for the infinitely greater number of Iriſh proprietors, though reſtored to their lands by the act of repeal, had been bred in ſo much diſtreſs and ignorance, that they could ſcarce be of any uſe to him. And ſo he was obliged to abandon that kingdom to its evil deſtiny, as the other two had abandoned him.

Now Clarendon's politics began to have their full effect. His poſterity was ſeated on the throne. The republican tares had been ſown ſo thick in the church and ſtate of England, that they choked and overtopped the genuine grain. King James the ſecond had given a liberty of conſcience in general. This, as it was ſhocking to the eſtabliſhed church, was exchanged, by the prevalence of Calviniſtical and free-thinking interlopers, for the ſofter title of toleration, which has been improved, by a very eaſy turn of legerdemain, into actual dominion. A great cry was kept up on all ſides, about the dangers that threatened the church. The unthinking tories, or church-of-England-men, joined in it along with the whigs, with a view of keeping out popery. The whigs heightened it at every turn, not to keep out popery, which they made uſe of as a bug-bear, but to oblige the church to ſuppreſs her true doctrine and diſcipline, and let in preſbytery. The tories were all along the dupes of this farce, and king William, with all his penetration,

tration, could not ſee through the whole plot, or did not go all the lengths he ſhould to favour the whigs, and thereby ſecure his own independency on the people. He had a very uneaſy time of it, while he laboured in vain to mix parties that never can incorporate. The whig will never become tory: the tory, generally ſpeaking, is not ſo ſtubborn. 'Tis true, he never will expoſe his life or his fortune, by riſing to the ſublime pitch of a cavalier, which renders any government ſecure againſt him. He may drink, and prate, and proteſt, to get a name among the vulgar; but Clarendon's uſage of the loyaliſts after the reſtoration, is a ſufficient warning to him to keep his own houſe, and live within the verge of the laws in being. However, as he will not play the fool for church or ſtate, he is extremely wiſe in regard of himſelf. Loyalty and religion hang looſe enough about him, and he can turn whig without much difficulty, where he can find a conſiderable advantage in it. And thus king William, by endeavouring to jumble both parties together, became agreeable to neither; and had ſhared the ſame fate with his predeceſſor, if the war which England neceſſarily drew upon itſelf, and the abſolute dominion he had over the ſeven provinces, had not kept him on the throne. For ſince the government of England has been reduced to a democracy by Clarendon, the whigs muſt reign alone, or it muſt be in perpetual convulſions.

That prince had not found out this grand arcanum, which has ſince been diſcovered, and put in

practice with infallible ſucceſs; and has rendered his ſucceſſors, under an air of limitation, as abſolute in fact as any of our ancient monarchs, or of the preſent kings of Chriſtendom. 'Tis true, the tories had a lucid interval in the laſt years of queen Anne; but it could not laſt, becauſe they never can have ſpirit enough to play all their game, and fix their fortune. The whigs, that will ever deſpiſe them as a rope of ſand, have ſtill art and mettle enough, though they be at the loweſt ebb, to frighten, or make them fall together by the ears, and thereby make a jeſt of all their projects. While the crown has no demeſnes, nor any ſettled revenue, the tories can never do its buſineſs with unanimity and ſucceſs. The whigs, whoſe birthright it is to make the people uneaſy and mutinous, can never miſs of breaking, or at leaſt thwarting, their meaſures, under colour of their concern for the grievances and unſupportable taxes laid on the public. But let the prince put himſelf wholly under their protection, he is perfectly ſafe, in regard of the tories; and the whigs will eaſily find the method of paying him, and themſelves into the bargain, at the expence of the people, and with the moſt careleſs contempt of their adverſaries. A prime miniſter, under the inoffenſive title of treaſurer, or ſecretary; a privy-council, under the title of parliament, the majority of which is gained over by his art or his largeſſes, and who, in return, ſecure the nation, with all its wealth, will, and power, in the moſt implicit obedience to him, and conſequently to his maſter; does all the buſineſs of

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the crown to a wonder, and reduces the people, by their own conſent, to as much ſlavery as is convenient for all the purpoſes of the prince.

Thus, in regard of the government, Clarendon's politicks are entirely overſet. He has ruined one royal family by leaving it at the mercy of the people: he has ruined the rights of the people, by leaving them at the mercy of another, that has been too cunning for him, and found the knack of keeping them, whom he propoſed to leave maſters for ever, under perpetual and unlimited ſubjection, by the help and corruption of their repreſentatives, notwithſtanding the addition of new and more irkſome limitations of the crown. He had deſtroyed the cavaliers at the reſtoration; and has given the *coup de grace* to the tories at the revolution, which was a child of his own begetting upon the body of the former iniquity.

The world has never ſeen a frame of government ſo nicely fitted for all the purpoſes of the ſovereign, as the preſent conſtitution of England. The king has not a foot of land; yet all Great Britain is his property in fact: he is under the moſt unbecoming reſtrictions in the eyes of the people; however, he can be as deſpotic, when he thinks it neceſſary, as William the Conqueror; provided he ſave appearances, by letting old forms ſubſiſt in the adminiſtration, he can turn them to what uſe he thinks proper, and has no need of very great dexterity in the management. The people flatter themſelves with a notion of being free, becauſe they have an air of being repreſented, and yet it is that very re-

preſentation makes them ſlaves. They have no real liberty left, but that of the preſs; which would ſoon grow contemptible in their own eyes, if the miniſter, (againſt whom it is generally directed) had ſenſe enough to deſpiſe it. The barons have no ſhadow of their old authority, only in the vain formality of entering their proteſts, by half dozens, againſt the votes of a vaſt and a ſure majority, that ſpeaks the ſenſe of the miniſter, while it pretends to ſpeak that of the nation. All this is a riddle,—yet every cobler in England can unfold it, to no manner of purpoſe for himſelf, or his country. The charm is irreſiſtible; all the ſubjects are caught in the ſnare that Clarendon had laid for the ſovereign.

In the mean time, the prince, veſted by this magic in as much real ſtate and power as the moſt arbitrary monarch in Europe, has other advantages which none of them can ſhare with him. The interpoſition of his parliament ſkreens him from all cenſure, as well as danger or want. Though he be an errant knave in his dealings with his people, or a notorious trickſter, and breaker of public faith, in regard of his foreign alliances, he is ever abſolved by the unthinking world, and the blame thrown entirely on his parliament; which he is ſtill ſuppoſed, upon the credit of a received tradition, not to be able to govern or lead into all his honeſt purpoſes, though it be, in reality, the beſt trained, and moſt eaſily managed, of any beaſt of burden in the univerſe. So that as things now ſtand, Clarendon's anti-monarchical ſcheme is like

like to continue for ever the ſureſt ſupport of tyranny. The whigs muſt be the majority in parliament. They alone can be bribed to ſell and ſubdue the people; and a king of Great Britain muſt be a downright fool, or a madman, not to be on a ſurer foot of reputation, as well as power, than any other ſovereign upon earth. He may be at the head of different alliances at the ſame time, as well as of different churches; and has a more undiſputed right to perſonal infallibility than the pope. The other monarchies of Europe, originally limited, have become abſolute by the policy of keeping their ancient demeſnes, and adding thoſe of the rebellious barons to them from time to time: that of England, by having no demeſnes at all.

In this happy circumſtance, a king of England, while he is in perfect ſecurity at home, can keep his foreign enemies in awe, by the terror of his fleets at ſea, and confederacies on the continent; or by ſowing corruption in councils and cabinets abroad, which are now as acceſſible to it, as his parliament. If intrigue ſhould fail, the whigs, by whom he reigns, will always find him money enough to do the buſineſs. In the mean time, he can ſtand in no manner of apprehenſion with reſpect to any part of his ſubjects, except a diſtant one, in regard of thoſe eſtabliſhed by Clarendon, to wit, the Iriſh whigs. Theſe have had earneſt longings after independency both upon the church and ſtate of England, ever ſince their eſtabliſhment in Ireland. The diviſion of the vulgar of that country from them, in point of religion, and the

long peace of the neighbouring powers with England, have rendered all their views impracticable hitherto. England is mad enough to encourage perſecution in that country; and if they can, by executing the penal laws in all their rigour, force the people at length to be of a piece with them, they may not be long to ſeek for a proper occaſion to withdraw themſelves from the dominion of England, as the Portugueſe did, ſome time ago, from that of Spain, though upon the ſame continent. In that caſe, as they were founded upon preſbytery and fanaticiſm, the eccleſiaſtical livings will be no ſmall acceſſion of power and encouragement for them to return to the religion of their fathers. Their honour will be concerned in having a church of their own; and there is nothing ſo eaſy, as to make five hundred as good as any of thoſe now in being, within the comprehenſive ſyſtem of Clarendon.

Who can think it ſtrange, after all, that Clarendon ſhould reckon the Iriſh a blind and ſtupid people, ſince they could not diſcover the broad way to their temporal and eternal happineſs, as well as he and all his pupils of the preſent latitude? But, in the name of wonder, ſince they could have made the way to heaven, notwithſtanding the needleſs burthen of their articles of faith, why ſhould they be deſtroyed in this world merely upon account of them? After having ſuffered ſo much for their rebellion againſt Cromwell, why ſhould they be made martyrs to their loyalty, when their king was actually on the throne?

throne? a manmuſt be ſtupid indeed, not to ſee through all this mechaniſm of ſacrificing people to God and to the devil at once. But, thanks to their ſtars! their friend Clarendon is ſtill alive: his ſpirit of perſecution will open their eyes at laſt, and bring them to their ſenſes. Whenever they can get clear of the devil, in his way, by having little or no religion at all, they will ſoon become as wiſe as their neighbours; and by agreeing among themſelves, get clear of England and her church too into the bargain.

Dear Mentor, excuſe me for having finiſhed, as folks do generally in their drink, with a diſpute about religion; I love religion, with all my ſoul, where it is ſincere; but abhor, above all things, the pretence or abuſe of it, to advance any purpoſe but thoſe that regard the other world. As I have a ſoul (I hope) to be ſaved, I have ſtudied all the preſent religions with care; and if my creed did not determine me to be a catholic, I freely own I ſhould be troubled with none of them, becauſe of all the vile and cruel rogueries I have ſeen them miſapplied to. Moſt of them, for want of authority, are loſt in free-thinking; others, by arrogating too much authority, vaniſh into ſuperſtition. Theſe two kinds, abandoned to ſuch extremities, have infinitely more buſineſs upon earth, than ever they are like to have in heaven. The catholic may be free from either, if he pleaſes: if he fall into either, he muſt be knave or fool. The ſame may be ſaid of a national church, guarded by the civil, and fenced by her own eccleſiaſtical authority. She

may be very catholic, without being enſlaved to the decretals and extravagancies of popery; or overlaid by the heavier weight of preſbytery; or made the jeſt and handmaid of free-thinking! 'Tis a general remark, that two of a trade can't agree. The moſt ſanguine jeſuits, though they are forced to keep ſome meaſures, are horribly cried out at by thoſe that pretend to the ſtricteſt kind of reformation: yet theſe, whenever they get the temporal power into their hands, outdo them infinitely in all their arts of double-dealing and tyranny. But all our jars are a noiſe about nothing—Clarendon, a man of much more religion and ſenſe than either the apoſtles, fathers, or councils, has diſcovered, of late, that hereſy is only a dream; ſince, according to him, catholic and chriſtian are one and the ſame thing in fact. So let us burn our books and our ſchools, for there is an end of controverſy. However, let us keep rancour and perſecution on foot, with all the zeal of our fathers. There has been, and there is ſtill, ſomething to be got by it.

I own I am a little mad; ſo Mentor muſt take nothing ill that I ſay to him. My patience is exhauſted, and I have done all I could to tire his. He muſt blame his own good-nature, that has given me room to vent my ſpleen. As I have no friend here of genius or freedom of thought enough to comprehend theſe notions, they had rotted in my breaſt, and thrown me, perhaps, into ſome dangerous indiſpoſition, if I had not come out with them. I am now ſetting out upon an expedition againſt the

the Moors, ſince the modern Chriſtians are too hard for me; and whatever may be my fate, it is an exceeding comfort to me to have thus diſcharged my conſcience in regard of theſe, before I enter the liſts againſt their brethren the Mahometans.

As for the blank verſes which I recommended ſo earneſtly to the care of Mentor, I now abandon them to his diſcretion. If he thinks them worth his correction, he'll give them to the public as he propoſes, without the name of an author, and with his own, after the epiſtle to recommend them. It will do me a great deal of honour, and I'll take care it ſhall do him no manner of miſchief. If he neglect publiſhing them, I ſhall have the mortification of believing the preſent I took the liberty to make him not worth his while, or that my preſent liberty of ſpeech is offenſive to him. This muſt not be. We are all brethren in fact; and no man ſhould be angry at another, for uſing him with all the intimacy of a friend, and opening his whole heart to him without malice or diſguiſe. I beg pardon of Mentor, and of all thoſe great names he mentions, for my cenſures upon rhyme and raillery, which he may ſoften or expunge entirely, according to his better judgment. I ſhould be very ſorry to make enemies of thoſe, whom, of all mankind, I would chuſe to make my friends. Mr. Pope and I lived in perfect union and familiarity for two or three ſummers, before he entered upon the ſtage of the world; where he has ſince gained ſo great and ſo juſt an applauſe. The other geniuſes have a right to all my regard, by the merit

merit of ſharing the affection and eſteem of Mentor, who will do me a great deal of honour, if he allow me any place in ſo learned and polite a ſociety. Without any compliment, they are fitter for the Auguſtan age than for this. They are at home, and endeavour to give the world a ſenſe of its follies with great humour and gaiety. The cheerfulneſs of my temper is, in a great meaſure, ſunk under a long and a hopeleſs exile, which has given it a ſerious, or, if you will, a ſupercilious turn. I laſh the world with indignation and grief, in the ſtrain of Jeremy. But the world is grown ſo inveterate in iniquity, that I fear we ſhall all loſe our labour. It will have juſt the ſame effect to flog, as to tickle them.—However, if there be any room for a grave, ſullen fellow, that has been one of the merrieſt fellows in Europe, in Mentor's academy, I offer myſelf: and, to pay my entrance, as I did in Newgate, I ſend him a kilderkin of the beſt wine on this ſide of the country, to drink their healths, and mine, if he pleaſes. I accept, with a great deal of acknowledgment, the preſent of books offered me by Mentor, and deſire he'll ſend along with them doctor Jonathan Swift's Miſcellanies, which they tell me are worth them all. I can give him nothing in return, but ſome heads of the Saracens of Oran, which I ſhall be ordered to cut off, becauſe they will not become Chriſtians. I muſt be their executioner in my own defence; for, with all my ſpleen and vexation of ſpirit, I am the moſt inoffenſive creature in the world in regard of religion. I would not ſhed one

ounce of blood in anger or enmity, or wrong any man living of a cracked ſixpence, to make all the world catholics; yet I am as ſtaunch a one myſelf as any pope in the univerſe. I am all for the primitive church, in which people made proof of their religion only at their own expence. But I laugh, with great contempt, at thoſe who will force others to heaven their way, in ſpite of charity.

Though I ſhould be in the deſarts of Lybia, I can ſtill hear from Mentor. It is not neceſſary he ſhould ſubmit his criticiſm or correction to me, ſince I conſtitute him my judge, without appeal. The gentleman of my family, mentioned by him, is the honeſteſt, but the idleſt, fellow breathing. I can't even get a letter from him. Thus my reliance for the reviſing and publiſhing of thoſe pieces, is entirely upon Mentor, whom I embrace with all my heart, this 27th of February 1732.

To Mr. Alderman BARBER.

Mr. ALDERMAN, Dublin, Auguſt 10, 1732.

I AM very angry with my friend, doctor Delany, for not applying to you ſooner, as I deſired him, in favour of Mr. Mathew Pilkington, a young clergyman here, who hath a great ambition to have the honour of being your chaplain in your mayoralty. I waited for the doctor's anſwer before I would write to you, and it came but laſt night. He tells me you have been ſo very kind as to give him a promiſe upon my requeſt.

I will

I will therefore tell my ſtory. This gentleman was brought to me by the doctor about four years ago, and I found him ſo modeſt a young man, ſo good a ſcholar and preacher, and of ſo hopeful a genius, and grew ſtill better upon my hands the more I knew him, that I have been ſeeking all opportunities to do him ſome real ſervice; from no other motive in the world, but the eſteem I had of his worth. And I hope you know me long enough to believe me capable of acting as I ought to do in ſuch a caſe, however contrary it may be to the preſent practice of the world. He hath a great longing to ſee England, and appear in the preſence of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, doctor Arbuthnot, and ſome other of my friends, wherein I will aſſiſt him with my recommendations. He is no relation or dependant of mine. I am not putting you upon a job, but to encourage a young man of merit upon his own account as well as mine. He will be no burthen upon you, for he hath ſome fortune of his own, and will have a much better from his father; and hath alſo a convenient eſtabliſhment in a church of this city.

Mr. Pilkington will be ready to attend you upon your commands, and I wiſh he may go as ſoon as poſſible, that he may have a few weeks to prepare him for his buſineſs, by ſeeing the Tower, the Monument, and Weſtminſter Abby, and have done ſtaring in the ſtreets.

I am ſo entirely out of the world, that I cannot promiſe a hope ever to requite your favour, otherwiſe than with hearty thanks for conferring this obli-

obligation upon me. And I ſhall ever remain with true eſteem, your moſt obedient and obliged humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

To Mr. Alderman Barber.

To the Same.

MY LORD ELECT, Dublin, Sept. 11, 1732.

I Anticipate your title, becauſe perhaps it may be your due before your chaplain, Mr. Pilkington, can attend you. And, beſides, I have a mind to be the firſt perſon who gives it to you. And, firſt, I heartily acknowledge your goodneſs in favouring a young gentleman who hath well anſwered all the recommendations that have been given me of him, and I have ſome years watched all opportunities to do him a good office, but none of the few things in my own gift that would be proper for him have fallen in my way ſince I knew him; and power with others, you know, or may believe, I have none. I value Mr. Pilkington as much for his modeſty, as his learning and ſenſe, or any good quality he hath. And it would be hard, after your ſending us over ſo many worthleſs biſhops, all bedangled with their pert illiterate relations and flatterers, if you would not ſuffer us to lend you, at leaſt for one year, one ſample of modeſty, virtue, and good ſenſe; and I am glad it falls to your lordſhip to give the firſt precedent. I will write to Dr. Trap in Mr. Pilkington's favour, but whether I have any credit with him I cannot tell, although, perhaps, you will think, I may pretend to ſome. It is by my advice

advice that Mr. Pilkington goes over ſomewhat ſooner; for I would have him know a little of your end of the town, and what he is to do; but he will not give you any trouble or care till you pleaſe to command him, which I ſuppoſe will not be till you are ſettled in your office.

Nothing but this cruel accident of a lameneſs could have hindered me from attending your ceremonial as a ſpectator, and I ſhould have forwarded, to the utmoſt, Mr. Pope's ſcheme, for I never approved the omiſſion of thoſe ſhows. And I think I ſaw, in my youth, a lord-mayor's ſhew with all that pomp, when Sir Thomas Pilkington, of your chaplain's name and family, made his proceſſion.

I have adviſed your chaplain to ſend you this letter, and not preſent it, that you may be in no pain about him, for he ſhall wait on you the next morning, when he hath taken a lodging for himſelf, till you come into your mayoralty.

I cannot conclude without repeating my acknowledgments for your kind remembrance of me. We were both followers of the ſame court and the ſame cauſe, and exiles, after a ſort, you a voluntary one and I a neceſſary; but you have outthrown me many a hundred bars lengths. I heartily wiſh the continuance of your good ſucceſs, and am, with great truth, your moſt conſtant friend and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

To the Same.

MY LORD, Dublin, Dec. 14, 1732.

AFTER obtaining one favour from your lordſhip, I am under the neceſſity of requeſting another; which, however, I hope will not give you much trouble. I know that it depends upon chance what employments you may have in your diſpoſal during your mayoralty; but ſome I preſume you will have. It is therefore my requeſt, and will be ſo likewiſe of ſome others among your friends, that if any employment ſhould fall vacant, during your government, which Mr. Barber would be allowed capable of executing well, your lordſhip would pleaſe that he might have the refuſal, with as much favour as will conſiſt with your own generous diſpoſition, adding the friendſhip you are pleaſed to profeſs to me, which I throw heartily into the balance. He is of Engliſh birth; a very upright honeſt man, and his wife hath abundance of merit in all reſpects; they deſign to ſettle among you, having turned what fortune they had here into money.

And now, my lord, I heartily give you joy of governing the nobleſt city in the world, where I know you are deſirous, and able, to do ſo much good, and to ſet a worthy pattern for the imitation of thoſe who ſhall come after you. If my health, and the bad ſituation of my private affairs, will permit, I ſhall hope to have the honour of being one among your gueſts next ſummer. Mr.

Pilkington

Pilkington is, in his letters, perpetually full of your great favours to him, and ſays you will be his voucher that he ſtill continues his modeſt behaviour, which I always preſſed upon him as the beſt quality in a young man, although I never obſerved the leaſt want of it in him.

I hope you will take care of your health, which in our city of Dublin is a difficult taſk for a lord-mayor to perform; and if your lordſhip be under the neceſſity of drinking as many healths in proportion on public days as are done here, you will be in great danger of ruining your own. I am, with entire friendſhip and true reſpect,

My Lord,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I give your lordſhip all the good wiſhes for the approaching ſeaſon and the ſucceeding year.

I had a very friendly letter lately from Dr. Trap, to whom I preſent my moſt humble ſervice, and ſhall in a ſhort time acknowledge his letter.

To the Right Hon. John Barber, Eſq;
Lord Mayor of London.

To

To the Same.

MY LORD, 1733.

ALthough I never read news, I often hear of your lordſhip's actions and ſpeeches, particularly your and the city addreſs to the houſe of commons, for throwing out that execrable bill of exciſe, and your defence of the city, in the anſwer you gave to the Recorder on the ſubject of riots. I hope you will always remember that you learnt theſe honeſt principles under an honeſt miniſtry, and in what hath been ſince called the waſte of time, which I pray God we might live to ſee again. Our friend Mrs. Barber is recovering of her gout, and intends in a few weeks to return to London. My lord Orrery, although almoſt a ſtranger to her, and very much embroiled in his affairs by a moſt villanous agent, hath been extremely generous to her, in eaſing her of one part of her load; and I hope, by the ſucceſs of her poems, ſhe will be made tolerably eaſy and independent, as ſhe well deſerves for her virtue and good ſenſe. My lord Orrery is the delight of us all. But we wiſh him hanged for coming among us, ſince he cannot ſtay with us. Your chaplain writes to me very ſeldom, and I never can get him to anſwer me how he lives: I gave him credit upon a friend in London for any ſmall ſums of money, which I find he hath received moſt of; ſo that I am afraid his ſalary, perquiſites or fees, or whatever elſe he is to live by, is not to come in till the end

of his office. I hope he continues to behave himſelf well; and indeed I think him a very valuable young man. As to myſelf, my private affairs are in ſo ill a poſture, and my head ſo diſordered by returns of my old giddineſs, that I cannot yet venture to take thoſe journies that I uſed to make nothing of, and God knows whether I ſhall be able to dine with your lordſhip in your mayoralty. Doctor Delany lives very happily and hoſpitably, entertains his old friends, and hath nothing to fight with but envy, which he deſpiſes, and doth not, in the leaſt, deſerve, but by thoſe from whom it is a bleſſing. I think I have named all your acquaintance here; and I preſume you will hardly trouble yourſelf to acquire more.

Your lordſhip hath now got over more than half your difficulties. I doubt not but you will finiſh the reſt with equal reputation, ſo that the year of your mayoralty will be long remembered with honour.

I muſt deſire leave to tell your lordſhip, that I have not known a more baſhful, modeſt perſon than Mrs. Barber, nor one who is leſs likely to ply her friends, patrons, or protectors, for any favour; or is more thankful for the ſmalleſt. Therefore I hope you will continue to do her any good office that lies in your way, without trouble to yourſelf. And, among other things, I deſire you will adviſe her to be more thrifty; for ſhe carries her liberality as much too high, as our friend Sir Gilbert did his avarice. I thought I did a fine thing to ſubſcribe for ten copies of her poems; and ſhe con-

contrived to ſend me preſents that, in my conſcience, are worth more than the money I ſubſcribed.

Having not heard lately of your being ill, I hope you have recovered your health entirely; and I pray God preſerve it.

I am, with true reſpect, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient
humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

To the Right Hon.
the Lord Mayor of London.

To the Same.

MY VERY GOOD AND
OLD FRIEND,

Deanry-Houſe, Dublin,
March 1ſt, 1734.

I Received lately a very acceptable preſent which you were pleaſed to ſend me, which was an engraved picture of you, very handſomely framed, with a glaſs over it. I take your remembrance of me very kindly, and give you my hearty thanks. I have no other way to ſhew my gratitude at preſent, than by deſiring another favour from you, which, however, will be leſs expenſive. Mr. Singleton, the king's prime-ſerjeant here, is one of the firſt among the worthieſt perſons in this kingdom; of great honour, juſtice, truth, good ſenſe, good nature, and knowledge in his faculty: this gentleman, whom I have the honour to know, although his buſineſs be too great to allow me the happineſs of

ſeeing him as often as I deſire, hath commanded me to recommend the bearer, Mr. Richardſon, agent to the Derry ſociety, whereof you are a member, and the bearer, your agent. From ſuch a recommendation as the prime ſerjeant's, I will engage that Mr. Richardſon is a very deſerving man, and that whatever he deſires of you will be perfectly juſt and reaſonable.

And now, my good friend, give me leave to inquire after your health, which I hope is much better than mine. Are you often in your coach at Highgate and Hampſtead? Do you keep cheerful company? I know you cannot drink: but I hope your ſtomach for eating is not declined: and how are you treated by the gout? Theſe and many more particulars I deſire to know.

The people who read news have ſtruck me to the heart, by the account of my dear friend doctor Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no leſs, by a letter I received from him a month or two ago. Do you ſometimes ſee Mr. Pope? We ſtill correſpond pretty conſtantly. He publiſhes poems oftener and better than ever, which I wonder at the more, becauſe he complains, with too much reaſon, of his diſorders. What a havoc hath death made among our friends ſince that of the queen? As to myſelf, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted laſt, and am never wholly free from giddineſs and weakneſs, and ſickneſs in my ſtomach, otherwiſe I ſhould have been among you two or three years ago, but now I deſpair of that happineſs. I ride a dozen miles as often

often as I can, and always walk the ſtreets, except in the night, which my head will not ſuffer me to do. But my fortune is ſo ſunk, that I cannot afford half the neceſſaries or conveniencies that I can ſtill make a ſhift to provide myſelf with here. My chief ſupport is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myſelf every day. I keep three horſes, two men and an old woman, in a large empty houſe, and dine half the week, like a king, by myſelf. Thus I tell you my whole œconomy, which I fear will tire you by reading. Pray God keep you in health and happineſs; and do me the juſtice to believe that I am, with true eſteem and friendſhip, Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

You ſee by my many blottings and interlinings, what a condition my head is in.

To the Same.

Dear Mr. ALDERMAN, Dublin, July 12, 1735.

I Write to you at the command of a gentleman, for whom I have a perfect friendſhip and eſteem, and the requeſt he deſires me to make, appears to me altogether reaſonable. The gentleman I mean is doctor Helſham, the moſt eminent phyſician of this city and kingdom. There is a perſon of quality, an intimate friend of the doctor's, my lord

Tyrone, formerly Sir Triſtram Beresford, who is a tenant to the Londonderry ſociety. His lordſhip is going to build two houſes upon their eſtate; and, to aſſiſt him in ſo good work, I deſire that when the particulars of the requeſt ſhall be laid before the ſociety, you, who are the governor, will pleaſe, if you find them juſt and reaſonable, to forward them as far as lies in your power; by which you will much oblige me, and ſeveral worthy perſons, particularly my friend doctor Helſham.

Do you ſometimes honour poor Mrs. Barber with a viſit? We are afraid here, that the gout hath got too ſtrong a poſſeſſion of her, and pray let me have ſome account of your own health; I wiſh we three valetudinarians were together, we ſhould make excellent company; but I can drink my pint of wine twice a day, which I doubt both of you could not do in a week. I long exceſſively to be in England, but am afraid of being ſurpriſed by my old diſorder in my head, far from help, or at leaſt from conveniency; and I dare not ſo much as travel here without being near enough to come back in the evening to lie in my own bed. Theſe are the effects of living too long; and the public miſeries of this kingdom add to my diſeaſe. I am,

Dear Sir,

With true eſteem and friendſhip,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

To John Barber, Eſq;
Alderman of London.

To

To the Same.

SIR, Sept. 3d, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, tells me, he hath the honour to be known to you, and that I have credit enough to prevail on you to do him all the good offices that lie in your way. I preſume he goes about ſome affairs that relate to his own calling, which would be of little value to him here, if he were not the printer moſt in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one; wherein you are able to be the beſt adviſer, provided he be not too ſanguine, by repreſenting things better than he probably may find them in this wretched, beggarly, enſlaved country. To my great grief, my diſorder is of ſuch a nature, and ſo conſtantly threatening, that I dare not ride ſo far as to be a night from ———: and yet when the weather is fair, I ſeldom fail to ride ten or a dozen miles. Mr. Faulkner will be able to give you a true journal of my life; that I generally dine at home and alone, and have not two houſes in this great kingdom, where I can get a bit of meat twice a year. That I very ſeldom go to church for fear of being ſeized with a fit of giddineſs in the midſt of the ſervice. I hear you have likewiſe ſome ailments to ſtruggle with, yet I am a great deal leaner than you: but I have one advantage, that wine is good for me, and I drink a bottle to my own ſhare every day, to bring ſome heat into my ſtomach. Dear Mr. Alderman, what a number of

dear and great friends have we buried, or ſeen driven to exile ſince we came acquainted? I did not know, till ſix months after, that my beſt friend, my lady Maſham, was gone. I would be glad to know whether her ſon be good for any thing, becauſe I much doubted when I ſaw him laſt. Tell me, do you make conſtant uſe of exerciſe? It is all I have to truſt to, though not in regard to life but to health: I know nothing wherein years make ſo great a change, as in the difference of matter in converſation and writing. My thoughts are wholly taken up in conſidering the beſt manner I ought to die in, and how to diſpoſe of my poor fortune for the beſt public charity. But in converſation I trifle more and more every day, and I would not give three pence for all I read, or write, or think, in the compaſs of a year.

Well, God bleſs you, and preſerve your life as long as you can reaſonably deſire. I take my age with leſs mortification, becauſe, if I were younger, I ſhould probably outlive the liberty of England, which, without ſome unexpected aſſiſtance from heaven, many thouſands now alive will ſee governed by an abſolute monarch. Farewel, dear Sir, and believe me to be, with true eſteem,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

To John Barber, Eſq;
Alderman of London.

To

To the Same.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, Dublin, Dec. 8, 1736.

I AM glad of any occaſion to write to you, and therefore buſineſs will be my excuſe. I had lately a letter from Mrs. Warburton, the widow of him for whom I got a living in thoſe parts where your ſociety's eſtate lies. The ſubſtance of her requeſt is a public affair, wherein you and I ſhall agree; for neither of us are changed in point of principles. Mr. John Williams, your ſociety's overſeer, is worried by a ſet of people in one part of your eſtate, which is called *Salter's Proportion*, becauſe he oppoſed the building of a fanatic meeting-houſe in that place. This crew of diſſenters are ſo enraged at this refuſal, that they have incenſed Sir Thomas Webſter, the landlord (I ſuppoſe under you) of that eſtate, againſt him, and are doing all in their power to get him diſcharged from your ſervice. Mr. Warburton was his great friend. By what I underſtand, thoſe factious people preſume to take your timber at pleaſure, contrary to your ſociety's inſtructions, wherein Mr. Williams conſtantly oppoſeth them to the utmoſt of his power, and that is one great cauſe of their malice. Long may you live a bridle to the inſolence of diſſenters, who, with their pupils the atheiſts, are now wholly employed in ruining the church; and have entered into public aſſociations ſubſcribed and handed about publicly for that purpoſe. I wiſh you were forced to come

over

over hither, becauſe I am confident the journey and voyage would be good for your health: but my ill health and age have made it impoſſible for me to go over to you. I have often let you know that I have a good warm apartment for you, and I ſcorn to add any profeſſions of your being welcome in ſummer or winter, or both; pray God bleſs you, and grant that you may live as long as you deſire, and be ever happy hereafter. Is our friend Bolingbroke well? he is older than either of us; but I am chiefly concerned about his fortune; for ſome time ago a friend of us both writ to me, that he wiſhed his lordſhip had liſtened a little to my thrifty lectures, inſtead of only laughing at them.

I am ever, with the trueſt affection,

Dear Mr. Alderman,

Your moſt hearty friend
and obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

To John Barber, Eſq;
Alderman of London.

This letter, I ſuppoſe, will reach you, although I have forgot your ſtreet and part of the town.

To the Same.

Dublin, March 9, 1737-8.

MY DEAR OLD CONSTANT FRIEND,

I Received yours of February 11th, and find, with great pleaſure, that we preſerve the ſame mutual affection we ever profeſſed, as well as the ſame principles in church and ſtate. As to what you hint, as if I were not cautious enough in making recommendations, you know I have converſed too long with miniſters to offend upon that article, which I never did but once, and that when I was a beginner. You may remember that, on Mr. Addiſon's deſire, I applied to my lord treaſurer Oxford in favour of Mr. Steel, and his lordſhip gave me a gentle rebuke, which cured me for ever; although I got many employments for my friends, where no objections could be made, yet I confeſs, that doctor Delany, the moſt eminent preacher we have, is a very unlucky recommender: for he forced me to countenance Pilkington; introduced him to me, and praiſed the wit, virtue, and humour of him and his wife; whereas he proved the falſeſt rogue, and ſhe the moſt profligate whore in either kingdom. She was taken in the fact by her own huſband: he is now ſuing for a divorce, and will not compaſs it; ſhe is ſuing for a maintenance, and he hath none to give her. As to Mr. Richardſon, his father was a gentleman, and his eldeſt brother is a dean. Their father had but a ſmall fortune; your manager was the younger ſon;

ſon; he hath an excellent underſtanding in buſineſs, with ſome ſhare of learning; his prudence obligeth him to keep fair with all parties, which, in this kingdom, is neceſſary for one who hath to deal with numbers, as the buſineſs of your ſociety requires. It is his intereſt to deal juſtly with your corporations, becauſe people, who envy his employment, would be ready enough to complain; and yet although he hath a good eſtate, I have not heard him taxed with any unjuſt means in procuring it. He is a batchelor, like you and me, and lives with a maiden niece, who is a young woman of very good ſenſe and diſcretion. He is a member of the houſe of commons, and acts as ſmoothly there as he does in the country. I am ſo long upon this, becauſe I believe it will give you a true notion of the man; and if you find, by his management, that he gives you, who are the governor, any cauſe of complaint, let me know the particulars, which I will farther enquire into. I muſt next ſay ſomething of Mr. Dunkin. I told you he was a man of genius, and the beſt poet we have, and, you know, that is a trade wherein I have meddled too much for my quiet, as well as my fortune; but I find it generally agreed that he is a thorough churchman in all regards. His aunt, to whom he was legal heir, bequeathed her whole eſtate to this univerſity, only leaving him an allowance of 70 *l. per annum*, to ſupport him till he was better provided for; but I prevailed on the provoſt and fellows to make it 100 *l.* a year. Yeſterday I ſent for Mr. Dunkin, and catechiſed him

him ſtrictly on his principles, and was fully ſatisfied in them by himſelf, as I was before by many of his friends; therefore I inſiſt that you ſhall think of nobody elſe, much leſs of Mr. Lloyd, who is not to be compared in any one view. Doctor Squire may linger out for ſome time, as conſumptive people happen to do, but is paſt hopes of recovery. My dear friend, I cannot ſtruggle with diſorders ſo well as you; for, as I am older, my deafneſs is very vexatious, and my memory almoſt entirely gone, except what I retain of former times and friends; beſides frequent returns of that cruel giddineſs which you have ſeen me under, although not as yet with ſo much violence. You, God be praiſed, keep your memory and hearing, and your health is much better than mine, beſides the aſſiſtance of much abler phyſicians. If you know doctor Mead, pray preſent him with my moſt humble ſervice and grateful acknowledgments of his favours. Dear Mr. Alderman, why do you make excuſes for writing long letters? I know nobody who writes better, or with more ſpirit, with your memory as entire as a young man of wit and humour. I repeat that you preſent my moſt humble ſervice to my lord and lady Oxford, and my old friend Mr. Lewis. What is become of Mr. Ford? Is he alive? I never hear from him. We thank your good city for the preſent it ſent us of a brace of monſters, called Blaſters, or Blaſphemers, or Bacchanalians (as they are here called in print), whereof Worſdail the painter, and one Lints (a painter too, as I hear), are the leaders.

Pray

Pray God bleſs you, my dear friend, and let us have a correſpondence as long as I live. I am ever,

Moſt dear Sir,

Your conſtant eſteemer, and

moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

I have five old ſmall ſilver medals of Cæſar's, very plain, with the inſcription; they were found in an old church-yard; would my lord Oxford think them worth taking?

To John Barber, Eſq;
Alderman of London, Queen-ſquare.

To the Same.

Dear Mr. ALDERMAN, Dublin, March 30, 1737.

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he is to deliver to you, ſigned by the magiſtrates and chief inhabitants of Coleraine. It ſeems your ſociety hath raiſed the rents of that town, and your lands adjoining, about three years ago, to four times the value of what they formerly paid; which is beyond all I have ever heard even among the moſt ſcrewing landlords of this impoveriſhed kingdom; and the conſequence hath already been, that many of your tenants in the ſaid town and lands are preparing for their removal to the plantations in America; for the ſame reaſons

reaſons that are driving ſome thouſands of families in the adjoining northern parts to the ſame plantations. My dear friend, you are to conſider that no ſociety can, or ought in prudence or juſtice, lett their lands at ſo high a rate as a 'ſquire who lives upon his own eſtate, and is able to diſtrain in an hour's warning. All bodies corporate muſt give eaſy bargains, that they may depend upon receiving their rents, and thereby be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are ſubject. Thus, biſhops, deans and chapters, as well as other corporations, ſeldom or never lett their lands even ſo high as at half the value; and when they raiſe thoſe rents which are ſcandalouſly low, it is ever by degrees. I have many inſtances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as in that of my chapter. Although my own lands, as dean, be lett for four-fifths under their value, I have not raiſed them a ſixth part in twenty-three years, and took very moderate fines. On the other ſide, I confeſs there is no reaſon why an honourable ſociety ſhould rent their eſtate for a trifle; and therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, that if you could be prevailed on juſt to double the old rent, and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner; for I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppreſſed country muſt of neceſſity decline every year. If, by a miracle, things ſhould mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increaſe of rent, but not by ſuch leaps as you are now taking. I am told that one condi-

tion in your charter obligeth you to plant a colony of Engliſh in thoſe parts: if that be ſo, you are too wiſe to make it a colony of Iriſh beggars. Some ill conſequences have already happened by your prodigious increaſe of the rent. Many of your old tenants have quitted their houſes in Coleraine; others are not able to repair their habitations, which are daily going to ruin, and many of thoſe who live on your lands in the country, owe great arrears, which they will never be in a condition to pay. I would not have ſaid thus much in an affair, and about perſons to whom I am an utter ſtranger, if I had not been aſſured, by ſome whom I can truſt, of the poor condition thoſe people in and about Coleraine have lain under, ſince that enormous increaſe of their rents.

The bearer, Mr. Lloyd, whom I never ſaw till yeſterday, ſeems to be a gentleman of great truth and good ſenſe; he hath no intereſt in the caſe, for, although he lives at Coleraine, his preferment is ſome miles farther; he is now going to viſit his father, who lives near Wrexham, not far from Cheſter, and from thence, at the deſire of your tenants in and near Coleraine, he is content to go to London, and wait on you there with his credentials. If he hath miſrepreſented this matter to me in any one particular, I ſhall never be his advocate again.

And now, my dear friend, I am forced to tell you, that my health is very much decayed, my deafneſs and giddineſs are more frequent; ſpirits I have none left; my memory is almoſt gone. The public corrup-

corruptions in both kingdoms allow me no peace or quiet of mind. I ſink every day, and am older by twenty years than many others of the ſame age. I hope, and am told, that it is better with you. May you live as long as you deſire, for I have loſt ſo many old friends, without getting any new, that I muſt keep you as a handſel of the former. I am, my long dear friend, with great eſteem and love,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

When I would write to you, I cannot remember the ſtreet you live in.

To the Same.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, Dublin, January 17, 1737-8.

I Have for almoſt three years paſt been only the ſhadow of my former ſelf, with years and ſickneſs, and rage againſt all public proceedings, eſpecially in this miſerable oppreſſed country. I have entirely loſt my memory, except when it is rouſed by perpetual ſubjects of vexation. Mr. Richardſon, who is your manager in your ſociety of Londonderry, tells me, he hears you are in tolerable health and good ſpirits. I lately ſaw him, and he ſaid he intended ſoon to wait on you in London. He is a gentleman of very good abilities, and a member of

parliament here. He comes often to town, and then I never fail of ſeeing him at the Deanry, where we conſtantly drink your health. I have not been out of doors, further than my garden, for ſeveral months, and, unleſs the ſummer will aſſiſt me, I believe there will be the end of my travels. Our friend Lewis has writ to me once or twice, and makes the ſame complaint that I do, ſo that you are the healthieſt perſon of the three. I luckily call to mind an affair that many of my friends have preſſed me to. There is a church-living in your gift, and upon your ſociety lands, which is now poſſeſſed by one doctor Squire, who is ſo decayed that he cannot poſſibly live a month. This living, I am told, is about 120 l. or ſomething more, a year; I remember I got it for him by the aſſiſtance of Sir William Withers and you; and ſince it is now likely to be ſo ſoon vacant, I inſiſt upon it, that if doctor Squire dies, you will beſtow it to Mr. William Dunkin, a clergyman, upon whoſe character I have lately taken him into my favour. He is a gentleman of much wit, and the beſt Engliſh, as well as Latin, poet in this kingdom: he hath 100 l. a year from our univerſity, to be continued till he is provided for. He is a pious, regular man, highly eſteemed; but our biſhops, like yours, have little regard for ſuch accompliſhments, while they have any dunces of nephews or couſins. I therefore charge you to uſe your influence and authority that Mr. Dunkin may have this church-living upon the deceaſe of doctor Squire; becauſe you know that my talent was a little (or rather too much)

much) turned to poetry; but he is wiſer than I, becauſe he writes no ſatires, whereby you know well enough how many great people I diſobliged, and ſuffered by angering great people in favour. Farewell, my dear friend of near thirty years ſtanding. How many friends have we loſt ſince our acquaintance began? I deſire you will preſent my moſt humble ſervice and reſpect to my lord and lady Oxford. I am ever, with great affection and eſteem, Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

My kind love and ſervice to Mr. Pope when you ſee him, and to my old true friend, and yours, Mr. Lewis.

To ſhew my memory gone, I wrote this letter a week ago, and thought it was ſent, till I found it this morning, which is January 28, 1737-8.

To John Barber, Eſq;
Alderman of London, Queen-ſquare.

To the Same.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND IN
THE BEST AND WORST TIMES. Dublin, March 31, 1738.

MR. Richardſon is come to town, and ſtays only for a wind to take ſhipping for Cheſter, from whence he will haſten to attend you as his governor in London. I have told you that he is a very diſcreet, prudent gentleman, and I believe your ſociety can never have a better for the ſtation he is in. I ſhall ſee him ſome time to-day or to-morrow morning, and ſhall deſire, with all his modeſty, that he preſs you to write me a long letter, if your health will permit; which I believe is better than mine, for I have a conſtant giddineſs in my head, and what is more vexatious, as conſtant a deafneſs. I forget every thing but old friendſhip and old opinions. I did deſire you, that you would at your leiſure viſit the few friends I have left, I mean thoſe of them with whom you have any acquaintance, as my lord and lady Oxford, my lord Bathurſt, the counteſs of Granville, my lord and lady Cartret, my lady Worſely, my dear friend Mr. Pope, and Mr. Lewis, who always loved both you and me. My lord Maſham, and ſome others, have quite dropped and forgot me. Is lord Maſham's ſon good for any thing? I did never like his diſpoſition or education. Have you quite forgot your frequent promiſes of coming over hither, and paſs a ſummer in attending your government

vernment in Derry and Colerain, as well as your viſitation at the Deanry? the laſt muſt be for half the months of your ſtay. Let me know what is become of my lord Bolingbroke—how and where he lives, and whether you ever expect he will come home. Here hath run about a report, that the duke of Ormond hath an intention, and ſome countenance, to come from his baniſhment, which I would be extremely glad to find confirmed. That glorious exile hath ſuffered more for his virtues, than ever the greateſt villain did from the cruelleſt tyrant. I deſire and inſiſt that Mr. Dunkin may have the church-living upon doctor Squire's deceaſe, who I am ſtill aſſured cannot long hold out, and I take it for granted, that Mr. Richardſon will have no objection againſt him. God preſerve and bleſs you, my dear friend. I am ever, with true eſteem and friendſhip,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

To the Same.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND, Dublin, Feb. 16, 1738-9.

THE young gentleman who delivers you this, lies under one great diſadvantage, that he is one of my relations, and thoſe are of all mortals what I deſpiſe and hate, except one Mrs. Whiteway and her daughter. You muſt underſtand that the mother has the inſolence to ſay, that you have

heard of her and know her character. She is a perfect Iriſh teague born in Cheſhire, and lived, as I remember, at Warrington. The young gentleman who waits upon you, hath a very good countenance, hath been entered three years at the Temple (as it is the uſual cuſtom), but I think was never yet in England, nor does he know any one perſon there. However, as it is eaſy to find you, who are ſo well known and ſo much eſteemed, he will attend you with this letter, and you will pleaſe to inſtruct him in the uſual methods of entering himſelf in the Temple. He is a younger brother, but hath an eſtate of a hundred pounds a year, which will make ſhift to ſupport him in a frugal way. He is alſo a very good perſon of a man, and Mrs. Whiteway ſays he hath a virtuous diſpoſition. My diſorders of deafneſs, forgetfulneſs, and other ailments, added to a dead weight of 70 years, make me weary of life. But my comfort is, that in you I find your vigor and health increaſe. Pray God continue both to you. I am, my dear friend, with very great eſteem and affection,

Your moſt obedient and
moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Do you ever ſee any of our old friends? If you viſit Mr. Lewis, I muſt charge you to preſent him with my kind and hearty ſervice: and how or where is my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope?

I am

I am very much obliged to you for the favour you have ſhewn to Mr. Richardſon. He is a very prudent, good-natured gentleman; if you ſee him, pray make him my compliments. So, my dear friend, once more adieu.

To the Same.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, Dublin, April 19, 1739.

AT laſt doctor Squire is actually dead; he died upon the 14th day of this month, and now you have the opportunity of obliging me in giving Squire's living of Colerain to Mr. William Dunkin, who is an excellent ſcholar, and keeps a ſchool in my neighbourhood; beſides, he is a very fine poet. My friend Mr. Richardſon can give you a better account of him. It is true, Mr. Dunkin is a married man; however that is of no great moment, and in the northern country of Ireland, although it be the beſt inhabited part of the kingdom, a wife will be convenient. Yet we two old batchelors (I own I am your ſenior) could never conſent to take ſo good example, by endeavouring to multiply the world. I heartily thank you for your civilities to young Swift. It ſeems he is a relation of mine. And there is one Mrs. Whiteway, a widow, the only couſin of my family for whom I have any ſort of friendſhip; it was ſhe prevailed with me to introduce the young man to you. He is a younger brother, and his portion is only 100 *l.* a year Engliſh. You will oblige me if you can

bear ſeeing him once a quarter, at his lodging near the Temple, where he deſigns to ſtudy the law; and ſo I have done with ever troubling you, my dear friend. Where is Mr. Lewis? Some months ago he writ to me with many complaints of his ill health, and the effect of old age, in both which I can overmatch you and him, beſides my giddy head, deafneſs, and forgetfulneſs into the bargain. I hear our friend lord Bolingbroke hath ſold Dawley; I wiſh you could tell me in what condition he is, both as to health and fortune; and where his lady lives, and how they agree. If you viſit my lord and lady Oxford and their daughter, who is now as I hear a ducheſs, or any other friend of ours, let them have the offers of my humble ſervice. May you, my moſt dear friend, preſerve your health, and live as long as you deſire! I am ever, with the greateſt truth and eſteem,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

and entire friend,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I deſire you will give my moſt hearty ſervice to Mr. Pope; and let him know that I have provided for Mr. Lamb, whom he recommended to me, with a full vicar-choralſhip in my choir. And pray let me know the ſtate of Mr. Pope's health.

About Publick Affairs.

London, Feb. 12, 1707-8.

HAVING written what I had of buſineſs about three poſts ago (whereof I wait an anſwer), perhaps it may be ſome amuſement to you for a few minutes to hear ſome particulars about the turns we have had at court. Yeſterday the ſeals were taken from Mr. Harley, and Sir T. Manſel gave up his ſtaff. They went to Kenſington together for that purpoſe, and came back immediately, and went together into the Houſe of Commons. Mr. St. John deſigns to lay down in a few days, as a friend of his told me, though he adviſed him to the contrary; and they talk that Mr. Bruges, and Mr. Cook the vice-chamberlain, with ſome others, will do the like. Mr. Harley had been for ſome time, with th egreateſt art imaginable, carrying on an intrigue to alter the miniſtry, and began with no leſs an enterpriſe than that of removing the lord treaſurer, and had nearly effected it, by the help of Mrs. Maſham one of the queen's dreſſers, who was a great and growing favourite, of much induſtry and inſinuation. It went ſo far, that the queen told Mr. St. John a week ago, that ſhe was reſolved to part with lord treaſurer, and ſent him with a letter to the duke of Marlborough, which ſhe read to him to that purpoſe; and ſhe gave St. John leave to tell it about the town, which he did without any reſerve; and Harley told a friend of

mine

mine a week ago, that he was never ſafer in favour or employment. On Sunday evening laſt, the lord treaſurer and duke of Marlborough went out of the council; and Harley delivered a memorial to the queen, relating to the emperor and the war. Upon which the duke of Somerſet roſe, and ſaid, if her majeſty ſuffered that fellow (pointing to Harley) to treat affairs of the war without advice of the general, he could not ſerve her, and ſo left the council. The earl of Pembroke, though in milder words, ſpoke to the ſame purpoſe; ſo did moſt of the lords: and the next day the queen was prevailed upon to turn him out, though the ſeals were not delivered till yeſterday. It was likewiſe ſaid, that Mrs. Maſham is forbid the court; but this I have no aſſurance of. Seven lords of the whig party are appointed to examine Gregg, who lies condemned in Newgate; and a certain lord of the council told me yeſterday, that there are endeavours to bring in Harley as a party in that buſineſs, and to carry it as far as an impeachment. All this buſineſs has been much fomented by a Lord whom Harley had been chiefly inſtrumental in impeaching ſome years ago. The ſecretary always dreaded him, and made all imaginable advances to be reconciled, but could never prevail; which made him ſay yeſterday to ſome who told it to me, that he had laid his neck under their feet, and they trod upon it. I am juſt going this morning to viſit that lord, who has a very free way of telling what he cares not who hears; and if I can learn any more particulars

worth

worth telling, you ſhall have them. I never in my life ſaw or heard ſuch diviſions and complications of parties as there have been for ſome time: you ſometimes ſee the extremes of whig and tory driving on the ſame thing. I have heard the chief whigs blamed by their own party for want of moderation, and I know a whig lord in good employment who voted with the higheſt tories againſt the court, and the miniſtry, with whom he is nearly allied. My lord Peterborough's affair is yet upon the anvil, and what they will beat it out to, no man can tell. It is ſaid that Harley had laid a ſcheme for an entire new miniſtry, and the men are named to whom the ſeveral employments were to be given. And though his project has miſcarried, it is reckoned the greateſt piece of court ſkill that has been acted theſe many years. —I have heard nothing ſince morning, but that the attorney either has laid down, or will do it in a few days.

Dr. SWIFT to the Archbiſhop of Dublin.

MY LORD, Gallſtoun, June 17, 1716.

I HAVE an account by this poſt that your grace intends in two or three days to go for England. I heartily wiſh you a good voyage, and a ſpeedy return, with a perfect recovery of your health, and ſucceſs in all your undertakings for the ſervice of the church. I lately applied myſelf to ſome perſons who I thought had credit with your

your grace, that they would prevail on you to conſent that Mr. Dopping ſhould have St. Nicholas, and that Mr. Chamberly, upon ſurrendering a ſinecure (fallen by the late promotion) to Mr. Wall, might ſucceed to St. Luke's; and having heard your grace was not diſinclined to this ſcheme, I thought you had authority enough to make it go down with Mr. Chamberly, who would be a gainer by the exchange, and, having already a plentiful fortune, would have as good an opportunity of ſhewing his abilities in one pariſh as in the other. I ſhould add my humble entreaties to your grace to conſent to this propoſal, if I had not ſo many reaſons to apprehend that it would ſucceed juſt ſo much the worſe for my ſolicitation. I confeſs, every friend I have, diſcovered long before myſelf that I had wholly loſt your grace's favour, and this to a degree that all whom I was diſpoſed to ſerve were ſure to thrive the worſe for my friendſhip to them; particularly, I have been aſſured that Mr. Walls would not have failed of the prebend of Malahiddart, if he had not been thought too much attached to me; for it is alleged, that according to your grace's own ſcheme of uniting the prebends to the vicarages it would almoſt have fallen to him of courſe; and I remember the poor gentleman had always a remote hope of that prebend whenever Dr. Moor ſhould quit it. Mr. Wall came lately down to me to Trim upon that diſappointment, and I was ſo free as to aſk him, whether he thought my friendſhip had done him hurt; but he was either ſo meek, or ſo fearful of offending,

offending, that he would by no means impute his misfortune to any thing beſide his want of merit, and ſome miſrepreſentations; which latter I muſt confeſs to have found with grief, to have more than once influenced you againſt ſome, who by their conduct to your grace have deſerved a quite different treatment. With reſpect to myſelf, I can aſſure your grace, that thoſe who are moſt in your confidence make it no manner of ſecret, that ſeveral clergymen have loſt your grace's favour by their civilities to me. I do not ſay any thing of this by way of complaint, which I look upon to be an office too mean for any man of ſpirit and integrity, but merely to know whether it be poſſible for me to be upon any better terms with your grace, without which I ſhall be able to do very little good in the ſmall ſtation I am placed. The friendſhip I had with the late miniſtry, and the truſt they were pleaſed to repoſe in me, were chiefly applied to do all the ſervice to the church that I was able. I had no ill deſigns, nor ever knew any in them. I was the continual advocate for all men of merit without regard of party; for which it is known enough that I was ſufficiently cenſured by ſome warm men, and in a more particular manner for vindicating your grace in an affair where I thought you were miſrepreſented, and you ſeemed deſirous to be ſet right. And upon the whole, this I can faithfully aſſure your grace, that I was looked upon as a trimmer, and one that was providing againſt a change, for no other reaſon but defending your grace's principles

in

in church and ſtate; which I think might paſs for ſome kind of merit in one who never either had or expected any mark of your favour. And I cannot but think it hard, that I muſt upon all occaſions be made uneaſy in my ſtation, have dormant prebends revived on purpoſe to oppoſe me, and this openly acknowledged by thoſe who ſay they act under your grace's direction. That inſtead of being able to do a good office to a deſerving friend, as all my predeceſſors have been, it is thought a matter of accuſation for any one to cultivate my acquaintance. This I muſt think to be hard treatment, and though I regard not the conſequences as far as they are intended to affect myſelf, yet your grace may live to lament thoſe which from thence may happen to the church.

When I was firſt made dean, your grace was pleaſed, in a very condeſcending manner, to write to me that you deſired my friendſhip: I was then in the ſervice of the miniſtry, and the peace was made; and if I had any ſhare in their ill deſigns I was then guilty, but I do not know that I have ever done any thing ſince to forfeit your good opinion: I confeſs I loſt many friends by the queen's death, but I will never imagine your grace to be of the number.

I have given your grace too long a trouble. I humbly beg your bleſſing, and ſhall remain ever with the greateſt truth and reſpect, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful
and moſt humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

OBSERVATIONS

Occaſioned by reading a Paper, entitled,

The CASE of the WOOLLEN MANUFACTURERS of Dublin, &c.

THE paper called The Caſe of the Woollen Manufacturers, &c. is very well drawn up. The reaſonings of the author are juſt, the facts true, and the conſequences natural. But his cenſure of thoſe ſeven vile citizens, who import ſuch a quantity of ſilk ſtuffs, and woollen cloth from England, is an hundred times gentler than enemies to their country deſerve; becauſe I think no puniſhment in this world can be great enough for them, without immediate repentance and amendment. But, after all, the writer of that paper hath very lightly touched one point of the greateſt importance, and very poorly anſwered the main objection, that the *clothiers are defective both in the quality and quantity of their goods.*

For my own part, when I conſider the ſeveral ſocieties of handicrafts-men in all kinds, as well as ſhopkeepers, in this city, after eighteen years experience of their dealings, I am at a loſs to know in which of theſe ſocieties the moſt or leaſt honeſty

is

is to be found. For inſtance, when any trade comes firſt into my head, upon examination I determine it exceeds all others in fraud. But after I have conſidered them all round, as far as my knowledge or experience reacheth, I am at a loſs to determine, and to ſave trouble I put them all upon a par. This I chiefly apply to thoſe ſocieties of men who get their livelihood by the labour of their hands. For, as to ſhopkeepers, I cannot deny that I have found ſome few honeſt men among them, taking the word *honeſt* in the largeſt and moſt charitable ſenſe. But as to handicraftsmen, although I ſhall endeavour to believe it poſſible to find a fair dealer among their clans, yet I confeſs it hath never been once my good fortune to employ one ſingle workman, who did not cheat me at all times to the utmoſt of his power in the materials, the work, and the price. One univerſal maxim I have conſtantly obſerved among them, that they would rather gain a ſhilling by cheating you, than twenty in the honeſt way of dealing, although they were ſure to loſe your cuſtom, as well as that of others, whom you might probably recommend to them.

This, I muſt own, is the natural conſequence of poverty and oppreſſion. Theſe wretched people catch at any thing to ſave them a minute longer from drowning. Thus Ireland is the pooreſt of all civilized countries in Europe, with every natural advantage to make it one of the richeſt.

As to the grand objection, which this writer ſlubbers over in ſo careleſs a manner, becauſe indeed

deed it was impoſſible to find a ſatisfactory anſwer, I mean the knavery of our woollen manufacturers in general, I ſhall relate ſome facts which I had more opportunities to obſerve than uſually fall in the way of men who are not of the trade. For ſome years, the maſters and wardens, with many of their principal workmen and ſhopkeepers, came often to the Deanry to relate their grievances, and to deſire my advice as well as my aſſiſtance. What reaſons might move them to this proceeding, I leave to public conjecture. The truth is, that the woollen manufacture of this kingdom ſate always neareſt my heart. But the greateſt difficulty lay in theſe perpetual differences between the ſhopkeepers and the workmen they employed. Ten or a dozen of theſe latter often came to the Deanry with their complaints, which I often repeated to the ſhopkeepers. As, that they brought their prices too low for a poor weaver to get his bread by; and inſtead of ready money for their labour on Saturdays, they gave them only ſuch a quantity of cloth or ſtuff, at the higheſt rate, which the poor men were often forced to ſell one-third below the rate, to ſupply their urgent neceſſities. On the other ſide, the ſhopkeepers complained of idleneſs, and want of ſkill, or care, or honeſty, in their workmen; and probably their accuſations on both ſides were juſt.

Whenever the weavers, in a body, came to me for advice, I gave it freely, that they ſhould contrive ſome way to bring their goods into reputation; and give up that abominable principle of

endeavouring to thrive by impoſing bad ware at high prices to their cuſtomers, whereby no ſhop-keeper can reaſonably expect to thrive. For, beſides the dread of God's anger (which is a motive of ſmall force among them) they may be ſure that no buyer of common ſenſe will return to the ſame ſhop where he was once or twice defrauded. That gentlemen and ladies, when they found nothing but deceit in the ſale of Iriſh cloths and ſtuffs, would act as they ought to do, both in prudence and reſentment, in going to thoſe very bad citizens the writer mentions, and purchaſe Engliſh goods.

I went farther, and propoſed that ten or a dozen of the moſt ſubſtantial woollen drapiers ſhould join in publiſhing an advertiſement, ſigned with their names, to the following purpoſe: That for the better encouragement of all gentlemen, &c. the perſons undernamed did bind themſelves mutually to ſell their ſeveral cloths and ſtuffs (naming each kind) at the loweſt rate, right merchantable goods, of ſuch a breadth, which they would warrant to be good according to the ſeveral prices: and that if a child of ten years old were ſent with money, and directions what cloth or ſtuff to buy, he ſhould not be wronged in any one article. And that whoever ſhould think himſelf ill uſed in any of the ſaid ſhops, he ſhould have his money again from the ſeller, or upon his refuſal, from the reſt of the ſaid ſubſcribers, who, if they found the buyer diſcontented with the cloth or ſtuff, ſhould be obliged to refund the money; and if the ſeller refuſed

refuſed to repay them, and take his goods again, ſhould publicly advertiſe that they would anſwer for none of his goods any more. This would be to eſtabliſh credit, upon which all trade dependeth.

I propoſed this ſcheme ſeveral times to the corporation of weavers, as well as to the manufacturers, when they came to apply for my advice at the Deanry-houſe. I likewiſe went to the ſhops of ſeveral woollen-drapiers upon the ſame errand, but always in vain; for they perpetually gave me the deaf ear, and avoided entering into diſcourſe upon that propoſal: I ſuppoſe, becauſe they thought it was in vain, and that the ſpirit of fraud had gotten too deep and univerſal a poſſeſſion to be driven out by any arguments from intereſt, reaſon, or conſcience.

FREE-THINKING:

A FRAGMENT.

DISCOURSING one day with a prelate of the kingdom of Ireland, who is a perſon of excellent wit and learning, he offered a notion applicable to the ſubject we were then upon, which I take to be altogether new and right. He ſaid that the difference betwixt a madman, and one in his ſenſes, in what related to ſpeech, conſiſted in this, that the former ſpoke out whatever came into his mind, and juſt in the confuſed manner that his imagination preſented the ideas. The latter only expreſſed ſuch thoughts as his judgment directed him to chuſe, leaving the reſt to die away in his memory. And that if the wiſeſt man would at any time utter his thoughts in the ſame crude indigeſted manner as they came into his head, he would be looked upon as raving mad. And indeed, when we conſider our thoughts as they are the ſeeds of words and actions, we cannot but agree that they ought to be kept under the ſtricteſt regulation; and that in the great multiplicity of ideas which our mind is apt to form, there is nothing more difficult than to ſelect thoſe which are

moſt proper for the conduct of life. So that I cannot imagine what is meant by the mighty zeal in ſome people for aſſerting the freedom of thinking; becauſe if ſuch thinkers keep their thoughts within their own breaſts, they can be of no conſequence farther than to themſelves; if they publiſh them to the world, they ought to be anſwerable for the ill effects their thoughts produce upon others. There are thouſands in this kingdom, who, in their thoughts, prefer a republick, or abſolute power of a prince, before a limited monarchy; yet if any of theſe ſhould publiſh their opinions, and go about, by writing or diſcourſe, to perſuade the people to innovations in government, they would be liable to the ſevereſt puniſhments the law can inflict, and therefore they are uſually ſo wiſe as to keep their ſentiments to themſelves; but with reſpect to religion the matter is quite otherwiſe, and the public, at leaſt here in England, ſeems to be of opinion with Tiberius, that, *Deorum injuriæ dij curæ*. They leave it to God Almighty to vindicate the injuries done to himſelf, who is, no doubt, ſufficiently able, by perpetual miracles, to revenge the affronts of impious men. And it ſhould ſeem, that this is what princes expect from him, though I cannot readily conceive the grounds they go upon, nor why, ſince they are God's vicegerents, they do not think themſelves at leaſt equally obliged to preſerve their maſter's honour as their own. Since this is what they expect from thoſe they depute, and ſince they never fail to repreſent the diſobedience of their ſubjects as offences againſt God.

It is true, the visible reason of this neglect is obvious enough. The consequences of atheistical opinions published to the world, are not so immediate or so sensible as doctrines of rebellion and sedition spread in a proper season. However I cannot but think the same consequences are as natural and as probable from the former, though more remote; and whether they have not been in view among our great planters of infidelity in England, I shall hereafter examine.

ON THE

BILL

FOR THE

CLERGY's reſiding on their Livings.

THOSE gentlemen who have been promoted to biſhopricks in this kingdom for ſeveral years paſt, are of two ſorts: firſt, certain private clergymen from England, who, by the force of friends, induſtry, ſolicitation, or other means and merits to me unknown, have been raiſed to that character by the *mero motu* of the crown.

Of the other ſort, are ſome clergymen born in this kingdom, who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their warmth againſt popery, their great indulgence to diſſenters, and all true loyal proteſtants; by their zeal for the houſe of Hanover, abhorrence of the Pretender, and an implicit readineſs to fall into any meaſures that will make the government eaſy to thoſe who repreſent his majeſty's perſon.

Some of the former kind are ſuch as are ſaid to have enjoyed tolerable preferments in England; and it is therefore much to their commendation that they have condeſcended to leave their native

country, and come over hither to be biſhops, merely to promote chriſtianity among us; and therefore in my opinion, both their lordſhips, and the many defenders they bring over, may juſtly claim the merit of miſſionaries ſent to convert a nation from hereſy and heatheniſm.

Before I proceed farther, it may be proper to relate ſome particulars wherein the circumſtances of the Engliſh clergy differ from thoſe of Ireland.

The diſtricts of pariſhes throughout England continue much the ſame as they were before the reformation; and moſt of the churches are of the Gothic architecture, built ſome hundred years ago; but the tythes of great numbers of churches having been applied by the pope's pretended authority to ſeveral abbies, and even before the reformation beſtowed by that ſacrilegious tyrant Henry VIII, on his ravenous favourites, the maintenance of an incumbent in moſt parts of the kingdom is contemptibly ſmall; and yet a vicar there of forty pounds a year, can live with more comfort, than one of three times the nominal value with us. For his forty pounds are duly paid him, becauſe there is not one farmer in a hundred, who is not worth five times the rent he pays to his landlord, and fifty times the ſum demanded for the tythes; which, by the ſmall compaſs of his pariſh, he can eaſily collect or compound for; and if his behaviour and underſtanding be ſupportable, he will probably receive preſents now and then from his pariſhioners, and perhaps from the ſquire; who, although he may ſometimes be apt to treat his parſon a little

ſuper-

ſuperciliouſly, will probably be ſoftened by a little humble demeanor. The vicar is likewiſe generally ſure to find upon his admittance to his living, a convenient houſe and barn in repair, with a garden, and a field or two to graze a few cows, and one horſe for himſelf and his wife. He hath probably a market very near him, perhaps in his own village. No entertainment is expected from his viſitor beyond a pot of ale, and a piece of cheeſe. He hath every Sunday the comfort of a full congregation, of plain, cleanly people of both ſexes, well to paſs, and who ſpeak his own language. The ſcene about him is fully cultivated (I mean for the general) and well inhabited. He dreads no thieves for any thing but his apples, for the trade of univerſal ſtealing is not ſo epidemick there as with us. His wife is little better than goody, in her birth, education, or dreſs; and as to himſelf, we muſt let his parentage alone. If he be the ſon of a farmer it is very ſufficient, and his ſiſter may very decently be chamber-maid to the 'ſquire's wife. He goes about on working days in a grazier's coat, and will not ſcruple to aſſiſt his workmen in harveſt time. He is uſually wary and thrifty, and often more able to provide for a numerous family than ſome of ours can do with a rectory called 300l. a year. His daughters ſhall go to ſervice, or be ſent 'prentice to the ſempſtreſs of the next town; and his ſons are put to honeſt trades. This is the uſual courſe of an Engliſh country vicar from twenty to ſixty pounds a year.

As to the clergy of our own kingdom, their livings are generally larger. Not originally, or by the bounty of princes, parliaments, or charitable endowments, for the ſame degradations (and as to glebes, a much greater) have been made here, but, by the deſtruction and deſolation in the long wars between the invaders and the natives; during which time a great part of the biſhops lands, and almoſt all the glebes, were loſt in the confuſion. The firſt invaders had almoſt the whole kingdom divided amongſt them. New invaders ſucceeded, and drove out their predeceſſors as native Iriſh. Theſe were expelled by others who came after, and upon the ſame pretenſions. Thus it went on for ſeveral hundred years, and in ſome degree even to our own memories. And thus it will probably go on, although not in a martial way, to the end of the world. For not only the purchaſers of debentures forfeited in 1641, were all of Engliſh birth, but thoſe after the reſtoration, and many who came hither even ſince the revolution, are looked upon as perfect Iriſh; directly contrary to the practice of all wiſe nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans, in eſtabliſhing their colonies, by which name Ireland is very abſurdly called.

Under theſe diſtractions the conquerors always ſeized what lands they could with little ceremony, whether they belonged to the church or not: thus the glebes were almoſt univerſally expoſed to the firſt ſeizers, and could never be recovered, although the

the grants, with the particular denominations, are manifeſt, and ſtill in being. The whole lands of the ſee of Waterford were wholly taken by one family; the like is reported of other biſhopricks.

King James the firſt, who deſerves more of the church of Ireland than all other princes put together, having the forfeitures of vaſt tracts of land in the northern parts (I think commonly called the eſcheated counties), having granted ſome hundred thouſand acres of theſe lands to certain Scotch and Engliſh favourites, was prevailed on by ſome great prelates to grant to ſome ſees in the north, and to many pariſhes there, certain parcels of land for the augmentation of poor biſhopricks, did likewiſe endow many pariſhes with glebes for the incumbents, whereof a good number eſcaped the depredations of 1641 and 1688. Theſe lands, when they were granted by king James, conſiſted moſtly of woody ground, wherewith thoſe parts of this iſland were then overrun. This is well known, univerſally allowed, and by ſome in part remembered; the reſt being, in ſome places, not ſtubbed out to this day. And the value of the lands was conſequently very inconſiderable, till Scotch colonies came over in ſwarms upon great encouragement to make them habitable; at leaſt for ſuch a race of ſtrong bodied people, who came hither from their own bleak barren highlands, as it were into a paradiſe; who ſoon were able to get ſtraw for their bedding, inſtead of a bundle of heath ſpread on the ground, and ſprinkled with water. Here, by degrees, they acquired ſome degree

degree of politeneſs and civility, from ſuch neighbouring Iriſh as were ſtill left after Tyrone's laſt rebellion, and are ſince grown almoſt entire poſſeſſors of the north. Thus, at length, the woods being rooted up, the land was brought in, and tilled, and the glebes which could not before yield two pence an acre, are equal to the beſt, ſometimes affording the miniſter a good demeſne, and ſome land to let.

Theſe wars and deſolations in their natural conſequences, were likewiſe the cauſe of another effect, I mean that of uniting ſeveral pariſhes under one incumbent. For, as the lands were of little value by the want of inhabitants to cultivate them, and many of the churches levelled to the ground, particularly by the fanatick zeal of thoſe rebellious ſaints who murdered their king, deſtroyed the church, and overthrew monarchy (for all which there is a humiliation day appointed by law, and ſoon approaching); ſo, in order to give a tolerable maintenance to a miniſter, and the country being too poor, as well as devotion too low, to think of building new churches, it was found neceſſary to repair ſome one church which had leaſt ſuffered, and join ſometimes three or more, enough for a bare ſupport to ſome clergyman, who knew not where to provide himſelf better. This was a caſe of abſolute neceſſity to prevent heatheniſm, as well as popery, from overrunning the nation. The conſequence of theſe unions was very different, in different parts; for, in the north, by the Scotch ſettlement, their numbers

bers daily increaſing by new additions from their own country, and their prolific quality peculiar to northern people, and laſtly by their univerſally feeding upon oats (which grain, under its ſeveral preparations and denominations, is the only natural luxury of that hardy people) the value of tythes increaſed ſo prodigiouſly, that at this day, I confeſs, ſeveral united pariſhes ought to be divided, taking in ſo great a compaſs, that it is almoſt impoſſible for the people to travel timely to their own pariſh church, or their little churches to contain half their number, though the revenue would be ſufficient to maintain two, or perhaps three worthy clergymen with decency; provided the times mend, or that they were honeſtly dealt with, which I confeſs is ſeldom the caſe. I ſhall name only one, and it is the deanry of Derry; the revenue whereof, if the dean could get his dues, exceeding that of ſome biſhopricks, both by the compaſs and fertility of the ſoil, the number as well as induſtry of the inhabitants, the conveniency of exporting their corn to Dublin and foreign parts; and, laſtly, by the accidental diſcovery of marl in many places of the ſeveral pariſhes. Yet all this revenue is wholly founded upon corn, for I am told there is hardly an acre of glebe for the dean to plant and build on.

I am therefore of opinion, that a real unfalcated revenue of ſix hundred pounds a year, is a ſufficient income for a country dean in this kingdom; and ſince the rents conſiſt wholly of tythes, two pa-

riſhes,

riſhes, to the amount of that value, ſhould be united, and the dean reſide as miniſter in that of Down, and the remaining pariſhes be divided among worthy clergymen, to about 300 *l.* a year to each. The deanry of Derry, which is a large city, might be left worth 800 *l.* a year, and Rapho according as it ſhall be thought proper. Theſe three are the only opulent deanries in the whole kingdom, and, as I am informed, conſiſt all of tythes, which was an unhappy expedient in the church, occaſioned by the ſacrilegious robberies during the ſeveral times of confuſion and war; inſomuch that at this day there is hardly any remainder left of dean and chapter lands in Ireland, that delicious morſel ſwallowed ſo greedily in England, under the fanatick uſurpations.

As to the preſent ſcheme of a bill for obliging the clergy to reſidence, now or lately in the privy-council, I know no more of the particulars than what hath been told me by ſeveral clergymen of diſtinction; who ſay, that a petition in the name of them all hath been preſented to the lord-lieutenant and council, that they might be heard by their council againſt the bill, and that the petition was rejected, with ſome reaſons why it was rejected; for the biſhops are ſuppoſed to know beſt what is proper for the clergy. It ſeems the bill conſiſts of two parts: firſt, a power in the biſhops, with conſent of the archbiſhop, and the patron, to take off from any pariſh, whatever it is worth, above 300l. a year; and this to be done without

without the incumbent's conſent, which before was neceſſary in all diviſions. The other part of the bill obligeth all clergymen, from forty pounds a year and upwards, to reſide, and build a houſe in his pariſh. But thoſe of 40 *l.* are remitted till they ſhall receive 100 *l.* out of the revenue of firſt-fruits granted by her late majeſty.

THE

THE

COURTIER's CREED.

I Believe in k. G. the Second, the greateſt captain and the wiſeſt monarch between heaven and earth: and in ſir R. W. his only miniſter, our lord: who was begotten of Barret the attorney, born of Mrs. W. of Houghton, accuſed of corruption, convicted, expelled and impriſoned: he went down into Norfolk: the third year he came up again. He aſcended into the adminiſtration, and ſitteth at the head of the Treaſury, from whence he ſhall pay all thoſe who vote as they are commanded.

I believe in Horace's treaties, the ſanctity of the biſhops, the independency of the lords, the integrity of the commons, reſtitution from the Spaniards, reſurrection of credit, diſcharge of the publick debts, and peace everlaſting. Amen.

THE

THE

CHARACTER

OF

DOCTOR SWIFT

AFTER HIS DEATH.

October 31, 1745.

ON Saturday laſt died, at the Deanry-houſe in Kevin-ſtreet

The Rev. *JONATHAN SWIFT*, D. D.

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin:

The greateſt genius that this or perhaps any other age or nation ever produced.

His indefatigable application to ſtudy in his earlier days, induced a total deprivation of his underſtanding, in which ſtate he has continued for ſome years paſt.

His WRITINGS,

Which muſt be admired as long as the Engliſh language continues to be underſtood,

Are remarkable for a vein of wit and humour,

Which runs through the whole of them without exception, and which is not to be met with in thoſe of any other author.

His ſatire, though poignant, was intended rather to reform than ridicule;

His manner was ever eaſy and natural;
His thoughts new and pleaſing;
His ſtyle chaſte and poliſhed;
His verſe ſmooth and flowing.
In his private character he was no leſs excellent:
His converſation was always pleaſant and agreeable;
He was pious without hypocriſy,
Virtuous without auſterity,
And beneficent without oſtentation.
As he loved his country,
So he was ever watchful of its intereſt,
And zealous to promote it.
No wonder then,
That with theſe qualifications and endowments,
He became the delight of his countrymen,
And the admiration of foreigners.
In ſhort, it may with juſtice be ſaid,
That he was a great and good man,
An honour to his country, and to human nature.

THE

THE INTELLIGENCER.

[The INTELLIGENCER was a periodical paper, firſt publiſhed in Dublin, written by Dr. Swift and Dr. Sheridan. The former Numbers are publiſhed in his Works. The latter are now preſented to the Reader, in the ſame order that they came out.]

NUMBER IV.

Quando alea hos animos? JUV.

AMONG all the *amuſements* invented by the idle part of mankind to paſs away their time, there is not one which is attended with ſo many evil conſequences as that of *gaming*, nor indeed any ſo much below the dignity of human nature, it being an employment ſo trifling in appearance, that a man with a *box* and *dice*, is hardly diſtinguiſhable from a child with its rattle; or when he diverts himſelf with a few ſcraps of painted paſteboard, does he make one whit a better figure.

But ſetting appearances of this kind aſide, which can make even the wiſeſt look ridiculous, I ſhall chiefly dwell upon the more ſolid evils, that attend

all intemperate practitioners in this way, and these I shall sum up in the following losses, *viz. loss of time*; *loss of reputation*; *loss of health*; *loss of fortune*; *loss of temper*; *and what is often the effect of it, the loss of life itself.*

First, That it is a *loss of time* is plain, because our time may be employed to more advantage; for by six hours in the twenty-four, I can make myself *wiser*, and *better*, and *richer*; whereas on the contrary, by *cards* or *dice*, I do infallibly grow more *stupid*, and *worse*; and a hundred to one against me, I grow *poorer*.

Secondly, That it is a *loss of reputation* and esteem in the world, is easily proved, because no man of *reputation* or *esteem* was ever called a *gamester*; *ergo vice versa*, no *gamester* can be called a man of *reputation* and *esteem*. For in giving the best characters to men or women, we never use the word *gaming* as an *epithet*. We say, for instance, *a great and glorious king*; *a wise and a good governor*; *a learned and a pious bishop*; *an unbiassed and just chancellor*; *a virtuous and a modest lady*; and so through the best degrees of men and women. But how oddly would it sound, if we should take out the latter *epithet* from each of these, and put in their stead the word *gaming*, and say, *a wise and a gaming king*; *a learned and a gaming bishop*; *an unbiassed and a gaming chancellor*; *a virtuous and a gaming lady*, &c. From which it is plain, that *gaming* must stand and agree with the worst characters; for it sounds very well to say, *a profligate gaming spendthrift*; *a notorious gaming sharper*;

ſharper; *a ſwearing, gaming bully*. And the ſame *epithet* will agree as well with *pick-pockets*, *rakes*, *highwaymen*, and others of that diſtinguiſhed race of mankind.

Thirdly, That it is *a loſs of health*, follows from the ſedentary life, to which thoſe who follow *gaming* are confined; whence, as I am told by a knowing *phyſician*, proceed *dropſies*, *gouts*, *gravel* and *ſtone* in the men; and in the women, *tympanies* of both kinds, *hyſtericks*, *vapours*, and a load of bad *humours*, for want of thoſe exerciſes, which produce *perſpiration* and *evacuations* neceſſary to invigorate, ſtrengthen and preſerve the *animal œconomy*, free from thoſe numerous diſtempers which *lazineſs* and *ſloth* produce.

Fourthly, That it is *a loſs of fortune* is out of all diſpute, from the numberleſs inſtances I could give of *lords*, *ladies* and *ſquires*, ſome of whom have loſt their whole eſtates, others the moſt part, others again have laid themſelves under ſuch difficulties, that their annual income has fallen very ſhort to ſupply them with the common neceſſaries of life, ſo that they have been obliged to live upon the credit of the enſuing year.

And as for ladies whoſe pride would not permit them to be ſo obliged to their creditors, they either pawn their houſhold moveables, or ſell (what next to *gaming*, goes neareſt to their heart) their very *paraphernalia*; but this I muſt remark, has happened chiefly among thoſe who have been ſeduced as *cullies* to the faſhionable *game* of *quadrille*. It will not be here foreign to my purpoſe, to write

down ſome few *inventories* of *goods*, lately hawked about by truſty *chamber-maids*.

Belonging to lady Flavia near Stephen's Green,

One diamond necklace, 1 *pair of diamond ear-rings*, 3 *diamond rings*, *and a gold watch with trinkets*.

To Mrs. Dorinda of Dawſon-ſtreet,

Two large ſilver cups, 3 *ſalvers*, 2 *pair of candleſticks*, 1 *ſilver ſaucepan*.

To Madam Chloe in Jervice-ſtreet,

Two birth-day ſuits, 1 *piece of French damaſk*, *broad green ſtripe*, *with white flowers*, *pawned for nine pounds*; 4 *damaſk table-cloths*, *and a dozen of napkins*.

To Madam Liberia of College-green.

A fine wrought coverlet of a bed, *a picture of her huſband's father and mother ſet in gold*, *a gold ſnuff-box*, 1 *dozen of ſilver ſpoons*, *a child's bells and coral*.

I have had an account of many more, but this is full enough to anſwer my deſign, for I intend only by this diſcovery, that their huſbands ſhould add a little more to their pin-money, and thereby enable them to pay their debts of honour in a leſs ſcandalous way.

Indeed it would not be amiſs, if huſbands ſhould make uſe of their authority, at leaſt to regulate one circumſtance, that is, to bring their wives to be content with two hours play, inſtead of twelve in the four and twenty; becauſe ſome inconveniencies attend it, the ſervants having all that time to themſelves to intrigue, to junket, to filch and ſteal, to pawn the inferior moveables of the pantry and

and kitchen, and laſtly, to corrupt the children, by teaching them curſing, ſwearing, lying and lewdneſs, which in all probability may bring both ruin and diſgrace to their family.

It is very well known, that among the great and faſhionable people of former ages, they very rarely had recourſe to *gaming*. We read that Artaxerxes, Cato, and Auguſtus, did ſometimes divert themſelves this way; but I cannot recollect, that ever the *ladies* entered into it at all, their amuſements being rather the *needle* and the *loom*; for which their perfections are celebrated by the oldeſt and beſt poet of the world. The men of any conſequence paſſed their evenings in learned and agreeable converſation, ſuch as tended to make them wiſer and better; for which I appeal to the Sympoſiacks of Plato, the Feaſt of Xenophon, and thoſe accounts given by Macrobius: and to bring the matter nearer our own times, the people of the greateſt conſequence in theſe Britiſh iſles, have choſen rather to paſs away their evenings in polite diſcourſes with one another; and I ſhould think that I failed in a due veneration for their memories, if I ſhould paſs their names over in ſilence. The celebrated lord Falkland, earl Carnarvan, Endymion Porter, Mr. Waller, ſir John Suckling; and among the converſible ladies, the counteſſes of Bedford, Carliſle, Devonſhire, and ſeveral others. This way of improvement is elegantly deſcribed by Horace.

——— *Ergo*
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis;

Nec malè necne Lepos ſaltet: Sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, & neſcire malum eſt, agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati?
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus, rectumne trahat nos?
Et quæ ſit natura boni, ſummúmq; quid ejus?

Thus after plain repaſt, each cheerful gueſt,
With uſeful converſation crowns the feaſt;
Not trifling chat, on this, or t'other place,
Or Lepos dancing with a better grace;
But what is more concern to human kind,
To mend our manners, and improve the mind,
On *philoſophick queſtions* wiſely bent:
As whether wealth or virtue gives content;
What cauſe directs us in the choice of friends,
Our private int'reſt, or more noble ends;
What road to chuſe, what end we ſhould purſue,
And how to keep the good ſupreme in view.

For my own part I could rather wiſh, and I believe many huſbands would agree with me, that the ladies would rather employ themſelves, as Juvenal deſcribes thoſe in his time, in fighting prizes upon a publick ſtage, whereby they would at leaſt diſcover their activity and their courage, in a much more becoming manner, than (according to the preſent practice) pulling off coifs upon a wrangle at *quadrille*.

The ancients did ſo far abhor any exceſs in gaming, that Ariſtotle in his fourth book of *ethics*, at the latter end of the firſt chapter, places *tyrants*, *gameſters* and *robbers* in one claſs, their diſpoſitions being

being exactly the ſame: for who ever yet knew a right gameſter that was not apt to inſult upon ſucceſs, or to pillage all before him upon every advantage. The author I have now mentioned ſtyles them very juſtly αἰσχροκερδεῖς. I wiſh the *ladies* underſtood *Greek*; we have no Engliſh word expreſſive enough to explain it: the neareſt meaning I can think of is *baſe gainers*. And what can be baſer, than to ſit down deliberately with a friend, either at his houſe, or my own, with an intention to pick his pocket, by a lucky throw of a dye, or a caſt of a card. This has been frequently the practice. However, I ſhall content myſelf with a relation of one fact, becauſe it is ſomewhat ſingular in its kind.

Bryania the *virago*, one evening invited the beautiful *Moriſda* to a game of cards at her houſe, which the latter declined, as having neither ſkill, nor inclination, nor money for play; yet by much importunity was prevailed on to ſup with her: ſoon after, Bryania calls for a *pack of cards*, and told the poor innocent lady ſhe would inſtruct her in a game, which a child of four years old might learn in four minutes: to this the complying good-natured Moriſda willingly conſented, upon her friend's telling her ſhe might loſe very little by low playing at this game. Accordingly they fixed upon three pence a counter. They had not played above three hours, when the poor *cully* was told ſhe had loſt about a trifle of twenty guineas. Being not able to command twenty ſhillings in the world, ſhe took her leave in great confuſion and grief, promiſing

promiſing to diſcharge the debt in a little time. The unmerciful Bryania dunned her the day following, and ſo continued for a week. This put the poor indigent lady upon trying all friends. In the mean time, the following letter was written to her, which I have tranſcribed with the ſtricteſt juſtice to the writer.

MADDUM,

I Donat undarſtand youar Tretmint in giuin me they Troble off Sendin ſo offen forr that Trifil wich youe loſst too me tuther nit If youe doo nott ſende itt bye they berer I a ſhuar youe I wil rite too youar husband forr itt, Maddum I amm, &c.

This terrible letter put the poor lady to her laſt ſhifts (nor is it a wonder it ſhould, her huſband being the greateſt bear living) which was to borrow the money of a certain *colonel*, and this, uncharitable people did miſinterpret *for a valuable conſideration.*

The fifth *loſs*, I mentioned, was that of *temper.* If any one doubts the truth of this poſition, I refer him to the Groom-Porters and Lucas's coffee-houſe, where the only virtuoſo's of the gaming ſcience are daily and nightly to be ſeen. If *blaſpheming, curſing, ſwearing, duelling, running of heads againſt the wall, throwing hats and wigs in the fire, diſtortions of the countenance, biting of nails, burning of cards, breaking of dice-boxes*, can be called a *loſs* of temper, they are found in the aforeſaid places, in the higheſt degree of perfection.

And

And to make out the laſt and greateſt loſs, which is, *the loſs of life.*

I have, according to the beſt of my memory, heard of no leſs than ſeven or eight worthy gentlemen of the trade, within a very few years, upon ſome haſty words and blows given, at ſome of theſe gaming-tables, retire from their company, and one of them bringing in the news of the other's death in about ſix minutes.

Upon the whole, I cannot but remark, that gaming proceeds from three qualities of the baſeſt kind, *avarice*, *lazineſs*, and *ignorance;* for it muſt undoubtedly be a thirſt for gain, which is a motive to high playing; and as for the lazy and ignorant (if they play low) I am more willing to indulge them, becauſe they have naturally better talents for *ſitting* and *trifling*, than wholſome bodily exerciſe, or ſpending the evenings in a way of converſation, agreeable to *rational creatures.*

I ſhall end this paper with a very uſeful remark. Plato is my author, that the *dæmon* Theuth was the inventor of *dice*, (the ladies know well enough that *aevil* and *dæmon* are the ſame) and the vulgar have it by tradition, that *cards* are the devil's own invention, for which reaſon, time out of mind, they are, and have been called the *devil's books*; therefore I cannot but ſay, after this information given, if gameſters will not deſiſt, they are undoubtedly at the *devil's devotion.*

NUMBER

NUMBER VI.

O patria! O divûm domus!

WHEN I travel through any part of this unhappy kingdom, and I have now by ſeveral excurſions made from Dublin, gone through moſt counties of it, it raiſes two paſſions in my breaſt of a different kind; an indignation againſt thoſe vile betrayers and inſulters of it, who inſinuate themſelves into favour, by ſaying, it is a rich nation; and a *ſincere paſſion* for the natives, who are ſunk to the loweſt degree of miſery and poverty; whoſe houſes are dunghills, whoſe victuals are the blood of their cattle, or the herbs in the field: and whoſe cloathing, to the diſhonour of God and man, is nakedneſs. Yet notwithſtanding all the diſmal appearances, it is the common phraſe of an upſtart race of people, who have ſuddenly ſprung up like the dragon's teeth among us, that Ireland *was never known to be ſo rich as it is now*; by which, as I apprehend, they can only mean themſelves, for they have ſkipt over the channel from the vantage ground of a dunghill upon no other merit, either viſible or divineable, than that of not having been born among us.

This is the modern way of planting colonies — *Et ubi ſolitudinem faciunt, id imperium vocant.* When thoſe who are ſo unfortunate to be born here,

here, are excluded from the meaneſt preferments, and deemed incapable of being entertained even as common ſoldiers, whoſe poor ſtipend is but fourpence a day: no trade, no emoluments, no encouragement for learning among the natives, who yet by a perverſe conſequence are divided into factions, with as much violence and rancour, as if they had the wealth of the Indies to contend for. It puts me in mind of a *fable* which I read in a *monkiſh* author. He quotes for it one of the Greek *mythologiſts*, that once upon a time, a colony of large dogs (called the Moloſſi) tranſplanted themſelves from Epirus to Ætolia, where they ſeized thoſe parts of the countries, moſt fertile in fleſh of all kinds, obliging the native dogs to retire from their beſt kennels, to live under ditches and buſhes; but to preſerve good neighbourhood and peace, and finding likewiſe, that the Ætolian dogs might be of ſome uſe in the low offices of life, they paſſed a decree, that the natives ſhould be entituled to the *ſhort-ribs*, *tips of tails*, *knuckle-bones*, and guts of all the game, which they were obliged by their maſters to run down. This condition was accepted, and what was a little ſingular, while the Moloſſian dogs kept a good underſtanding among themſelves, living in peace and luxury, theſe Ætolian *curs* were perpetually ſnarling, growling, barking, and tearing out each others throats: nay, ſometimes thoſe of the beſt quality among them, were ſeen to quarrel with as much rancour for a rotten gut, as if it had been a fat haunch of veniſon.

Laſt;

Laſt year I travelled from Dublin to Dundalk, through a country eſteemed the moſt fruitful part of this kingdom, and ſo nature intended it. But no ornaments or improvements of ſuch a ſcene were viſible. No habitations fit for gentlemen, no farmers houſes, few fields of corn, and almoſt a bare face of nature, without new plantations of any kind, and only a few miſerable cottages, at three or four miles diſtance, and one church in the centre between this *city* and *Drogheda.* When I arrived at this laſt town, the firſt mortifying ſight was the ruins of ſeveral churches, battered down by that *uſurper* Cromwell, whoſe *fanatick zeal* made more deſolation in a few days, than the piety of ſucceeding prelates or the wealth of the town have, in more than ſixty years, attempted to repair.

Perhaps the inhabitants, through a high ſtrain of virtue, have, in imitation of the Athenians, made a ſolemn reſolution, never to rebuild thoſe ſacred edifices, but rather leave them in ruins, as monuments, to perpetuate the deteſtable memory of that helliſh inſtrument of rebellion, deſolation and murther. For the Athenians, when Mardonius had ravaged a great part of Greece, took a formal oath at the Iſthmus, *to loſe their lives rather than their liberty, to ſtand by their leaders to the laſt, to ſpare the cities of ſuch Barbarians as they conquered.* And what crowned all, the concluſion of their oath was, *We will never repair any of the temples, which they have burned and deſtroyed, that they may appear to poſterity as ſo many monuments of theſe wicked Barbarians.* This was a glorious reſolution; and I

am ſorry to think, that the poverty of my countrymen will not let the world ſuppoſe, they have acted upon ſuch a generous principle; yet upon this occaſion I cannot but obſerve, that there is a fatality in ſome nations, to be fond of thoſe who have treated them with the leaſt humanity. Thus I have often heard the memory of Cromwell, who has depopulated, and almoſt wholly deſtroyed this miſerable country, celebrated like that of a ſaint, and at the ſame time the ſufferings of the Royal Martyr turned into ridicule, and his murder juſtified even from the pulpit, and all this done with an intent to gain favour, under a *monarchy;* which is a new ſtrain of politicks that I ſhall not pretend to account for.

Examine all the eaſtern towns of Ireland, and you will trace this horrid inſtrument of deſtruction, in defacing churches, and particularly in deſtroying whatever was ornamental, either within or without them. We ſee in the ſeveral towns a very few houſes ſcattered among the ruins of thouſands, which he laid level with their ſtreets; great numbers of caſtles, the country-ſeats of gentlemen then in being, ſtill ſtanding in ruin, habitations for *bats*, *daws* and *owls*, without the leaſt repairs or ſucceſſion of other buildings. Nor have the country churches, as far as my eyes could reach, met with any better treatment from him, nine in ten of them lying among their graves, and God only knows when they are to have a reſurrection. When I paſſed from Dundalk where this curſed *uſurper*'s handy-work is yet viſible, I caſt mine

eyes

eyes around from the top of a mountain, from whence I had a wide and a waſte proſpect of ſeveral venerable ruins. It ſtruck me with a melancholy, not unlike that expreſſed by Cicero in one of his letters, which being much upon the like proſpect, and concluding with a very neceſſary reflection on the uncertainty of things in this world, I ſhall here inſert. *In my return from Aſia, as I ſailed from Ægina, towards Megara, I began to take a proſpect of the ſeveral counties round about me. Behind me was Ægina; before me Megara; on the right hand the Piræus; and on the left was Corinth; which towns were formerly in a moſt flouriſhing condition; now they lye proſtrate and in ruin.*

Thus I began to think with myſelf: ſhall we who have but a trifling exiſtence, expreſs any reſentment, when one of us either dies a natural death, or is ſlain, whoſe lives are neceſſarily of a ſhort duration, when at one view I behold the carcaſſes of ſo many great cities? What if he had ſeen the natives of thoſe free republicks, reduced to all the miſerable conſequences of a conquered people, living without the common defences againſt *hunger and cold, rather appearing like ſpectres than men?* I am apt to think, that ſeeing his fellow-creatures in ruin like this, it would have put him paſt all patience for philoſophick reflection.

As for my own part I confeſs, that the ſights and occurrences which I had in this my laſt journey, ſo far tranſported me to a mixture of rage and compaſſion, that I am not able to decide,

which had the greater influence upon my ſpirits; for this new cant, of *a rich and flouriſhing nation*, was ſtill uppermoſt in my thoughts; every mile I travelled, giving me ſuch ample demonſtrations to the contrary. For this reaſon, I have been at the pains to render a moſt exact and faithful account of all the viſible ſigns of riches, which I met with in ſixty miles riding through the moſt public roads, and the beſt part of the kingdom. Firſt, as to trade, I met nine cars loaden with old, muſty, ſhriveled hides; one car-load of butter; four jockies driving eight horſes, all out of caſe; one cow and calf, driven by a man and his wife; ſix tattered families, flitting to be ſhipped off to the Weſt-Indies; a colony of a hundred and fifty beggars, all repairing to people our metropolis, and by encreaſing the number of hands, to encreaſe its wealth, upon the old maxim, that people are the riches of a nation; and therefore ten thouſand mouths, with hardly ten pair of hands, or any work to employ them, will infallibly make us a rich and flouriſhing people. Secondly, Travellers enough, but ſeven in ten wanting ſhirts and cravats; nine in ten going bare-foot, and carrying their brogues and ſtockings in their hands; one woman in twenty having a pillion, the reſt riding bare-backed: above two hundred horſemen, with four pair of boots among them all: ſeventeen ſaddles of leather (the reſt being made of ſtraw), and moſt of their garrons only ſhod before. I went into one of the principal farmer's houſes out of curioſity, and his whole furniture conſiſted of

two blocks for ſtools, a bench on each ſide the fire-place made of turf, ſix trenchers, one bowl, a pot, ſix horn ſpoons, three noggins, three blankets, one of which ſerved the man and maid ſervant; the other the maſter of the family, his wife, and five children; a ſmall churn, a wooden candle-ſtick, a broken ſtick for a pair of tongs. In the public towns, one-third of the inhabitants walking the ſtreet bare-foot; windows half built up with ſtone, to ſave the expence of glaſs, the broken panes up and down ſupplied by brown paper, few being able to afford white; in ſome places they were ſtopped with ſtraw or hay. Another mark of our riches, are the ſigns at the ſeveral inns upon the road, *viz.* in ſome, a ſtaff ſtuck in the thatch, with a turf at the end of it; a ſtaff in a dunghill with a white rag wrapped about the head; a pole, where they can afford it, with a beſom at the top; an oatmeal cake on a board in a window; and, at the principal inns of the road, I have obſerved the ſigns taken down and laid againſt the wall near the door, being taken from their poſt to prevent the ſhaking of the houſe down by the wind. In ſhort, I ſaw not one ſingle houſe, in the beſt town I travelled through, which had not manifeſt appearances of beggary and want. I could give many more inſtances of our wealth, but I hope theſe will ſuffice for the end I propoſe.

It may be objected, What uſe is it of to diſplay the poverty of the nation, in the manner I have done? In anſwer, I deſire to know for what ends, and by what perſons, this new opinion of

our flouriſhing ſtate has of late been ſo induſtriouſly advanced: one thing is certain, that the advancers have either already found their own account, or have been heartily promiſed, or at leaſt have been entertained with hopes, by ſeeing ſuch an opinion pleaſing to thoſe who have it in their power to reward.

It is no doubt a very generous principle in any perſon to rejoice in the felicities of a nation, where themſelves are ſtrangers or ſojourners: but if it be found that the ſame perſons on all other occaſions expreſs a hatred and contempt of the nation and people in general, and hold it for a maxim—*That the more ſuch a country is humbled, the more their own will riſe;* it need be no longer a ſecret, why ſuch an opinion, and the advancers of it, are encouraged. And beſides, if the bailiff reports to his maſter, that the ox is fat and ſtrong, when in reality it can hardly move its own legs, is it not natural to think, that command will be given for a greater load to be put upon it?

NUMBER XI.

—Ut dehinc ſpecioſa miracula promat. HOR.

Mr. INTELLIGENGER,

HAVING but lately met with the following *propoſals* in a letter to the author of the London Journal, bearing date March 30, 1728, and having the greateſt veneration and eſteem for the *writer* of it, as well as the beſt opinion of his *vaſt abilities* for the undertaking; I hope I do not come too late, in giving *a helping hand* to ſpread it abroad for the *author*'s advantage, and benefit of the *learned world*, by giving it a *poetic dreſs*, which I think would have been much better from *his own pen*, had he been in a humour of *verſifying*; for he has the moſt *extraordinary talents* that way of any man now living, except A. P. There is a turn and beauty of language, as well as thought, carried on with the greateſt perſpicuity through the whole, much in the manner of Voiture. This I own has been of ſingular advantage to me; for the *eaſineſs* and *politeneſs* of his *proſe*, contributed much to the *ſmoothneſs* and *muſic* of my *verſes*, purely owing to my transferring as much of his expreſſion, as I poſſibly could, into my performance. From this elegant *ſpecimen* of his the world will ſee what they are to expect from him; at leaſt a vaſt deal of *orthodox divinity*, *critical remarks*, *ſolid argument*, *whole-*

wholeſome inſtruction, *clear information*, with an *entertaining beauty of ſtyle*, peculiar to the great and learned S—d—y.

Your great admirer and well-wiſher,

A. B.

To the Author of the LONDON JOURNAL.

SIR, Church-ſtreet, Soho, March 30, 1728.

I Have publiſhed the *ſpecimen* of a book entitled, *An Univerſal View of all the eminent Writers on the Holy Scriptures; being a collection of the diſſertations, explications, and opinions of learned men in all ages, concerning the difficult paſſages and obſcure texts of the Bible; and of whatſoever is to be met with in profane authors, which may contribute towards the better underſtanding of them.*

I beg the favour of communicating to the world, by means of your paper, what I think at preſent neceſſary to ſay towards the unfolding my deſign in this work, and to anſwer the objections which I have heard made againſt it.

Moſt of the articles whereof I treat, are at one time or other made the ſubject of common diſcourſe; and too many perſons who debate in private on theſe points, are unfurniſhed with proper and rational materials for ſuch converſation.

Theſe obſervations occaſioned my forming a deſign, to collect into *one view* the chief ſentiments of the beſt authors in moſt languages on thoſe

ſubjects, for the benefit only of common diſcourſe and inſtruction. But when I came to reflect more cloſely on the matter, I found, beſides my obliging the generality of readers, and my enlarging the fund of ſcriptural knowledge amongſt the unlearned, that I was in a fair way of doing ſervice to the learned and more intelligent part of my countrymen likewiſe; becauſe by means of this work they would ſave abundance of time, which is now loſt, in turning over from book to book, and from page to page, the numberleſs authors which I ſhall quote; and if any of them are inclined to conſult the originals, I promiſe to refer them faithfully to the line and page. And I began further to conceive, that I ſhould oblige many amongſt the learned, by ſaving them abundance of coſt and expence in purchaſing ſeveral books, which it will be ſufficient for them to ſee and hear of, in the quotations of my *view*.

The reader is deſired to obſerve, that there is no *bibliotheque*, no collection of this kind, ſo complete, now extant in any language, as I ſhall ſhew in my general preface to the whole; and it muſt not be forgot, that the Engliſh want ſuch a collection, more than moſt other Chriſtian nations.

All the objections which I have heard, will be anſwered by what follows; whereby thoſe perſons, particularly, will find themſelves miſtaken, who imagine that the *immenſity of the work* ought both to terrify them from encouraging, and me from undertaking it. For I ſhall not go through the whole Bible verſe by verſe, as in the *ſpecimen*.

Moſes's

Moſes's firſt chapter is an entire piece on the *creation*, and I could not omit one line of it; but my ſubſequent articles will be taken from books, chapters, and verſes, very diſtant often from one another: nay, I ſhall leave whole books of the Bible untouched, *viz.* ſuch as are moral or poetical only, or merely hiſtorical; and I ſhall take notice of no parts of thoſe books, but ſuch as are very curious and intricate, and have occaſioned ſomething extraordinary to be ſaid on them. Beſides, it muſt be conſidered that I ſhall omit numberleſs authors, on every ſubject; and that, without any dread of diſpleaſing, or hopes of pleaſing any ſects or parties of people; and I ſhall only collect from the moſt received authors on every article, and ſuch as none ſhall except againſt for learning or abilities, whatever they may do for opinion.

The ſentiments of the *fathers* and ancient *commentators*, will be ſufficiently anſwered for out of Poole's Synopſis; for it would be an endleſs, idle, and duſty work, to contract all their heavy and voluminous writings; but whatever may be ſtill thought wanting of theſe antients, will be ſupplied even to ſatiety, from Petavius, Calmet, and others. Further, nothing could be ſo diſagreeable either to me or to the reader, as to give a full detail of all the ſtuff that was publiſhed abroad about the time of, and a long while after, the *reformation*; and it would be more nauſeous ſtill to revive what was writ at home, from the beginning of the laſt century till towards the end of it, and indeed for ſome part of the century before it.

But, God be thanked, there wanted not great genius's, who wrote in ſeveral places at the ſame times; and if I raiſe the work to two large volumes in folio, with what the learned and bright part of mankind alone have left us, I may reaſonably expect forgiveneſs, for not ſwelling my labours into four or more *folios*, by interſperſing tedious obſervations, and ridiculous, wild, and low expoſitions.

I ſhall print the two volumes within a reaſonable time after my ſubſcriptions come in; for I have my *additions and amendments*, that are to complete the *ſpecimen*, ready and prepared: which *ſpecimen* being to be reprinted for the body of the work, will, together with what collections I have by me for ſucceeding articles, give me all imaginable advantage of the printer, who cannot work at the preſs ſo faſt as I can ſupply him with copy. Beſides which, I have procured the aſſiſtance of ſome learned perſons to *collect* for me, and have got ſo diligent and expert an *amanuenſis*, to tranſcribe for the preſs, that it can never ſtand ſtill.

I beg leave to remark, that beſides the benefit which every Engliſh reader of common ſenſe will reap by this undertaking, it will be of more ſpecial ſervice to *young divines*, who may hereby at the ſame time procure variety of learning, and indulge a ſtudious *curioſity* at a ſmall expence; and who by means of this collection, will be ſufficiently furniſhed with a *Bibliotheca Sacra*; to which, if they add only Poole's Engliſh Annotations on the Old, and Hammond's Expoſition of

the

the New Teſtament, they will need few other books for ſome years, unleſs it be a concordance to underſtand ſcripture.

As to thoſe who object, that ſuch a variety of opinions on one ſubject, as I ſhall always produce, will rather confound than ſatisfy people, I beg leave to diſagree with them: becauſe every intelligent perſon can judge for himſelf; and becauſe thoſe of meaner capacities may conſult others of better underſtanding; every thing being laid before them in plain Engliſh.

And, in truth, I cannot but eſteem ſuch a work to be, in juſtice, due to the inhabitants of our iſlands. Monſieur Calmet gives the following reaſon for publiſhing nine volumes in folio, containing not only his own comments, but *variety of opinions*, concerning the difficult parts of the Bible, *viz.* that his countrymen might now read in their *own language*, what has hitherto been concealed from them in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.

A noble *attempt in a papiſt!* And his work is ſo well executed, that I wiſh encouragement were given to have it all tranſlated into Engliſh.

However, though Calmet's religion, and the laws of his country, would not permit him to quote ſo freely as he ought; yet, thank God, we have that liberty here; and, I hope, the uſe I make of it won't want encouragement, ſince my deſign is the ſame with Calmet's, *viz.* public information.

His

His religion indeed has no way to ſubſiſt, but by the beneſit of *unknown tongues*; but the *truth of Holy Scripture*, and of the *proteſtant religion*, want no *learned veils* or *foreign couvertures*. *Engliſh popery is much more abominable than the Romiſh!*

I would now have it remembered, that I ſhall produce nothing but what has been publiſhed already in ſome language or other; unleſs, perhaps, ſome private piece, very new and extremely curious, ſhould fall in my way. And I would have thoſe perſons, who are too fearful of my encouraging *ſcepticiſm* by theſe books, believe, that I ſhall inſert no opinions which give offence either to *natural* or *revealed religion*; my intent being to eſtabliſh *truth*, which can only be done, by comparing different ſentiments on the ſame ſubject.

To let the reader further into the nature of my deſign, I here preſent him with the titles of my articles, from the *creation* to *the deluge*; by which he may form a judgment of the reſt.

1. Of the *creation*.
2. Of the *ſabbath*.
3. Of the *paradiſaical ſtate*.
4. Of the *fall*.
5. Of *ſacrifice*.
6. Of *Cain* and *Enoch*.
7. Of the *depravity* of *men*, before the *flood*.
8. Of the *deluge*.

I can-

I cannot make an end, without obſerving, that I ſhall neither oppoſe, nor interfere with the propoſals of Dr. Innes. The doctor's work (as I am told) is wholly *moral;* mine is wholly *critical:* he deſigns to make men better; my aim is to make them wiſer.

The doctor reſolves (as I hear) to paſs by whatever has, hitherto, been written, in the *moral way* on the Bible, and to moralize anew on it himſelf. I am in a quite different train: I ſhall publiſh little or nothing of my own, nor ſhall I produce any one author in the doctor's way of proceeding.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

JONATHAN SMEDLEY.

YOU that would read the Bible, turn all
To April 6, the London Journal;
And by a letter there you'll ſee
How much the text will owe to me.
Five thouſand years and more—'tis odd
None could explain the word of God!
Of all the *learned*, in all ages,
Thro' all their long, laborious pages,
Till I, the top of Iriſh deans,
Have made it out with wond'rous pains.
I've read the dev'l and all of books,
The world may read 'em in my looks:
Above ten waggon load at leaſt,
Within my ſkull in order plac'd;
From thence to ſally forth anew,
One univerſal ſingle view.

I've

I've likewiſe ranſack'd books prophane
Which I ſhall muſter, to explain
Whate'er is hid, obſcure, perplex'd,
As plain as pike-ſtaff, every text.
Moſt articles, whereof I treat,
Have been the ſubject of debate
Full often o'er a pot of ale,
When I was rabbi at Kinſale:
But then, for want of ancient learning
The Scripture ſenſe not well diſcerning,
Our nights were paſt in great confuſion,
No mortal making one *concluſion*.
To find a remedy for this,
I hope it will not be amiſs
To furniſh my aſſociates *quondam*,
(That they no more diſpute at random)
With choice collected *diſſertations*,
Anſwers, *rejoinders*, *replications*,
That each may have enough to ſay,
And hold the Scripture his own way.
Profectò legi plus quam ſatis,
More languages than Mithridates:
All which I learn'd (as will appear
Since I left Ireland) in one year;
Where ſuch as knew my ſtock, can tell,
I ſcarcely cou'd read Engliſh well:
In this one book I've done much more
Than all the world has done before;
No *bibliotheque* that is now extant,
Has half ſo well explain'd a text on't;
With ſo much eaſe I can command it,
The greateſt dunce may underſtand it.

If

If any thinks the work too long
For one man's head, I'll ſhew he's wrong;
Becauſe the way, which I intend,
Will bring it quickly to an end.
In *chapters* here and there I'll dip,
Whole books not worth the reading, ſkip;
Whate'er 's *poetical*, or *moral*,
To them I have a mortal quarrel;
What merely is *hiſtorical*,
I ſhall not touch upon at all;
You'll ſee me ſuch a *Bible-trimmer*,
That I'll reduce it to a primmer.
As for the *fathers*, they are all met,
In Pool, Petavius, and Calmet:
I've read 'em page by page, and find
No gleaning work for me behind.
And when I cut one folio ſhort,
Will not the reader thank me for't?
For I have ſo much *ancient lore*,
I could have ſwell'd 'em into four.
We wait ſubſcriptions coming in,
We're juſt beginning to begin;
'Tis this the printer's ſole pretence is,
We've *paper*, *types*, *amanuenſis*,
And all but what few pence are owing
To ſet the *preſs* and me agoing.
One thing I beg leave to remark——
For *young divines*, who're in the dark;
And Engliſh *readers*, who are ſtraining
In every *chapter* for a meaning;
For *men* of *letters*, and good ſenſe,
Here's learning at a ſmall expence;

They'll

They'll find my books, when well examin'd,
Will do by help of Pool and Hammond;
And if the parſons can afford once
A *Bible* with a large *concordance*,
I know not any thing they lack
Except it be an *almanack*.
In my compilement they ſhall ſee
Opinions, great variety;
That every *ſchiſmatic* with eaſe
May find a *gloſs* himſelf to pleaſe.
Now monſieur Calmet (like an *olio*)
Diſh'd up nine tracts of his in folio;
To all his countrymen reveal'd,
What Latin, Hebrew, Greek conceal'd,
So plain in French, that every peaſant
Breaks out with rapture in the praiſe on't.
O what a glorious learned heap is't;
A wondrous author for a papiſt!
I wiſh in Engliſh 'twere tranſlated,
And mine to wipe his rev'rence fated.
To what perfection had he brought
His books, with liberty of thought!
But all along he's crampt I find,
And therefore durſt not ſpeak his mind;
For had he ſaid a word 'gainſt *pop'ry*,
The laws would turn his neck with rope 'wry
Thus foreign *pop'ry* is a curſe,
But Engliſh *popery* is worſe.
Remember all, before you're told,
That what I write for new, is old:
If any man of reading looks,
He'll find it all in other books;

As

As I'm an orthodox *divine*,
I've ſtol'n my *comments* ev'ry line.
There's all the wrangling tracts I know
Collected here both *con* and *pro*,
So well diſpos'd of, ev'ry man
May find the truth out if he can.
From the creation to the flood
(To ſhew you that my work is good)
I've drawn a ſketch, as I thought beſt,
To form a judgment of the reſt.
A word or two before I cloſe all;
One doctor *Innis* makes *propoſal*,
A poor inſipid *moral* tool,
He'd have the world to walk by rule.
He thinks I've nought to do, but noſe him,
I'd ſee him hang'd e'er I oppoſe him.
He ſtrives to make men *good*, but I, ſir,
Reſolve to make them *worſe*, and *wiſer*.
It ever was my way to love
The *ſerpent*, rather than the *dove*.
The doctor, by a vain pretenſion,
Depends upon his own invention;
But I, who always liv'd on loan,
Shan't write a ſentence of my own.

SIR,

"I HAVE inſerted your *poem*, and think you "have done yourſelf great honour, by ſhew- "ing ſo much regard to a perſon remarkably "eminent; beſides a moſt laudable zeal in re- "commending a work, which is likely to prove

"of

" of the greateſt advantage to our church in ge-
" neral, in this degenerate age of prophaneneſs
" and infidelity.

" I am with true reſpect your's, &c.

" The INTELLIGENCER."

NUMBER XII.

SINCE our Engliſh friends have done us the honour to publiſh to their countrymen, ſome of the pieces from this *paper;* we think ourſelves obliged in juſtice to return the favour, by making the following *tale* from the *Country Journal*, dated the 3d of Auguſt 1728, the ſubject of this day's entertainment.

From my own Chambers.

WHEN I was a young man, I was very curious in collecting all the occaſional *State Tracts*, or pieces of *Poetry*, which were publiſhed at that time; and, upon looking them over, I find ſome, which I believe my *readers* will think not altogether *mal à propos* at preſent. The following verſes are of this kind, which appear plainly enough to be levelled at ſome *penſionary parliament;* but as the *author* of this little piece hath not ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed

tinguiſhed the *characters*, which he deſigned to expoſe, by any particular marks, ſo my memory will not enable me to explain the ſentiments of the public on that occaſion. However, as it ſeems to contain *a good, general moral*, I have ventured to give it to my readers; and if it ſhould happen to meet with any ſucceſs, I may, perhaps, communicate others, which are not to be met with in any of the *public miſcellanies* of thoſe times.

THE PROGRESS OF PATRIOTISM. A TALE.

Vendidit HIC Auro Patriam.

SIR Ralph, a ſimple, rural knight,
Could juſt diſtinguiſh wrong from right,
When he receiv'd a quarter's rent,
And almoſt half in *taxes* went:
He rail'd at *places*, *bribes*, and *penſions*,
And *ſecret ſervice*, new inventions;
Preach'd up the true old Engliſh ſpirit,
And mourn'd the great neglect of *merit*;
Lamented our forlorn condition,
And wiſh'd the country would *petition*;
Said, he would firſt ſubſcribe his name,
And added, 'twas a burning ſhame
That *ſome men* large eſtates ſhould get,
And fatten on the *public debt*;
Of his poor country urg'd his love,
And ſhook his head at *thoſe above*.
This conduct, in a private ſtation,
Procur'd the *knight* great reputation;

The neighbours all approv'd his zeal,
(Though few men *judge*, yet all men *feel*)
And with a general voice declar'd
Money was ſcarce, the times were hard;
That what ſir Ralph obſerv'd was true,
And wiſh'd the *gallows* had its due.
Thus bleſt in popular affection,
Behold! there came on an *election*,
And who more proper than ſir Ralph
To guard their privileges ſafe?
So, in return for zeal and beer,
They choſe him for a *knight o'th' ſhire*.
But mark how *climates* change the mind,
And *virtue* chops about like wind;
Duly the *knight* came up to town,
Reſolv'd to pull *corruption* down;
Frequented clubs of the *ſame party*,
And in the cauſe continued hearty;
Broach'd his opinions wet and dry,
And gave ſome *honeſt* votes awry.
At length, in that *old ſpacious court*,
Where *members* juſt at noon reſort,
Up to our *knight* ſir *Bluſtring* came,
And call'd him frankly by his name;
Smil'd on him, *ſhook him by the hand*,
And gave him ſoon to underſtand,
That though his perſon was a ſtranger,
Yet that in times of greateſt danger,
His faithful ſervices were known,
And all his family's here in town,
For whom he had a great affection,
And wiſh'd him joy of his election,

Aſſur'd

Aſſur'd him that his country's voice
Could not have made a better choice.

Sir Ralph, who, if not much bely'd,
Had always ſome degrees of pride,
Perceiv'd his heart begin to ſwell,
And lik'd this doctrine mighty well;
Took notice of his air and look,
And how familiarly he ſpoke;
Such condeſcenſions, ſuch profeſſions
Remov'd all former ill impreſſions.

The *ſtateſman* (who, we muſt agree,
Can far into our *foibles* ſee,
And knows exactly how to flatter
The *weak blind* ſides of human nature)
Saw the *vain wretch* begin to yield,
And farther thus his oil inſtill'd:

Sir Ralph, ſaid he, all forms apart,
So dear I hold you at my heart,
Have ſuch a value for your *worth*,
Your *ſenſe* and *honour* and ſo forth,
That in ſome points, extremely nice,
I ſhould be proud of your advice;
Let me, good ſir, the favour pray
To eat a bit with me to day;
Nay, dear ſir Ralph, you muſt agree——
Your honour's hour?——exactly three.

Theſe points premis'd, they bow and part
With hands preſs'd hard to either heart:
For now the public buſineſs calls
Each patriot to St. Stephen's walls;

Whether the *preſent debts* to ſtate,
Or on ſome *new ſupplies* debate,
Would here be needleſs to relate.

From thence, at the appointed hour,
The *knight* attends the *man of power;*
Who, better to ſecure his ends,
Had likewiſe bid ſome courtly friends,
His brother Townly and his *grace,*
Great *ſtateſmen* both, and both in place:
Our Britiſh Horace, fam'd for wit,
Alike for *courts* and *ſenates* fit;
Sir William from his early youth,
Renown'd for *honour, virtue, truth;*
And *Bubble*, juſt reſtor'd to favour,
On pardon aſk'd for *late behaviour.*
The *ſtateſman* met his *convert-gueſt,*
Saluted, claſp'd him to his breaſt,
Then introduc'd him to the reſt.

Whilſt he, with wonder and amaze,
The ſplendour of the houſe ſurveys;
Huge china jars and piles of plate,
And *modiſh ſcreens* and beds of ſtate,
Gilt ſconces, of ſtupendous ſize,
And coſtly paintings ſtrike his eyes,
From Italy and Flanders brought,
At the expence of nations bought;
Yet doth not one of theſe relate
The tragic end of r——s of ſtate;
Although ſuch pictures might ſupply
Fit leſſons to the *great man*'s eye:

But

But *o'ergrown fav'rites* dread to think
From whence they roſe, and how may ſink.
Dinner now waited on the board,
Rich as this city would afford,
(For every element ſupplies
His table with its rarities)
The gueſts promiſcuous take their place,
Pro more, without *form* of *grace;*
There might the *little knight* be ſeen
With *ribbons blue*, and *ribbons green*,
All complaiſant and debonair,
As if the king himſelf were there.
Obſequious each conſults his taſte,
And begging to be ſerv'd the laſt,
Points round by turns to every diſh;
Will you have ſoup, ſir Ralph, *or* fiſh?
This fricaſee *or that* ragouſt?
Pray, ſir, be free and let me know.
The cloth remov'd, the glaſs goes round,
With loyal healths and wiſhes crown'd;
May king *and* ſenate *long agree!*
Succeſs attend the miniſtry!
Let public faith *and* ſtocks *increaſe!*
And grant us, heav'n! a ſpeedy peace.
Diſcourſe enſues on *homebred rage*,
That rank diſtemper of the age;
And inſtantly they all agree,
They never were ſo *bleſs'd*, or *free;*
That all *complaints* were nought but *faction*,
And *patriotiſm* mere *diſtraction*,
Though full of *reaſon*, void of *grace*,
And only meant to *get in place.*

Sir Ralph in approbation bow'd;
Yet own'd that with the giddy crowd,
He formerly had gone aſtray,
And talk'd in quite another way,
Poſſeſs'd with jealouſies and fears,
Diſpers'd by reſtleſs pamphleteers,
In libels *weekly* and *diurnal*,
Eſpecially the * *Country Journal;*
But as he felt ſincere contrition,
He hop'd his faults would find remiſſion.
Dear Sir, reply'd the *blue-ſtring knight*,
I'm glad you think affairs go right;
All errors paſt muſt be excus'd,
(Since the beſt men may be abus'd)
What's in my pow'r you may command;
Then ſhook him once more by the hand,
Gave him great hopes (at leaſt his *word*)
That he ſhould be a *treaſury-lord*,
And to confirm his good intention,
At preſent order'd him a *penſion*.
By theſe degrees, ſir Ralph is grown
The ſtaunchеſt tool in all the town,
At *points* and *job-work* never fails,
At all his old acquaintance rails;
Holds every doctrine now in faſhion,
That *debts* are bleſſings to a nation;
That *brib'ry* under *whig direction*,
Is needful to diſcourage faction;
That *ſtanding armies* are moſt fitting
To guard the liberties of Britain;

* From hence it appears, that a paper was publiſhed under *that name*, long before *this*, in which we are at preſent engaged.

That

That F——e is her ſincereſt friend,
On whom ſhe always ſhould depend;
That *miniſters*, by *kings* appointed,
Are, under them, the *Lord's anointed;*
Ergo, it is the ſelf-ſame thing,
T' oppoſe the miniſter or king;
Ergo, by conſequence of reaſon,
To cenſure *ſtateſmen* is *high treaſon.*
In fine, his *ſtanding creed* is this;
That *right* or *wrong*, or *hit* or *miſs*,
No miſchiefs can befal a nation,
Under ſo *wiſe a miniſtration;*
That Britain is ſir Blueſtring's debtor,
And *things did ſurely ne'er go better!*
So the plain country girl, untainted,
Nor yet with wicked man acquainted,
Starts at the firſt lewd application,
Though warm perhaps by inclination,
And ſwears ſhe would not with the king,
For all the world, do *ſuch a thing:*
But when, with long, aſſiduous art,
Damon hath once ſeduc'd her heart,
She learns her leſſon in a trice,
And juſtifies the pleaſing vice,
Calls it a natural, harmleſs paſſion,
Implanted from our firſt creation,
Holds there's no ſin between clean ſheets,
And lies with every man ſhe meets.

NUMBER XIII.

Sermo datur cunctis, animi ſapientia paucis.

CATO.

THERE is one kind of converſation, which every one aims at, and every one almoſt fails in; it is that of *ſtory-telling*. I know not any thing which engages our attention with more delight, when a perſon has a ſufficient ſtock of talents neceſſary for it, ſuch as *good ſenſe*, *true humour*, *a clear head*, *a ready command of language*, *and a variety of proper geſture*, to give life and ſpirit to what he ſays. If any of theſe be wanting, the liſtners, inſtead of being diverted, are diſobliged; but if the perſon be utterly void of them all, as it is very often the caſe, he becomes a nuiſance to the company, and they are ſo long upon the rack as he ſpeaks. It has ſometimes fallen to my lot, that a man whom I never offended, has laid me under the perſecution of a long ſtory, and compelled me to hear, what neither concerned himſelf, nor me, nor indeed any body elſe, and at the ſame time he was as much in earneſt, as if both our lives and fortunes, and the felicity of the whole kingdom depended upon what he ſaid. A humour very unaccountable! that a man ſhall be letting off words for an hour or two, with a very innocent intention, and after he has

done his beſt, only makes me uneaſy, and himſelf contemptible.

This natural infirmity in men is not only confined to *ſtory-telling*, but it appears likewiſe in every eſſay whatſoever of their intellectuals. As for inſtance; if one of theſe be a preacher of God's word, by far-fetched criticiſms, numerous diviſions and ſubdiviſions, incoherent digreſſions, tedious repetitions, uſeleſs remarks, weak anſwers to ſtrong objections, inferences to no premiſes, tedious exhortations, and many other methods of protraction, he ſhall draw you out a diſcourſe for an hour and a quarter, unequally diſpenſing opium and edification to his flock, there being ſeven ſleepers for one hearer. If he be a lawyer, he ſhall, by an uncommon way of amuſement, run away with a ſubject, which might be explained in two minutes, and dilate upon it two hours, with ſuch a volubility of tongue, ſuch affluence of expreſſion, with ſomething ſo like a good ſtyle and manner of thinking, that the judges and jury attend with as much gravity, as if there was a continued chain of true reaſoning and ſolid argument. If he be a member of the upper or lower houſe, he does not proceed four ſentences, before the reſt know where to have him an hour hence; in the mean time they divert one another, in talking of matters indifferent, till the gentleman has done. I could give many more inſtances, but that I think theſe ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe; beſides, leſt I ſhould incur the like reproach myſelf, I ſhall, in a few words, divide the *ſtory-tellers* into

the

the ſhort, the long, the marvellous, the inſipid, and *the delightful.*

The *ſhort ſtory-teller* is he, who tells a great deal in few words, engages your attention, pleaſes your imagination, or quickly excites your laughter. Of this rank were Xenophon, Plutarch, Macrobius, among the ancients. *Ex. gr.*

When the Nepheli of Ariſtophanes, a ſatire upon Socrates, was acting, his friends deſired him to retire, and hide behind them. No, ſaid Socrates, I will ſtand up here, where I may be ſeen; for now I think myſelf like a good feaſt, and that every one has a ſhare of me. *Vid. Feaſt of Xenophon.*

Braſidas the famous Lacedæmonian general caught a *mouſe:* it bit him, and by that means made its eſcape. O Jupiter, ſaid he, what creature ſo contemptible, but may have its liberty if it will contend for it? *Vid. Plutarch. de profect. virtut.*

Diogenes having ſailed to Chios, while it was under the dominion of the Perſians, ſaid in a full aſſembly, the inhabitants were fools for erecting a college, and building temples, ſince the Perſians would not allow them the privilege of making their own *prieſts*, but ſent them over the moſt illiterate of their *magi.*

Auguſtus, while he was encamped with his army ſomewhere near Mantua, was diſturbed three nights ſucceſſively, by the hooting of an *owl.* Proclamation was made to the ſoldiers, that whoever caught the offender (ſo that he might be brought to juſtice) ſhould have an ample reward for his pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the

the purſuit of this *bird:* at laſt, one more vigilant than the reſt, found him in a hollow tree, ſo brought him in triumph to the emperor, who ſaw him with the greateſt joy, but gave the ſoldier a ſum of money ſo far below his expectation, that he let the *owl* fly away that inſtant. So true a ſenſe of liberty run through the very meaneſt of the Romans. *Macrob. Sat.*

The *long ſtory-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in a great number of words, for this many among the moderns are famous, particularly the French; and among ourſelves in this kingdom we have a vaſt number of the better ſort. As well as I can recollect, there are ſix deans, four judges, ſix-and-thirty counſellors at law, ſixty-five attorneys, ſome few fellows of the college, every alderman through the whole nation, except one. All old gentlemen and ladies, without exception, ſive of the college of phyſicians, three or four lords, two hundred 'ſquires, and ſome few people of diſtinction beſide.

I ſhall here inſert a fragment of a long ſtory, by way of example, containing a hundred and twenty-nine words, which might have been ſaid in theſe ten following, viz. *nine years ago I was to preach for a friend.*

I remember once, I think it was about ſeven years ago—No I lye—It was about nine years ago; for it was juſt when my wife was lying-in of Dicky, I remember particularly, the midwife would have had me ſtay, to keep her company, and it was the heavieſt day of ſtorm and rain, that I ever ſaw before

before or ſince, but becauſe I engaged to preach for a very worthy friend of mine, who lived about twenty miles off, and this being Saturday I could not defer it to the next morning, though I had an excellent nag, which could have rid it in three hours; I bought him of a neighbour one Mr. Maſterſon, yet becauſe I would not put my friend in a fright, &c. Thus far he went in one minute. The ſtory laſted an hour, ſo that upon a fair computation he ſpoke 7740 words inſtead of 600, by which means he made uſe of 7140 more than he had occaſion for. If a right application were made of this hint which I have given, it would be of admirable effect in the diſpatch of public buſineſs, as well as private converſation; nay, in the very writing of books, for which I refer the reader to the *Fable of the Bees*, and the two elaborate treatiſes written by the learned Mr. H——n.

The *marvellous*, is he who is fond of telling ſuch things as no man alive, who has the leaſt uſe of his reaſon, can believe. This humour prevails very much in travellers, and the vain-glorious, but very pardonable, becauſe no man's faith is impoſed upon, nor does any ill conſequence attend perſons ſeriouſly extravagant, expecting another ſhould give credit to what he knows impoſſible for the greateſt dunce to ſwallow.

One of theſe, who had travelled to Damaſcus, told his company, that the *bees* of that country were as big as *turkies*. Pray, ſir, ſaid a gentleman (begging pardon for the queſtion), how large were the hives? the ſame ſize with ours, replied the

the traveller. Very ſtrange, ſaid the other. But how got they into their hives? That is none of my buſineſs, I Gad let them look to that.

Another, who had travelled as far as Perſia, ſpoke to his man John, as he was returning home, telling him, how neceſſary it was, that a traveller ſhould draw things beyond the life, otherwiſe he could not hope for that reſpect from his countrymen, which otherwiſe he might have. But at the ſame time, John, ſaid he, whereſoever I ſhall dine, or ſup, keep you cloſe to my chair, and if I do very much exceed the bounds of truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myſelf. It happened on a day, that he dined with a certain gentleman, who ſhall be nameleſs, where he affirmed, that he ſaw a *monkey* in the iſland Borneo, which had a tail threeſcore yards long. John punched him. I am certain it is fifty at leaſt. John punched again. I believe, to ſpeak within compaſs, for I did not meaſure it, it muſt have been forty. John gave him t'other touch. I remember it lay over a quickſet hedge, and therefore could not be leſs than thirty. John at him again. I could take my oath it was twenty. This did not ſatisfy John. Upon which the maſter turned about in a rage, and ſaid, damn you for a puppy, would you have the *monkey* without any tail at all!

Did not the famous Dr. Burnet, whoſe Hiſtory is much of the ſame ſtamp with his Travels, affirm that he ſaw an *elephant* play at ball? and that grave gentleman Yſbrant Ides, in his travels through Muſcovy to China, aſſures us, that he ſaw *elephants*, which

which were taught to low like *cows*, to yell like *tigers*, and to mimic the ſounding of a trumpet; but their higheſt perfection, as he relates it, was that of ſinging like canary birds. However this is not ſo marvellous (for Pliny relates wonderful things of their docility) as what a gentleman told a full company, in my hearing, within this fortnight: that he had ſeen a ſhow at Briſtol, which was a *hare*, taught to ſtand upon her hind legs and bow to all the company, to each perſon in particular, with a very good grace, and then proceed to beat ſeveral marches on the drum. After this a *dog* was ſet upon the table. His maſter, the *ſhowman*, made many grievous complaints againſt him, for high crimes and miſdemeanors. The *hare* knits her brows, kindles her eyes like a lady, falls in a paſſion, attacks the *dog* with all her rage and fury, as if ſhe had been his wife, ſcratches, bites, and cuffs him round the table, till the ſpectators had enough for their money.

There is a certain gentleman, now in Ireland, moſt remarkably fond of the marvellous (but this through vanity), who among an infinite number of the like rarities, affirms that he has a *carp* in a pond, by itſelf, which has for twenty years paſt ſupplied him and his friends with a very good diſh of fiſh, when they either came to dine or ſup with him. And the manner of it is thus. The cook-maid goes with a large kitchen knife, which has a whiſtle in its handle; ſhe no ſooner blows it, but the *carp* comes to the ſluice and turns up its belly, till ſhe cuts out as much as ſhe has occaſion for, and then

away it ſcuds. The chaſm is filled in a day or two, and the *carp* is as ſound as a *roach*, ready for the knife again.

I ſhould be glad to ſpend an evening with half a dozen gentlemen of this uncommon genius, for I am certain they would improve upon one another, and thereby I might have an opportunity of obſerving how far the marvellous could be carried, or whether it has any bounds at all.

The *inſipid*, who may not unfitly be called *ſoporific*, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy dull relation of unimportant facts: you ſhall have an account from ſuch a perſon of every minute circumſtance which happened in the company where he has been, what he did, and what they did, what they ſaid, and what he ſaid, with a million of trite phraſes, with an *and ſo* beginning every ſentence; and *to make a long ſtory ſhort*; and, *as I was ſaying*, with many more expletives of equal ſignification. It is a moſt dreadful thing, when men have neither the talent of ſpeaking, nor the diſcretion of holding their tongues, and that, of all people, ſuch as are leaſt qualified, are commonly the moſt earneſt in this way of converſation.

The *delightful ſtory-teller* is one, who ſpeaks not a word too much, or too little, who can, in a very careleſs manner, give a great deal of pleaſure to others, and deſires rather to divert, than be applauded; who ſhews good underſtanding, and a delicate turn of wit in every thing which comes from him; who can entertain his company better

with

with the hiſtory of a child and its *hobby-horſe*, than one of the *ſoporifics* can with an account of Alexander and Bucephalus. Such a perſon is not unlike a bad reader who makes the moſt ingenious piece his own, that is, dull and deteſtable, by only coming through his mouth. But to return to the delightful *ſtory-teller*, I cannot deſcribe him by any words ſo well as his own, and therefore take the following ſtory to ſhew him in the moſt agreeable light:

A mountebank in Leiceſter-Fields had drawn a huge aſſembly about him; among the reſt a fat unwieldy fellow, half ſtifled in the preſs, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! pray good people give way a little! bleſs me! what a devil has raked this rabble together? Zounds, what ſqueezing is this? Honeſt friend, remove your elbow. At laſt a weaver that ſtood next him could hold no longer. A plague confound you, ſaid he, for an overgrown ſloven, and who in the devil's name helps to make up the crowd half ſo much as yourſelf? Don't you conſider (with a pox) that you take up more room with that carcaſs than any five here? Is not the place as fit for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reaſonable compaſs (and be damn'd), and then I'll engage we ſhall have room enough for us all.

This I have tranſcribed from a moſt celebrated author, with great pleaſure, and do earneſtly recommend it to my countrymen, as the true ſtandard of *ſtory-telling* both as to ſtyle, and manner, and every thing requiſite, not only to pleaſe the hearer,

but

but to gain his favour and affection. And for the time to come, be it enacted, that if any perſon, of what rank ſoever, ſhall preſume to exceed ſix minutes in a ſtory, to *hum* or *haw*, uſe *hyphens* between his words, or digreſſions, or offers to engage the company to hear another ſtory when he has done, or ſpeaks one word more than is neceſſary, or is a ſtammerer in his ſpeech, that then it ſhall and may be lawful for any one of the ſaid company, or the whole company together, to pull out his, her, or their watches, to make uſe of broad hints, or inuendo's for him the ſaid *ſtory-teller*, to break off, although abruptly; otherwiſe he is to have a glove, or handkerchief, crammed into his mouth for the firſt default, and for the ſecond, to be kicked out of company.

NUMBER XIV.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, uſque recurret.

HOR.

THERE is an old heathen ſtory, that Prometheus, who was a potter in Greece, took a frolick to turn all the clay in his ſhop into men and women, ſeparating the fine from the coarſe, in order to diſtinguiſh the ſexes. The *males* were formed of a mixture *blue red*, as being of the toughеſt conſiſtence, fitter for creatures deſtined to

hardſhips, labour, and difficult enterpriſes; the *females* were molded out of the moſt refined ſtuff, much of the like ſubſtance with *china-ware*, tranſparent and brittle; deſigning them rather for ſhew and beauty, than to be of any real uſe in life, farther than that of generation. By the tranſparency he intended the men might ſee ſo plainly through them, that they ſhould not be capable of *hypocriſy*, *falſhood* or *intrigue*, and by their brittleneſs, he taught them, they were to be handled with a tenderneſs ſuitable to their delicacy of conſtitution.

It was pleaſant enough, to ſee with what contrivance and order he diſpoſed of his journeymen in their ſeveral apartments, and how judiciouſly he aſſigned each of them his work, according to his natural capacity and talents, ſo that every member, and part of the human frame, was finiſhed with the utmoſt exactneſs and beauty.

In one chamber you might ſee a *leg-ſhaper*; in another a *ſkull-roller*; in a third an *arm-ſtretcher*; in a fourth a *gut-winder*, for each workman was diſtinguiſhed by a proper term of art, ſuch as *knuckle-turner*, *tooth-grinder*, *rib-cooper*, *muſcle-maker*, *tendon-drawer*, *paunch-blower*, *vein-brancher*, and ſuch like. But Prometheus himſelf made the *eyes*, the *ears*, and the *heart*, which, becauſe of their nice and intricate ſtructure, were chiefly the buſineſs of a *maſter-workman*. Beſide this, he completed the whole by fitting and joining the ſeveral parts together, according to the beſt ſymmetry and proportion. The ſtatues are now upon their legs.

Life

Life the chief ingredient is wanting. Prometheus takes a *ferula* in his hand (a reed of the and Chios having an oil-pith), ſteals up the back-ſtairs to Apollo's lodgings, lights it clandeſtinely at the chariot of the *ſun*; ſo down he creeps upon his tip-toes to his warehouſe, and in a very few minutes, by an application of the flame to the noſtrils of his *clay images*, ſets them all a ſtalking and ſtaring through one another, but intirely inſenſible of what they were doing. They looked ſo like the latter end of a *lord mayor*'s feaſt, he could not bear the ſight of them. He then ſaw it was abſolutely neceſſary to give them *paſſions*, or life would be an inſipid thing, and ſo from the ſuper-abundance of them in other *animals*, he culls out enough for his purpoſe, which he blended and tempered ſo well, before infuſion, that his men and women became the moſt amiable creatures that thought can conceive.

Love was then like a pure veſtal flame not made up of ſudden joy, tranſports and extaſies, but conſtant, friendly and benevolent.

Anger did not appear horrid and frightful by turbulent emotions of the breaſt, and diſtortions of the face; but preſerved a dignity of reſentment in the countenance, commanding a reverential awe in the offender.

Fear did not in the leaſt encroach upon the bounds of fortitude, by a ſlaviſh dejection of ſpirits, nor was it ever ſeen upon any occaſion, but as a monitor, to prevent the doing of any action,

which might be attended with disgrace or repentance.

In the same manner was every passion and appetite under the best regulation and dominion of reason. The world would have been a most delightful scene had people continued in this situation; but alas! there can be no happiness here without a mixture of misery.

Prometheus is apprehended for his theft and presumption, bound fast in chains to a rock, with a *vulture* to prey upon his liver. His journeymen get drunk for joy; they were now their own masters, during which interval they fall to man and woman making with excessive precipitation and hurry. Now you might see a small head set upon a pair of broad shoulders; a nose too long, too short, too thick, too small, or awry on the face; a large heavy carcass reared upon a small pair of spindle shanks, by which means they became bandy; a long chin to a short face; one arm longer than the other; eyes too big for their sockets; mouths three times too wide or too narrow, every part and limb almost chosen and put together at random. But to conclude the farce, when they came to the passion-work, instead of blending, and tempering them in true proportion, they took them from the worst of *animals* simply, and by guess. To one was given the rage and fury of a *wolf*: hence came a most virulent, persecuting malicious villain; from whom have descended those boisterous and outrageous pests of society, who are every

every day disturbing our peace; the chief blessing we can enjoy upon earth. To another the poison and rancour of a toad; from whom sprang the revengeful, who, upon the least touch of offence, are ever upon the watch, to ruin the inadvertent. To another the subtilty and cunning of a *fox*; from whom we trace the *politician*, who turns all the motions of his soul to *seducing*, *betraying*, *surprising*, *fair promises with foul intentions*, *perpetual stratagems to his own advantage*, *under the specious appearance of the public good*.

To another the alertness of a *monkey*: he begat a large family of jibbers, buffoons, and mimicks; these are a numerous breed and dispersed over the face of the whole earth. The chief business of their lives is to make people laugh at one another, and not to spare even their nearest friends; who, while they are copying the imperfections of others, bring themselves to be *originals*. You may distinguish this happy race by their hawk-noses, one eye less than t'other, and a perpetual sneer, which by repeated habit becomes inseparable from their faces. To another the pride of a *peacock*: he turns *beau*, stitches all the tinsel about him that he can, hangs a tail to his head, and so walks through the world. To another the gluttony, laziness and luxury of a *hog*: from him are descended your pampered citizens, and others, whose chief exercise consists in eating and drinking: they are very easily distinguished by the plumpness and rotundity of their *dewlap*, the *torosity* of their *necks* and *breasts*, and the *prominence* of their *abdomen*.

Numberleſs are the inſtances might be given of the predominance of brutes, thus occaſioned in men, but that I haſten to give a ſummary account of the *animals*, chiefly choſen by theſe journeymen, to give proper accompliſhments to the other ſex, *viz.* *cats*, *ferrets*, *weazels*, *vipers*, *magpies*, *geeſe*, *wag-tails*, *rats*, *ſtoats*, *rattle-ſnakes*, *waſps*, *hornets*, and ſome few others. It is needleſs to inform the reader, what qualities were infuſed from theſe, when he can behold them ſo plainly in one half or more of his female acquaintance. And I dare venture to ſay, that you can hardly go into a family, where you may not diſtinguiſh ſome one lady eminently remarkable for a lively reſemblance to one or more of the aforeſaid *animals*. Upon the whole, I ſhall make this remark, that the handy-work of Prometheus and their progeny, are to be diſtinguiſhed with the greateſt eaſe from that of his journeymen; his being all *humane*, *benevolent*, *eaſy*, *affable*, *good-humoured*, *charitable*, *and friendly*; whereas thoſe of his journeymen are *cruel*, *malicious*, *turbulent*, *moroſe*, *ill-natured*, *ſnarling*, *quarrelſome*, *pragmatical*, *covetous*, and *inhuman*, which we daily experience among the *great vulgar* and *the ſmall*, nor can all the power of art, or education, intirely waſh away the dirt of the journeyman's palm, or quite aboliſh, or refrain that exuberance of wrong paſſions which are owing to the cauſe already aſſigned.

Miſcellaneous Poems.

CHEVY CHASE.

The 2d Day of April 1724.

I.

YE powers on high Parnaſſus' hill
Defend and help my muſe!
Ye courtiers all, with liſt'ning ear,
Attend to hear my news.

II.

On Thurſday laſt, I'd have you know,
Below St. James's Stairs,
A crowd of noiſy footmen were,
And chairmen aſking fares.

III.

There did you hear each ſprightly lad
His maſter's wit repeat;
But ſoon the repartee was ſpoil'd,
By ſomething at the gate.

IV.

They ſaw a ſhining golden thing,
Of goodly ſize, approach;
Some gueſs'd it was the General's,
And ſome, the Speaker's coach.

V.

They ſoon diſcover'd what it was,
When that it came more near;
For it came blowing underneath
A load of flaxen hair.

VI.

They ſaw a ſmiling roſy face,
Both fat and fair was he;
Not handſome, but agreeable
Might he preſume to be.

VII.

His coat emboſs'd with maſſy gold,
On cloth of purple dye;
Nor ſav'd he ſtuff or gold, to ſhew
His generoſity.

VIII.

On his left ſide the thiſtle was,
The largeſt e'er was ſeen,
In emblem of his growing love,
That prick'd his heart within.

IX.

Full twenty yards of Flanders lace
Hung dangling at his ſhirt;
His body richly was adorn'd
With ribband green begirt.

X.

At this St. Andrew hung, beſet
With brilliant diamonds, which
Was plac'd, that nothing might be hid,
Upon his Lordſhip's br——.

XI.

Thus well he ornamented was
Before, and eke behind;
His breeches were with treaſure fill'd
Of trinkam trankum kind.

XII.

His feet, which did the whole ſupport,
Were of the ſmalleſt ſize;
But oh, how large the buckles were,
That ſparkled in our eyes.

XIII.

Below the pillars he was ſtopt,
As waddling on he went,
By one who overflow'd with news,
And died to give it vent.

XIV.

My Lord, ſays he, this very day,
Lord Grafton 's Chamberlain;
We have a Secretary too,
Newcaſtle is the man.

XV.

Beware, O General beware,
Be ſure you play your part aright,
Or elſe you'll be ſent home to drink
Good uſquebaugh with Cartwright.

XVI.

O heav'n! kind heav'n! my Lord did cry,
What was it you did ſay?
I'd ſwear it had been all a bite,
Had this been yeſterday *.

XVII.

Is Cartwright, then, to Ireland gone?
A man ſo firm and true!
What will become of me, good Lord!
Whoſe friends are now ſo few.

XVIII.

O help, St. Patrick! help me now
This boding ill to ſhun;
I wiſh the devil had them all,
I fear I'm quite undone.

XIX.

In Walpole's arms I'll throw myſelf,
With foam his face bedew:
I'll ſwear to do all he deſires,
And ſee what that will do.

* This happened on the 2d of April.

XX.

Up ſtairs he ran ſo very faſt
It put him in a ſweat;
Your humble ſervant—humble ſlave—
To every one he met.

XXI.

Strait to the Governor he flew,
With face as wet as muck:
"You have done well"—and ſhook his ears,
Like water-dog at duck.

XXII.

"I think the changes all are right—"
(Then gave a loving ſqueeze);
"You've done enough, and not too much,
"If ſo your wiſdom pleaſe.

XXIII.

"You know I've always been your ſlave,
"So ſtill the ſame will be:
"I'm ſure I never told a lie;
"You all know that of me."

XXIV.

So there he was, and there he is;
How long he will remain,
'Tis only Time and Walpole can
This myſtery explain.

BETTESWORTH's EXULTATION UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY IN DR. SWIFT's WORKS.

WELL! now ſince the heat of my paſſion's abated,
That the *Dean* hath lampoon'd me, my mind is elated:—
Lampoon'd, did I call it?—No—what was it then!
What was it? 'Twas fame to be laſh'd by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had ſlept ſtill
E'en doomſday, a poor inſignificant reptile,
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obſcure and unheard-of—but now I'm notorious.
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one,
The worſt they can ſay 's I got in at the back one:
If the end be obtain'd 'tis equal what portal
I enter, ſince I'm to be render'd immortal:
So clyſters apply'd to the *anus*, 'tis ſaid,
By ſkilful phyſicians give eaſe to the head——
Tho' my title be ſpurious, why ſhould I be daſtard,
A man is a man, tho' he ſhould be a baſtard.
Why ſure, 'tis ſome comfort that heroes ſhould ſlay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of *Æneas;*
And who, by the Draper would not rather *damn'd* be,
Than demi-goddiz'd by madrigal Namby *.

A man is no more, who hath once loſt his breath;
But poets convince us there's life after death.
They call from their graves the king or the peaſant,
Re-act our old deeds, and make what's paſt preſent;

* A. Phillips.

And

And when they would ſtudy to ſet forth alike,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but ſtrike,
Whatever the ſubject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant or patriot, a *Titus* or *Nero*:
To a judge 'tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey 's as good as a lion.
The ſcriptures affirm [as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne'er read them, to ſpeak for once truth]
That death is the wages of ſin, but the juſt
Shall die not, although they be laid in the duſt.
They ſay ſo, ſo be it, I care not a ſtraw,
Although I be dead both in goſpel and law;
In verſe I ſhall live, and be read in each climate:
What more can be ſaid of prime ſerjeant or primate?
While *Carter* and *Pendergaſt* both may be rotten,
And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

Upon CARTHY's* *threatening to tranſlate Pindar,*

BY DR. SWIFT.

YOU have undone Horace,—what ſhould hinder
Thy muſe from falling upon Pindar?
But e'er you mount his fiery ſteed,
Beware, O *Bard*, how you proceed:——
For ſhould you give him once the reins,
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you ſhould his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

* Carthy, a ſcribbling ſchoolmaſter, wrote ſome ſevere lines on Dr. Swift and his friends.

Dr.

Dr. SWIFT wrote the following Epigram on one DELACOURT's complimenting CARTHY, a Schoolmaſter, on his Poetry.

EPIGRAM.

CARTHY, you ſay, writes well—his genius true;
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1719.

DEAR Dean, ſince in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a-toſſing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your hiſtories,
All women, as Eve, all women are myſteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the ſex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them:
I ſwear without jeſt I an honour intend them.
In a ſieve, Sir, their antient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before; do you know what I mean, Sir?
"Not I, by my troth, Sir."—Then read it again, Sir.

The reaſon I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes double
Is purely through pity, to ſave you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did laſt,
When your Pegaſus canter'd in triple, and rid faſt.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnaſſus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

THE DEAN's ANSWER.

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh,
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.
A woman's no ſieve (for with that you begin)
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in.
And that ſhe's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But, grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen ſearcher.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a * maid, was the firſt man's damnation?
If your worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this rebus,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11,
1719, paſt 12 at noon.

* A damſel, *i. e.* Adam's hell.

TO THE DEAN.

DON'T think theſe few lines which I ſend, a reproach,
From my muſe in a car, to your muſe in a coach,
The great God of poem delights in a car,
Which makes him ſo bright that we ſee him from far;
For were he mew'd up in a coach, 'tis allow'd,
We'd ſee him no more than we ſee thro' a cloud.
You know to apply this—I do not diſparage
Your lines, but I ſay they're the worſe for the carriage.
Now, firſt, you deny that a woman's a ſieve;
I ſay that ſhe is: What reaſon d'you give?
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than ſhe takes in.
Is't that you advance for't? you're ſtill to begin.
Your major and minor I both can refute,
I'll teach you hereafter with whom to diſpute.
A ſieve keeps in half, deny't if you can.
D. Adzucks, I miſtook it, who thought of the bran?
I tell you in ſhort, Sir, you ſhould have * a pair o'ſtocks
For thinking to palm on your friend ſuch a paradox.
Indeed, I confeſs, at the cloſe you grew better,
But you light from your coach when you finiſh'd your letter.
Your thing which you ſay wants interpretation,
What's name for a maiden--the firſt man's damnation?
A damſel—Adam's hell—ay, there I have hit it,
Juſt as you conceiv'd it, juſt ſo have I writ it.
Since this I've diſcover'd, I'll make you to know it,
That now I'm your Phœbus, and you are my poet.

* Begging pardon for the expreſſion to a dignitary of the church.

But

But if you interpret the two lines that follow,
I'll again be your poet, and you my Apollo.
Why a noble lord's dog, and my ſchool-houſe this
weather,
Make up the beſt catch when they're coupl'd together.

From my Ringſend car, Sept. 12,
1718, paſt 5 in the morning,
on a repetition day.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, 12 o'Clock at Noon, O. S. Dec. 18, 1718.

PERHAPS you may wonder, I ſend you ſo ſoon
Another epiſtle; conſider 'tis noon.
For all his acquaintance well know that friend Tom is,
Whenever he makes one, as good as his promiſe.
Now Phœbus exalted ſits high on his throne,
Dividing the heav'ns, dividing my crown,
Into poems and buſineſs, my ſkull's ſplit in two,
One ſide for the lawyers, and t'other for you.
With my left eye I ſee you ſit ſnug in your ſtall,
With my right I'm attending the lawyers that ſcrawl.
With my left I behold your bellower a cur chaſe;
With my right I'm a reading my deeds for a purchaſe.
My left ear's attending the hymns of the choir,
My right ear is ſtunn'd with the noiſe of the crier.
My right hand's inditing theſe lines to your reverence,
My left is indenting for me and heirs ever-hence.
Although in myſelf I'm divided in two,
Dear Dean, I ſhall ne'er be divided from you.

TO THE REV. DOCTOR SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK's.

A BIRTH-DAY POEM. Nov. 30, 1736.

TO you, my true, and faithful friend,
These tributary lines I ſend,
Which ev'ry year, thou beſt of Deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains;
But did you know one half the pain,
What work, what racking of the brain,
It coſts me for a ſingle clauſe,
How long I'm forc'd to think, and pauſe;
How long I dwell upon a proem,
To introduce your birth-day poem,
How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compaſſion for the poet.
Now to deſcribe the way, I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead, ſcratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.
Each complimental thought, ſublime,
Reduc'd by fav'rite Pope to rhyme,
And thoſe by you to Oxford writ,
With true ſimplicity and wit.
Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyrick to my mind.
Now I begin to fret, and blot,
Something I ſchem'd, but quite forgot;

My

My fancy turns a thouſand ways
Thro' all the ſev'ral forms of praiſe,
What elogy may beſt become
The greateſt Dean in Chriſtendom.
At laſt I've hit upon a thought——
Sure this will do—— 'tis good for nought——
This line I peeviſhly eraſe,
And chuſe another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well expreſs the ſenſe;
The line 's too ſhort to hold my meaning;
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the Dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!
I've hit upon't——The rhyme is earth——,
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, ſo I'm forc'd to quit it.
Again I try—I'll ſing the man—
Ay do, ſays Phœbus, if you can;
I wiſh with all my heart you wou'd not,
Were Horace now alive he cou'd not:
And will you venture to purſue,
What none alive or dead cou'd do?
Pray ſee, did ever Pope or Gay
Preſume to write on his birth-day;
Tho' both were fav'rite bards of mine,
The taſk they wiſely both decline.
With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition:
Becauſe I cou'd not be content
Without ſome grateful compliment.
If not the poet, ſure the friend
Muſt ſomething on your birth-day ſend.

I ſcratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more,
Let ev'ry patriot him adore.
Alack a day, there's nothing in't—
Such ſtuff will never do in print.
Pray, Reader, ponder well the ſequel,
I hope this epigram will take well.
In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In SWIFT, *it is a laſting taper,*
Whoſe blaze continually refines,
The more it burns, the more it ſhines.
I read this epigram again,
'Tis much too flat to fit the DEAN.
Then down I lay ſome ſcheme to dream on,
Aſſiſted by ſome friendly demon.
I ſlept, and dream'd that I ſhould meet
A birth-day poem in the ſtreet;
So after all my care and rout,
You ſee, dear Dean, my dream is out.

DR. DELANY's VILLA.

WRITTEN BY DR. SHERIDAN.

WOULD you that Delville I deſcribe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not jibe:
For who would be ſatirical
Upon a thing ſo very ſmall?
You ſcarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.
A ſingle crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm ſhe takes her flight:

Yet,

Yet, in this narrow compaſs, we
Obſerve a vaſt variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and ſtairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and graſs, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought ſo cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to ſay't I'm loth,
Would ſhave you and your meadows both.
Though ſmall's the farm, yet here's a houſe
Full large to entertain a mouſe;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than ſavage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet ſeems to ſteal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek:
And this you call your ſweet meander,
Which might be ſuck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To ſcoop the channel of the rill.
For ſure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouſe would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk;
Thus I compare what ſpace is in it,
A ſnail creeps round it in a minute.

One lettuce makes a ſhift to ſqueeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a ſingle roſe
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
  In ſhort, in all your boaſted ſeat,
There's nothing but yourſelf that's GREAT.

THREE

ORIGINAL POEMS,

BY DR. SWIFT.

Now firſt publiſhed from an authentic Manuſcript, fairly and correctly written out as if intended for the Preſs.

[*** From the dates, it is ſuppoſed that theſe were among the firſt, if not the very firſt, productions of his muſe.]

O D E.

TO DR. WILLIAM SANCROFT,

Late Lord Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY.

Written May 1689, at the Deſire of the late Lord Biſhop of E—.

I.

TRUTH is eternal, and the Son of Heav'n,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub, and chief lamp of that high ſacred Seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day:
Firſt of God's darling attributes,
Thou daily ſeeſt Him face to face,
Nor does thy eſſence fix'd depend on giddy circumſtance
Of time or place,
Two fooliſh guides in ev'ry ſublunary dance:
How ſhall we find Thee then in dark diſputes?

How ſhall we ſearch Thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd?
In dagger-conteſts, and th' artillery of words,
(For ſwords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are madmen's ſwords)
Contriv'd to tire all patience out,
And not to ſatisfy the doubt:

II.

But where is ev'n thy Image on our earth?
For of the perſon much I fear,
Since Heaven will claim its reſidence as well as birth,
And God himſelf has ſaid, He ſhall not find it here.
For this inferior world is but Heaven's duſky ſhade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made;
Whence the weak ſhapes wild and imperfect paſs,
Like ſun-beams ſhot at too far diſtance from a glaſs;
Which all the mimic forms expreſs,
Tho' in ſtrange uncouth poſtures, and uncomely dreſs;
So when Carteſian artiſts try
To ſolve appearances of ſight
In its reception to the eye,
And catch the living landſcape thro' a * ſcanty light,
The figures all inverted ſhew,
And colours of a faded hue;
Here a pale ſhape with upward footſtep treads,
And men ſeem walking on their heads;
There whole herds ſuſpended lie
Ready to tumble down into the ſky;
Such are the ways ill-guided mortals go
To judge of things above by things below.

* The experiment of the dark chamber, to demonſtrate light to be by reception of the object, and not by emiſſion.

Diſ-

Disjointing ſhapes as in the fairy-land of dreams,
Or images that ſink in ſtreams;
No wonder, then, we talk amiſs
Of truth, and what, or where it is:
Say Muſe, for thou, if any, know'ſt
Since the bright eſſence fled, where haunts the reverend ghoſt?

III.

If all that our weak knowledge titles virtue, be
(High Truth) the beſt reſemblance of exalted Thee,
If a mind fix'd to combat fate
With thoſe two pow'rful ſwords, Submiſſion and Humility,
Sounds truly good, or truly great;
Ill may I live, if the good SANCROFT in his holy reſt,
In the divin'ty of retreat,
Be not the brighteſt pattern Earth can ſhew
Of heav'n-born Truth below:
But fooliſh Man ſtill judges what is beſt
In his own balance, falſe and light,
Foll'wing Opinion, dark, and blind,
That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till Honeſty and Conſcience are clear out of ſight.

IV.

And ſome, to be large cyphers in a ſtate,
Pleas'd with an empty ſwelling to be counted great;
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of ſpace,
Rapp'd through the wide expanſe of thought,
And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthleſs clod, the body, in one place:
Errors

Errors like this did old Aſtronomers miſguide,
Led blindly on by groſs philoſophy and pride,
Who, like hard maſters, taught the Sun
Thro' many a needleſs ſphere to run,
Many an eccentric and unthrifty motion make,
And thouſand incoherent journies take,
Whilſt all th' advantage by it got,
Was but to light Earth's inconſiderable ſpot.
The herd beneath, who ſee the weathercock of ſtate
Hung looſely on the Church's pinnacle,
Believe it firm, becauſe perhaps the day is mild and ſtill;
But when they find it turn with the firſt blaſt of fate,
By gazing upwards giddy grow,
And think the Church itſelf does ſo;
Thus fools, for being ſtrong and num'rous known,
Suppoſe the truth, like all the world, their own;
And holy SANCROFT's motion quite irregular appears,
Becauſe 'tis oppoſite to theirs.

V.

In vain then would the Muſe the multitude adviſe,
Whoſe peeviſh knowledge thus perverſely lies
In gath'ring follies from the wiſe;
Rather put on thy anger and thy ſpight,
And ſome kind pow'r for once diſpenſe
Thro' the dark maſs, the dawn of ſo much ſenſe,
To make them underſtand, and feel me when I write;
The muſe and I no more revenge deſire,
Each line ſhall ſtab, ſhall blaſt, like daggers and like fire;

Ah, BRITAIN, land of angels! which of all thy ſins,
(Say hapleſs Iſle, altho'
It is a bloody liſt we know)
Has given thee up a dwelling-place to fiends?
Sin and the plague ever abound
In governments too eaſy, and too fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flouriſhing a ſpring,
And too warm ſummers bring:
Our Britiſh ſoil is over-rank, and breeds
Among the nobleſt flow'rs a thouſand pois'nous weeds,
And ev'ry ſtinking weed ſo lofty grows,
As if 'twould overſhade the Royal Roſe,
The Royal Roſe the glory of our morn,
But, ah, too much without a thorn.

VI.

Forgive (Original Mildneſs) this ill-govern'd zeal,
'Tis all the angry ſlighted Muſe can do
In the pollution of theſe days;
No province now is left her but to rail,
And Poetry has loſt the art to praiſe,
Alas, the occaſions are ſo few:
None e'er but you,
And your Almighty Maſter, knew
With heavenly peace of mind to bear
(Free from our tyrant-paſſions, anger, ſcorn, or fear)
The giddy turns of pop'lar rage,
And all the contradictions of a poiſon'd age;
The Son of God pronounc'd by the ſame breath
Which ſtrait pronounc'd his death;

And

And tho' I ſhould but ill be underſtood
In wholly equalling our ſin and theirs,
And meaſuring by the ſcanty thread of wit
What we call holy, and great, and juſt, and good,
(Methods in talk whereof our pride and ignorance
make uſe)
And which our wild ambition fooliſhly compares
With endleſs and with infinite;
Yet pardon, native ALBION, when I ſay
Among thy ſtubborn ſons there haunts that ſpirit of
Jews,
That thoſe forſaken wretches who to-day
Revile His great ambaſſador,
Seem to diſcover what they would have done
(Were his humanity on earth once more)
To his undoubted Maſter, Heaven's Almighty Son.

VII.

But zeal is weak and ignorant, tho' wond'rous proud,
Though very turbulent and very loud;
The crazy compoſition ſhews,
Like that fantaſtic medley in the idol's toes,
Made up of iron mixt with clay,
This, crumbles into duſt,
That, moulders into ruſt,
Or melts by the firſt ſhow'r away.
Nothing is fix'd that mortals ſee or know,
Unleſs, perhaps, ſome ſtars above be ſo;
And thoſe, alas, do ſhow
Like all tranſcendent excellence below;
In both, falſe mediums cheat our ſight,
And far exalted objects leſſen by their height:

Thus,

Thus, primitive SANCROFT moves too high
To be obſerv'd by vulgar eye,
And rolls the ſilent year
On his own ſecret regular ſphere,
And ſheds, tho' all unſeen, his ſacred influence here.

VIII.

Kind Star, ſtill may'ſt thou ſhed thy ſacred influence here,
Or from thy private peaceful orb appear;
For, ſure, we want ſome guide from Heav'n to ſhow
The way which ev'ry wand'ring fool below
Pretends ſo perfectly to know;
And which for ought I ſee, and much I fear,
The world has wholly miſs'd;
I mean, the way which leads to Chriſt:
Miſtaken Ideots! ſee how giddily they run,
Led blindly on by avarice and pride,
What mighty numbers follow them;
Each fond of erring with his guide:
Some whom ambition drives, ſeek Heaven's high Son
In Cæſar's court, or in Jeruſalem;
Others, ignorantly wiſe,
Among proud Doctors and diſputing Phariſees:
What could the Sages gain but unbelieving ſcorn;
Their faith was ſo uncourtly when they ſaid
That Heaven's high Son was in a village born;
That the world's Saviour had been
In a vile manger laid,
And foſter'd in a wretched inn.

IX.

IX.

Neceſſity, thou tyrant conſcience of the great,
Say, why the Church is ſtill led blindfold by the State?
Why ſhould the firſt be ruin'd and laid waſte,
To mend dilapidations in the laſt?
And yet the world, whoſe eyes are on our mighty Prince,
Thinks Heav'n has cancel'd all our ſins,
And that his ſubjects ſhare his happy influence;
Follow the model cloſe, for ſo I'm ſure they ſhould,
But wicked kings draw more examples than the good;
And divine SANCROFT, weary with the weight
Of a declining Church, by Faction her worſt foe oppreſt,
Finding the Mitre almoſt grown
A load as heavy as the Crown,
Wiſely retreated to his heavenly reſt.

X.

Ah, may no unkind earthquake of the State,
Nor hurricano from the Crown,
Diſturb the preſent Mitre, as that fearful ſtorm of late,
Which in its duſky march along the plain,
Swept up whole churches as it liſt,
Wrapp'd in a whirlwind and a miſt;
Like that prophetic tempeſt in the virgin reign,
And ſwallow'd them at laſt, or flung them down.
Such were the ſtorms good SANCROFT long has borne;
The Mitre, which his ſacred head has worn,
Was, like his Maſter's Crown, inwreath'd with thorn.

Death's

Death's ſting is ſwallow'd up in victory at laſt,
The bitter cup is from him paſt:
Fortune in both extremes,
Tho' blaſts from contrariety of winds,
Yet to firm heavenly minds,
Is but one thing under two different names;
And even the ſharpeſt eye that has the proſpect ſeen,
Confeſſes ignorance to judge between;
And muſt, to human reaſoning oppoſite, conclude
To point out which is moderation, which is fortitude.

XI.

Thus SANCROFT, in the exaltation of retreat,
Shews luſtre that was ſhaded in his ſeat;
Short glimm'rings of the prelate glorify'd;
Which the diſguiſe of greatneſs only ſerv'd to hide;
Why ſhould the Sun, alas, be proud
To lodge behind a golden cloud; [gay,
Tho' fring'd with ev'ning gold the cloud appears ſo
'Tis but a low-born vapor kindled by a ray;
At length 'tis over-blown and paſt,
Puff'd by the people's ſpightful blaſt,
The daz'ling glory dimms their proſtituted ſight,
No deflower'd eye can face the naked light:
Yet does this high perfection well proceed
From ſtrength of its own native ſeed, [old,
This wilderneſs the world, like that poetic wood of
Bears one, and but one branch of gold,
Where the bleſs'd ſpirit lodges like the dove,
And which (to heavenly ſoil tranſplanted) will improve,
To be, as 'twas below, the brighteſt plant above;

For,

For, whate'er theologic lev'llers dream,
There are degrees above I know
As well as here below,
(The goddeſs Muſe herſelf has told me ſo)
Where high patrician ſouls dreſs'd heavenly gay,
Sit clad in lawn of purer woven day, [be given,
There ſome high ſpiritual throne to SANCROFT ſhall
In the metropolis of heaven;
Chief of the mitred ſaints, and from arch-prelate here,
Tranſlated to arch-angel there.

XII.

Since, happy Saint, ſince it has been of late
Either our blindneſs or our fate,
To loſe the providence of thy cares,
Pity a miſerable Church's tears,
That begs the pow'rful bleſſing of thy pray'rs.
Some angel ſay, what were the nation's crimes,
That ſent theſe wild reformers to our times;
Say what their ſenſeleſs malice meant,
To tear Religion's lovely face;
Strip her of ev'ry ornament and grace,
In ſtriving to waſh off th' imaginary paint:
Religion now does on her death-bed lie,
Heart-ſick of a high fever and conſuming atrophy;
How the phyſicians ſwarm to ſhew their mortal ſkill,
And by their college-arts methodically kill:
Reformers and phyſicians differ but in name,
One end in both, and the deſign the ſame;
Cordials are in their talk, whilſt all they mean
Is but the patient's death, and gain——

Check

Check in thy ſatire, angry muſe,
Or a more worthy ſubject chuſe:
Let not the outcaſts of this outcaſt age
Provoke the honour of my Muſe's rage,
Nor be thy mighty ſpirit rais'd,
Since Heaven and Cato both are pleas'd—

[The reſt of the poem is loſt.]

TO MR. CONGREVE.

Written November 1693.

THRICE, with a prophet's voice and prophet's pow'r,
The Muſe was call'd in a poetic hour,
And inſolently thrice, the ſlighted Maid
Dar'd to ſuſpend her unregarded aid;
Then with that grief we form in ſpirits divine,
Pleads for her own neglect, and thus reproaches mine:
Once highly honour'd! Falſe is the pretence
You make to truth, retreat, and innocence;
Who, to pollute my ſhades, bring'ſt with thee down
The moſt ungen'rous vices of the town;
Ne'er ſprung a youth from out this iſle before
I once eſteem'd, and lov'd, and favour'd more,
Nor ever maid endur'd ſuch court-like ſcorn,
So much in mode, ſo very city-born;
'Tis with a foul deſign the muſe you ſend,
Like a caſt miſtreſs to your wicked friend;
But find ſome new addreſs, ſome freſh deceit,
Nor practiſe ſuch an antiquated cheat;

Theſe are the beaten methods of the ſtews,
Stale forms of courſe, all mean deceivers uſe,
Who barbarouſly think to 'ſcape reproach,
By proſtituting her they firſt debauch.
Thus did the Muſe ſevere unkindly blame
This off'ring long deſign'd to CONGREVE's fame;
Firſt chid the zeal as unpoetic fire,
Which ſoon his merit forc'd her to inſpire;
Then call this verſe, that ſpeaks her largeſt aid,
The greateſt compliment ſhe ever made,
And wiſely judge, no pow'r beneath divine
Could leap the bounds which part your world and mine;
For, youth, believe, to you unſeen, is fix'd
A mighty gulph unpaſſable betwixt.
Nor tax the goddeſs of a mean deſign
To praiſe your parts by publiſhing of mine;
That be my thought when ſome large bulky writ
Shews in the front the ambition of my wit;
There to ſurmount what bears me up, and ſing
Like the victorious wren perch'd on the eagle's wing;
This could I do, and proudly o'er him tow'r,
Were my deſires but heighten'd to my pow'r.
Godlike the force of my young CONGREVE's bays,
Soft'ning the muſe's thunder into praiſe;
Sent to aſſiſt an old unvanquiſh'd pride
That looks with ſcorn on half mankind beſide;
A pride that well ſuſpends poor mortals fate,
Gets between them and my reſentment's weight,
Stands in the gap 'twixt me and wretched men,
T' avert th' impending judgments of my pen.

Thus I look down with mercy on the age,
By hopes my CONGREVE will reform the ſtage;
For never did poetic mine before
Produce a richer vein or cleaner ore;
The bullion ſtampt in your refining mind
Serves by retail to furniſh half mankind.
With indignation I behold your wit
Forc'd on me, crack'd, and clipp'd, and counterfeit,
By vile pretenders, who a ſtock maintain
From broken ſcraps and filings of your brain.
Through native droſs your ſhare is hardly known,
And by ſhort views miſtook for all their own;
So ſmall the gain thoſe from your wit do reap,
Who blend it into folly's larger heap,
Like the ſun's ſcatter'd beams which looſely paſs,
When ſome rough hand breaks the aſſembling-glaſs.
Yet want your critics no juſt cauſe to rail,
Since knaves are ne'er oblig'd for what they ſteal.
Theſe pad on wit's high road, and ſuits maintain
With thoſe they rob, by what their trade does gain.
Thus cenſure ſeems that fiery froth which breeds
O'er the ſun's face, and from his heat proceeds,
Cruſts o'er the day, ſhadowing its parent beam
As antient nature's modern maſters dream;
This bids ſome curious praters here below
Call Titan ſick, becauſe their ſight is ſo;
And well, methinks, does this alluſion fit
To ſcribblers, and the god of light and wit;
Thoſe who by wild deluſions entertain
A luſt of rhiming for a poet's vein,
Raiſe envy's clouds to leave themſelves in night,
But can no more obſcure my CONGREVE's light

Than ſwarms of gnats, that wanton in a ray
Which gave them birth, can rob the world of day.
What northern hive pour'd out theſe foes to wit?
Whence came theſe Goths to overrun the pit?
How would you bluſh the ſhameful birth to hear
Of thoſe you ſo ignobly ſtoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd ſince
Round all the circles of impertinence,
Search'd in the neſt where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm ſure I found them other kind of things
Than thoſe with backs of ſilk and golden wings;
A ſearch, no doubt, as curious and as wiſe
As virtuoſoes' in diſſecting flies;
For, could you think? the fierceſt foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country-bred;
Bred in my ſcene, and for the poet's ſins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the inns;
Thoſe beds of dung, where ſchoolboys ſprout up beaus
Far ſooner than the nobler muſhroom grows:
Theſe are the lords of the poetic ſchools,
Who preach the ſaucy pedantry of rules;
Thoſe pow'rs the criticks, who may boaſt the odds
O'er Nile, with all its wilderneſs of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler ſhapes,
Which worſhip'd cats, and ſacrific'd to apes;
And can you think the wiſe for beartolaugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf?
Haply you judge theſe lines ſeverely writ
Againſt the proud uſurpers of the pit;
Stay while I tell my ſtory, ſhort, and true;
To draw concluſions ſhall be left to you;

Nor

Nor need I ramble far to force a rule,
But lay the ſcene juſt here at Farnham ſchool.

Laſt year, a lad hence by his parents ſent
With other cattle to the city went;
Where having caſt his coat, and well purſu'd
The methods moſt in faſhion to be lewd,
Return'd a finiſh'd ſpark this ſummer down,
Stock'd with the freſheſt gibberiſh of the town;
A jargon form'd from the loſt language, wit,
Confounded in that Babel of the pit;
Form'd by diſeas'd conceptions, weak, and wild,
Sick luſt of ſouls, and an abortive child;
Born between whores and fops, by lewd compacts,
Before the play, or elſe between the acts:
Nor wonder, if from ſuch polluted minds
Should ſpring ſuch ſhort and tranſitory kinds,
Or crazy rules to make us wits by rote
Laſt juſt as long as ev'ry cuckow's note:
What bungling, ruſty tools, are us'd by fate!
'Twas in an evil hour to urge my hate,
My hate, whoſe laſh juſt heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make ſin and folly bleed *;
When man's ill genius to my preſence ſent
This wretch, to rouſe my wrath, for ruin meant;
Who in his idiom vile, with Gray's-inn grace,
Squander'd his noiſy talents to my face;
Nam'd ev'ry player on his fingers ends,
Swore all the wits were his peculiar friends;

* Thus early in life did Swift feel the efforts of his genius ſtruggling for birth, and prognoſticate its vigorous exertions againſt vice and folly, when arrived at maturity.

Talk'd with that ſaucy and familiar eaſe
Of Wycherly, and you, and Mr. Bays;
Said, how a late report your friends had vex'd,
Who heard you meant to write heroics next;
For, tragedy, he knew, would loſe you quite,
And told you ſo at Will's but t' other night.

Thus are the lives of fools a ſort of dreams,
Rend'ring ſhades, things, and ſubſtances of names;
Such high companions may deluſion keep,
Lords are a footboy's cronies in his ſleep.
As a freſh miſs, by fancy, face, and gown,
Render'd the topping beauty of the town,
Draws ev'ry rhyming, prating, dreſſing ſot,
To boaſt of favours that he never got;
Of which, whoe'er lacks confidence to prate,
Brings his good parts and breeding in debate;
And not the meaneſt coxcomb you can find,
But thanks his ſtars, that Phyllis has been kind;
Thus proſtitute my CONGREVE's name is grown
To ev'ry lew'd pretender of the town.
'Troth I could pity you; but this is it,
You find, to be the faſhionable wit;
Theſe are the ſlaves whom reputation chains,
Whoſe maintenance requires no help from brains.
For, ſhould the vileſt ſcribbler to the pit,
Whom ſin and want e'er furniſh'd out a wit;
Whoſe name muſt not within my lines be ſhewn,
Leſt here it live, when periſh'd with his own *;
Should

* To this reſolution Swift ever after adhered; for of the infinite multitude of libellers who perſonally attacked him, there is not the name mentioned of any one of them throughout his works; and thus, together with their writings, have they been conſigned to eternal

Should ſuch a wretch uſurp my CONGREVE's place,
And chuſe out wits who ne'er have ſeen his face;
I'll be my life but the dull cheat would paſs,
Nor need the lion's ſkin conceal the aſs;
Yes, that beau's look, that voice, thoſe critic ears,
Muſt needs be right, ſo well reſembling theirs.

Periſh the Muſe's hour, thus vainly ſpent
In ſatire, to my CONGREVE's praiſes meant;
In how ill ſeaſon her reſentments rule,
What's that to her if mankind be a fool?
Happy beyond a private muſe's fate,
In pleaſing *all that's good among the great* *,
Where tho' her elder ſiſters crowding throng,
She ſtill is welcome with her inn'cent ſong;
Whom were my CONGREVE bleſt to ſee and know,
What poor regards would merit all below!
How proudly would he haſte the joy to meet,
And drop his laurel at *Apollo*'s feet.

Here by a mountain's ſide, a reverend cave
Gives murmuring paſſage to a laſting wave;
'Tis the world's wat'ry hour-glaſs ſtreaming faſt,
Time is no more when th' utmoſt drop is paſt;
Here, on a better day, ſome druid dwelt,
And the young Muſe's early favour felt;
Druid, a name ſhe does with pride repeat,
Confeſſing Albion once her darling ſeat;

eternal oblivion. How much more noble was this conduct than that of Pope's; whoſe low vindictive ſpirit prompted him to collect together in his Dunciad all the names of all the ſcribblers who in any ſhape had incurred his diſpleaſure.

* This alludes to Sir W. Temple, to whom he gives the name of Apollo in a few lines after.

Far in this primitive cell might we purſue
Our predeceſſors foot-ſteps, ſtill in view;
Here would we ſing—But, ah! you think I dream,
And the bad world may well believe the ſame;
Yes; you are all malicious ſtanders-by,
While two fond lovers prate, the Muſe, and I.
Since thus I wander from my firſt intent,
Nor am that grave adviſer which I meant;
Take this ſhort leſſon from the god of bayes,
And let my friend apply it as he pleaſe:

**Beat not the dirty paths where vulgar feet have trod,*
But give the vigorous fancy room.
For when like ſtupid alchymiſts you try
To fix this nimble god,
This volatile mercury,
The ſubtil ſpirit all flies up in fume;
Nor ſhall the bubbl'd virtuoſo find
More than a fade inſipid mixture left behind.

Whilſt thus I write, vaſt ſhoals of critics come,
And on my verſe pronounce their ſaucy doom;
The Muſe, like ſome bright country virgin, ſhows,
Fall'n by miſhap amongſt a knot of beaux;
They, in their lewd and faſhionable prate,
Rally her dreſs, her language, and her gait;
Spend their baſe coin before the baſhful maid,
Current like copper, and as often paid:
She, who on ſhady banks has joy'd to ſleep
Near better animals, her father's ſheep;

* Out of an Ode I writ, inſcribed The Poet. The reſt of it is loſt.

Sham'd

Sham'd and amaz'd, beholds the chatt'ring throng,
To think what cattle ſhe has got among;
But with the odious ſmell and ſight annoy'd,
In haſte ſhe does th' offenſive herd avoid.*

'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell,
The muſe retreats far in yon chryſtal cell;
Faint inſpiration ſickens as ſhe flies,
Like diſtant echo ſpent, the ſpirit dies.

In this deſcending ſheet you'll haply find
Some ſhort refreſhment for your weary mind,
Nought it contains is common or unclean,
And once drawn up, is ne'er let down again.

OCCASIONED BY SIR W—— T——'s LATE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

[Written December 1693.]

STRANGE to conceive, how the ſame objects ſtrike
At diſtant hours the mind with forms ſo like!
Whether in time, deduction's broken chain
Meets, and ſalutes her ſiſter link again;
Or hunted fancy, by a circling flight,
Comes back with joy to its own ſeat at night;
Or whether dead imagination's ghoſt
Oft hovers where alive it haunted moſt;

* Would not one imagine that Swift had at this time firſt conceived his idea of the Yahoos?

Or

Or if thought's rolling globe her circle run,
Turns up old objects to the ſoul her ſun;
Or loves the muſe to walk with conſcious pride
O'er the glad ſcene whence firſt ſhe roſe a bride:
Be what it will; late near yon whiſp'ring ſtream,
Where her own TEMPLE was her darling theme;
There firſt the viſionary ſound was heard,
When to poetic view the Muſe appear'd.
Such ſeem'd her eyes, as when an evening ray
Gives glad farewell to a tempeſtuous day;
Weak is the beam to dry up nature's tears,
Still ev'ry tree the pendent ſorrow wears;
Such are the ſmiles where drops of chryſtal ſhow,
Approaching joy at ſtrife with parting woe.
As when to ſcare th' ungrateful or the proud
Tempeſts long frown, and thunder threatens loud,
Till the bleſt ſun to give kind dawn of grace
Darts weeping beams acroſs heaven's wat'ry face;
When ſoon the peaceful bow unſtring'd is ſhown,
A ſign God's dart is ſhot, and wrath o'erblown;
Such to unhallowed ſight the Muſe divine
Might ſeem, when firſt ſhe rais'd her eyes to mine.
What mortal change does in thy face appear,
Loſt youth, ſhe cry'd, ſince firſt I met thee here!
With how undecent clouds are overcaſt
Thy looks, when every cauſe of grief is paſt!
Unworthy the glad tidings which I bring,
Liſten while the muſe thus teaches thee to ſing:
As parent earth, burſt by impriſon'd winds,
Scatters ſtrange agues o'er men's ſickly minds,
And ſhakes the atheiſt's knees; ſuch ghaſtly fear
Late I beheld on every face appear;

Mild

Mild Dorothea*, peaceful, wiſe and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
Mild Dorothea, whom we both have long
Not dar'd to injure with our lowly ſong;
Sprung from a better world, and choſen then
The beſt companion for the beſt of men:
As ſome fair pile, yet ſpar'd by zeal and rage,
Lives pious witneſs of a better age;
So men may ſee what once was womankind,
In the fair ſhrine of Dorothea's mind.

You that would grief deſcribe, come here and trace
Its wat'ry footſteps in Dorinda's face;
Grief from Dorinda's face does ne'er depart
Further than its own palace in her heart:
Ah, ſince our fears are fled, this inſolent expel,
At leaſt confine the tyrant to his cell.
And if ſo black the cloud, that heaven's bright queen
Shrouds her ſtill beams; how ſhould the ſtars be ſeen?
Thus, when Dorinda wept, joy ev'ry face forſook,
And grief flung ſables on each menial look;
The humble tribe mourn'd for the quick'ning ſoul,
That furniſh'd ſpirit and motion through the whole;
So would earth's face turn pale, and life decay,
Should heaven ſuſpend to act but for a day;
So nature's craz'd convulſions make us dread
That time is ſick, or the world's mind is dead.—
Take, youth, theſe thoughts, large matter to employ
The fancy furniſh'd by returning joy;
And to miſtaken man theſe truths rehearſe,
Who dare revile the integrity of verſe:

* Siſter to Sir W. Temple.

Ah

Ah fav'rite youth, how happy is thy lot!——
But I'm deceiv'd, or thou regard'ſt me not;
Speak, for I wait thy anſwer, and expect
Thy juſt ſubmiſſion for this bold neglect.
Unknown the forms we the high-prieſthood uſe
At the divine appearance of the Muſe,
Which to divulge might ſhake profane belief,
And tell the irreligion of my grief;
Grief that excus'd the tribute of my knees,
And ſhap'd my paſſion in ſuch words as theſe.
Malignant goddeſs! bane to my repoſe,
Thou univerſal cauſe of all my woes;
Say, whence it comes that thou art grown of late
A poor amuſement for my ſcorn and hate;
The malice thou inſpir'ſt I never fail
On thee to wreak the tribute when I rail; [fort,
Fools common-place thou art, their weak enſconcing
Th' appeal of dullneſs in the laſt reſort:
Heaven with a parent's eye regarding earth,
Deals out to man the planet of his birth;
But ſees thy meteor blaze about me ſhine,
And paſſing o'er, miſtakes thee ſtill for mine:
Ah, ſhould I tell a ſecret yet unknown,
That thou ne'er hadſt a being of thy own,
But a wild form dependent on the brain,
Scatt'ring looſe features o'er the optic vein;
Troubling the chryſtal fountain of the ſight,
Which darts on poets eyes a trembling light;
Kindled while reaſon ſleeps, but quickly flies,
Like antic ſhapes in dreams, from waking eyes;
In ſum, a glitt'ring voice, a painted name,
A walking vapor, like thy ſiſter fame.

But

But if thou be'ſt what thy mad vot'ries prate,
A female pow'r, looſe-govern'd thoughts create;
Why near the dregs of youth perverſely wilt thou ſtay,
So highly courted by the briſk and gay?
Wert thou right woman, thou ſhouldſt ſcorn to look
On an abandon'd wretch by hopes forſook;
Forſook by hopes, ill fortune's laſt relief,
Aſſign'd for life to unremitting grief;
For, let heaven's wrath enlarge theſe weary days,
* If hope e'er dawns the ſmalleſt of its rays.
Time o'er the happy takes ſo ſwift a flight,
And treads ſo ſoft, ſo eaſy, and ſo light,
That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
Can ſcarce th' impreſſion of his foot-ſteps find;
Smooth as that airy nymph ſo ſubtly borne
With inoffenſive feet o'er ſtanding corn;
Which bow'd by evening-breeze with bending ſtalks,
Salutes the weary trav'ller as he walks;
But o'er th' afflicted with a heavy pace
Sweeps the broad ſcythe, and tramples on his face.
Downs falls the ſummer's pride, and ſadly ſhews
Nature's bare viſage furrowed as he mows:
See Muſe, what havock in theſe looks appear,
Theſe are the tyrant's trophies of a year;
Since hope his laſt and greateſt foe is fled,
Deſpair and he lodge ever in its ſtead;

* What a miſerable ſtate of mind muſt Swift have been in when he wrote this! which was owing to the ſtate of dependence in which he had always lived from his birth to that time, with but little proſpect of his being relieved from it. How grating muſt this have been to ſuch a proud and generous ſpirit!

March

March o'er the ruin'd plain with motion ſlow,
Still ſcatt'ring deſolation where they go.
To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy reſtleſs thoughts inclin'd;
To thee, what oft I vainly ſtrive to hide,
That ſcorn of fools, by fools miſtook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its riſe,
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great,
" Stoop not to int'reſt, flattery, or deceit;
" Nor with hir'd thoughts be thy devotion paid;
" Learn to diſdain their mercenary aid;
" Be this thy ſure defence, thy brazen wall,
" Know no baſe action, at no guilt turn pale;
" And ſince unhappy diſtance thus denies
" T' expoſe thy ſoul, clad in this poor diſguiſe;
" Since thy few ill-preſented graces ſeem
" To breed contempt where thou haſt hop'd
" eſteem."——

Madneſs like this no fancy ever ſeiz'd,
Still to be cheated, never to be pleas'd;
Since one falſe beam of joy in fickly minds
Is all the poor content deluſion finds.—
There thy enchantment broke, and from this hour
I here renounce thy viſionary pow'r;
And ſince thy eſſence on my breath depends,
Thus with a puff the whole deluſion ends.

ODE† TO KING WILLIAM,

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

TO purchaſe kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to diſſembling France;
You, mighty Monarch, nobler actions crown,
And ſolid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchleſs courage with your prudence joins
The glorious ſtructure of your fame to raiſe;
With its own light your dazzling glory ſhines,
And into adoration turns our praiſe.

Had you by dull ſucceſſion gain'd your crown
(Cowards are Monarchs by that title made),
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been loſt in ſhade.

But now your worth its juſt reward ſhall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due!
Who could ſo well a dying nation ſave,
At once deſerve a crown, and gain it too!

† With much pleaſure we here preſent to the publick an Ode which had been long ſought after without ſucceſs. That it is Swift's, there is not the leaſt doubt. He refers to it in the ſecond ſtanza of his "Ode to the Athenian Society," and expreſsly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of "The Ode I "writ to the King in Ireland." See "The Gentleman's Jour-"nal, July, 1692," p. 13.

You ſaw how near we were to ruin brought,
You ſaw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate nor ſhun.

Britannia ſtript from her ſole guard, the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody ſacrifice;
You ſtraight ſtept in, and from the monſter's jaws
Did bravely ſnatch the lovely, helpleſs prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
To preſerve conqueſts, as at firſt to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double ſhare,
Which, what it bravely won, does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title ſhew'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to ſome guardian God,
That muſt their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the BOYNE we ſee!
When Schomberg ſtarted at the vaſt deſign:
The boundleſs glory all redounds to thee,
Th' impulſe, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes diſarm;
You need but now give orders and command,
Your name ſhall the remaining work perform,
And ſpare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
To interrupt the fortune of your courſe:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
Of ſecret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds, that muſt all tongues employ:
WILLIAM 's the pledge and earneſt given by Fate
Of England's glory, and her laſting joy.

Tranſlation of SWIFT's VERSES on BIDDY FLOYD.

In LYDIAM.

ORABAT precibus Cupido blandis,
Ut tandem omnipotens pater deorum
Formoſam lege conderet recenti.
Arridens citò, ruris ad receſſum
Almus miſit avus, Fidemque nudam
Illic repperit, Innocentiamque,
Et vultum placidum, Indolemque ſuavem:
Dextrâ, quæ, facili Puer peritus
Oris à nimio pudore purgat,
Et morum ruditate ineleganti,
Ac nimis timidâ fugacitate.
Sacræ Pierides parant deinde
Ex aulâ ingenuam Inſtitutionem,
Acumenque acre, Gratiamque formæ,
Cum ſe non nimis efferente Faſtu.
Ab his flava Venus removit omnem
Procul mollitiem, & malas doloſæ
Mentis Illecebras, Ineptiaſque
Bonum pravè imitantium, leveſque

Motus, Gloriolæque Inanitatem.
Miſcet omnia Jupiter, latoque
Temperat meliore, Lydiamque
Inde appellat opus, ſtupens, ſuperbum.

SWIFT's "CORINNA, pride of Drury-Lane," is taken from part of the following old Ballad, intituled, "News from HYDE PARK: A very "merry Paſſage which happened between a "North Country Gentleman, and a very Gaudy "Gallant Lady of Pleaſure, whom he took up "in the PARK, and conducted her in her own "Coach Home to her Lodgings; and what "chanced there, if you'll venture Attention, "the Song will declare. To the Tune of *The "Croſt Couple.*"

"I Offer'd and proffer'd, but found her ſtrait lac'd,
"She cry'd, I ſhall never believe ye:
"This armful of ſattin I bravely embrac'd,
"And fain would have been at tan-tivee.
"Her lodging was pleaſant for ſcent and for ſight,
"She ſeemed like an angel by candle-light,
"And like a bold archer I aim'd at the white
"Tan-tivee, tan-tivee, tan-tivee.

"With many denials ſhe yielded at laſt,
"Her chamber being wond'rous privee,
"That I all the night there might have my repaſt,
"To run at the ring tan-tivee.

"I put

" I put off my clothes, and I tumbled to bed,
" She went in her cloſet to dreſs up her head;
" But I peep'd in the key-hole to ſee what ſhe did,
" Which put me beſide my tan-tivee.

" She took off her head-tire, and ſhew'd her bald
" pate,
" Her cunning did very much grieve me;
" Thought I to myſelf, if it were not ſo late,
" I would home to my lodgings, believe me.
" Her hair being gone, ſhe ſeem'd like a hagg,
" Her bald-pate did look like an eſtrich's egg;
" This lady, thought I, is as right as my leg,
" She hath been too much at tan-tivee.

" The more I did peep, the more I did ſpy,
" Which did unto amazement drive me;
" She put up her finger, and out dropt her eye;
" I pray'd that ſome power would relieve me.
" But now my reſolve was never to trouble her,
" Or venture my carcaſe with ſuch a blind hobler:
" She look'd with one eye, juſt like Heuſon the cobler,
" When he us'd to ride tan-tivee.

" I peept and was ſtill more perplexed therewith,
" Thought I, tho't be midnight I'll leave thee:
" She fetched a yawn, and out fell her tooth:
" This quean had intents to deceive me.
" She drew out her handkerchief, as I ſuppoſe,
" To wipe her high forehead, and off dropt her noſe,
" Which made me run quickly and put on my hoſe,
" The devil is in my tan-tivee.

" She waſh'd all the paint from her viſage, and
" then
" She look'd juſt (if you will believe me)
" Like a Lancaſhire witch of fourſcore and ten:
" And as the devil did drive me,
" I put on my clothes, &c."

Extract of another BALLAD from which SWIFT might have caught the Idea of his CORINNA, *pride of Drury-Lane.*

EXTRACT of " A pleaſant new Ditty, intituled,
" Though rich golden booties your luck was to
" catch,
" Your laſt was the beſt, 'cauſe you met with
" your match."

——BE you not diſmaid,
For the truth muſt be knowne when you ſee me undreſt.

Two rows of white teeth ſhe tooke out of her mouth,
And put 'em ſtraight into a little round boxe,
A glaſſe eye likewiſe ſhe pull'd out of her head,
Which made the man fear that his wife had go knocks.

Her

Her pouldred curl'd locks that ſo faire did appeare,
Came off with more eaſe than a new-ſcalded pigge,
I wonder her huſband could laughing forbeare,
When he ſaw his wife looke like an oſtridge's egge.

Then ſtraightway down ſtooped this comely ſweet bride,
Unlac'd and ungirded her neat wooden legg
The bridgroome was like to runne out of his wits,
For his eyes neer before did behold ſuch a hagge.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

To the ATHENIAN SOCIETY *.

GENTLEMEN, *Moor-Park, Feb.* 14, 1691-2.

SINCE every body pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Engliſhman, and put in my ſhare among the reſt. Being laſt year in Ireland (from whence I returned about half a year † ago), I heard only a looſe talk of your Society; and believed the deſign to be only ſome new folly juſt ſuitable to the age, which God knows I little expected ever to produce any thing extraordinary. Since my being in England, having ſtill continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but

* This Letter firſt appeared in "The Athenian Oracle." The Ode which accompanied it is already printed in Swift's Works.

† By this expreſſion, and ſome particulars which follow, it appears that Dr. Swift, on his return from Ireland, did not immediately go back to Moor-Park; as, in the letter to Mr. Kendal, dated only three days before this to the Athenian Society, we find he had been but ſeven weeks with Sir William. The intermediate time, from the ſubject of the letter to Mr. Kendal, appears to have been principally paſſed with his mother at Leiceſter, from which place he made Oxford in his way to Moor-Park.

little

little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago, paſſing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman firſt ſhewed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while after, I came to this place, upon a viſit to ******, where I have been ever ſince, and have ſeen all the four volumes with their ſupplements; which anſwering my expectation, the peruſal has produced what you find incloſed.

As I have been ſomewhat inclined to this folly, ſo I have ſeldom wanted ſomebody to flatter me in it. And for the Ode encloſed, I have ſent it to a perſon of very great learning and honour, and ſince to ſome others, the beſt of my acquaintance (which I thought very proper, to enſure it for a greater light); and they have all been pleaſed to tell me, that they are ſure it will not be unwelcome, and that I ſhould beg the honour of you to let it be printed before your next volume (which I think is ſoon to be publiſhed); it being ſo uſual before moſt books of any great value among poets: and before its ſeeing the world, I ſubmit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I entreat therefore one of you would deſcend ſo far, as to write two or three lines to me of your pleaſure upon it; which, as I cannot but expect it from gentlemen who have ſo well ſhewn, upon ſo many occaſions, that greateſt character of ſcholars, in being favourable to the ignorant; ſo, I am ſure,

* His great patron, Sir William Temple.

nothing

nothing at preſent can more highly oblige me, or make me happier. I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your ever moſt humble,
and moſt admiring ſervant,
JON. SWIFT.

To Miſs JANE WARYNG*.

MADAM, *Dublin, May* 4, 1700.

I AM extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in ſome years, and I was in hopes you had ſtill continued ſo. God forbid I ſhould ever be the occaſion of creating more troubles to you, as you ſeem to intimate! The letter you deſired me to anſwer I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required; however, ſince you are pleaſed to repeat thoſe particulars wherein you deſire ſatisfaction, I ſhall en-

* This letter, Mr. Faulkner ſays, was written "to a lady of "family in the North of Ireland;" and he adds, that it was "ſup-"poſed to be previous to Dr. Swift's acquaintance with Stella." We are obliged to Mr. Faulkner for the firſt part of his information, as well as for the letter itſelf: but the ſecond remark is evidently an overſight; as the Dean himſelf tells us, "he knew Mrs. Johnſon "from ſix years old, and had ſome ſhare in her education." It was written, however, not long before the time of Stella's fixing her reſidence in Ireland.——Three other letters to Miſs Waryng are ſaid to be ſtill in exiſtence.

deavour

deavour to give it you as well as I am able. You would know what gave my temper that ſudden turn, as to alter the ſtyle of my letters ſince I laſt came over. If there has been that alteration you obſerve, I have told you the cauſe abundance of times. I had uſed a thouſand endeavours and arguments, to get you from the company and place you are in; both on the account of your health and humour, which I thought were like to ſuffer very much in ſuch an air, and before ſuch examples. All I had in anſwer from you, was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and ſometimes in a ſtyle ſo very imperious as I thought might have been ſpared, when I reflected how much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of ſtyle be owing to the thoughts of a new miſtreſs. I declare, upon the word of a chriſtian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other perſon but yourſelf. I had ever an opinion that you had a great ſweetneſs of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as neceſſary before a lover: but I have ſince obſerved in abundance of your letters ſuch marks of a ſevere indifference, that I began to think it was hardly poſſible for one of my few good qualities to pleaſe you. I never knew any ſo hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the intereſt and concern are entirely your own; all which, I ſay, paſſed eaſily while we were in the ſtate of formalities

ties and ceremony; but ſince that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you, but by imputing it to a want of common eſteem and friendſhip for me.

When I deſired an account of your fortune, I had no ſuch deſign as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time, that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common ſenſe to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to: I aſked, in order to conſider whether it were ſufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour eaſy in a married ſtate. I think it comes to almoſt a hundred pounds a year; and I think at the ſame time that no young woman in the world of the ſame income would dwindle away their health and life in ſuch a ſink, and among ſuch family converſation: neither have all your letters been once able to perſuade that you have the leaſt value for me, becauſe you ſo little regarded what I ſo often ſaid upon that matter. The diſmal account you ſay I have given you of my livings * I can aſſure you to be a true one; and, ſince it is a diſmal one even in your own opinion, you can beſt draw conſequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton † lived is upon a living which

* Thoſe of Laracor and Rathbeggin.

† This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was chaplain to lord Berkeley when one of the lords juſtices in Ireland; and was promoted to the deanry of Derry, which had been previouſly promiſed to Dr. Swift: but Mr. Buſh, the principal ſecretary, for weighty reaſons beſt known to himſelf, laid Dr. Swift aſide, unleſs he would pay him a large ſum; which the Doctor refuſed with the utmoſt contempt and ſcorn. FAULKNER.—Dr. Bolton, who was alſo Miniſter of

which he keeps with the deanry; but the place of reſidence for that they have given me is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way, but to hire a houſe at Trim, or build one on the ſpot: the firſt is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at preſent. For coming down to Belfaſt, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is ſo cloſe, and ſo much required of me; but our government ſits very looſe, and I believe will change in a few months; whether our part * will partake in the change, I know not, though I am very apt to believe it; and then I ſhall be at leiſure for a ſhort journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will before that time perſuade you from the place where you are. I deſire my ſervice to your mother, in return for her remembrance: but for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon; and I think I have more cauſe to reſent your deſires of me in that caſe, than you have to be angry at my refuſals. If you like ſuch company and conduct, much good do you with them! My education has been otherwiſe. My uncle Adam † aſked me one day in private, as by

of St. Werburgh's, Dublin, was advanced to the biſhoprick of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; tranſlated to Elphin, April 16, 1724; to Caſhel, Jan. 6, 1729; and died in 1744. He was one of the moſt eloquent ſpeakers of his time, and was particularly ſkilled in eccleſiaſtical hiſtory.

* Meaning lord Berkeley, who was then one of the three lords juſtices.—The earl of Rocheſter was appointed lord lieutenant in September following.

† Whoſe daughter, Anne, married a clergyman of the name of Perry. See Journal to Stella, May 21, 1711.

direction,

direction, what my deſigns were in relation to you, becauſe it might be a hindrance to you if I did not proceed. The anſwer I gave him (which I ſuppoſe he has ſent you) was to this effect: "That I hoped "I was no hindrance to you; becauſe the reaſon "you urged againſt an union with me was drawn "from your indiſpoſition, which ſtill continued; "that you alſo thought my fortune not ſufficient, "which is neither at preſent in a condition to offer "you: That, if your health and my fortune were "as they ought, I would prefer you above all your "ſex; but that, in the preſent condition of both, "I thought it was againſt your opinion, and would "certainly make you unhappy: That, had you "any other offers which your friends or yourſelf "thought more to your advantage, I ſhould think "I were very unjuſt to be an obſtacle in your "way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have anſwered it. I deſire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwiſe than it was when you told me the doctors adviſed you againſt marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? Are you in a condition to manage domeſtic affairs, with an income of leſs (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a year? Have you ſuch an inclination to my perſon and humour, as to comply with my deſires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in thoſe methods I ſhall direct for the improvement of your mind,

ſo

ſo as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miſerable when we are neither viſiting nor viſited? Can you bend your love and eſteem and indifference to others the ſame way as I do mine? Shall I have ſo much power in your heart, or you ſo much government of your paſſions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a ——? Have you ſo much good-nature as to endeavour by ſoft words to ſmooth any rugged humour occaſioned by the croſs accidents of life? Shall the place wherever your huſband is thrown be more welcome than courts and cities without him? In ſhort, theſe are ſome of the neceſſary methods to pleaſe men who, like me, are deep-read in the world; and to a perſon thus made, I ſhould be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. Theſe are the queſtions I have always reſolved to propoſe to her with whom I meant to paſs my life; and whenever you can heartily anſwer them in the affirmative, I ſhall be bleſſed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your perſon be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanlineſs in the firſt, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I deſire indeed a plentiful revenue, but would rather it ſhould be of my own; though I ſhould bear from a wife to be reproached for the greateſt.

I have ſaid all I can poſſibly ſay in anſwer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I ſingled you out at firſt from the reſt of women; and I expect not

to

to be uſed like a common lover. When you think fit to ſend me an anſwer to this without ——, I ſhall then approve myſelf, by all means you ſhall command, Madam,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

To Dr. ATTERBURY, afterwards Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

SIR, [Sept. 1, 1711.]

I Congratulate with the college, the univerſity, and the kingdom, and condole with myſelf, upon your new dignity *. The virtue I would affect, by putting my own intereſts out of the caſe, has failed me in this juncture. I only conſider that I ſhall want your converſation, your friendſhip, your protection, and your good offices, when I can leaſt ſpare them. I would have come among the crowd of thoſe who make you compliments on this occaſion, if I could have brought a cheerful countenance with me. I am full of envy. It is too much, in ſo bad an age, for a perſon ſo inclined, and ſo able to do good, to have ſo great a ſcene of ſhewing his inclinations and abilities.

If great miniſters take up this exploded cuſtom of rewarding merit, I muſt retire to Ireland, and wait for better times. The college and you ought

* The Deanry of Chriſt-church.

to

to pray for another change at court, otherwiſe I can eaſily foretel that their joy and your quiet will be ſhort. Let me adviſe you to place your books in moveable caſes: lay in no great ſtock of wine, nor make any great alterations in your lodgings at Chriſt-church, unleſs you are ſure they are ſuch as your ſucceſſor will approve and pay for. I am afraid the poor college little thinks of this,

"Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ."

I am going to Windſor with Mr. Secretary *; and hope to wait on you either at Bridewell or Chelſea. I am, with great reſpect and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient, and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

To the Same.

MY LORD, The Country in Ireland, Aug. 3, 1713.

IT is with the greateſt pleaſure I heard of your Lordſhip's promotion; I mean that particular promotion which I believe is agreeable to you † though it does not mend your fortune. There is but one other change I could wiſh you, becauſe I have heard you prefer it before all the reſt; and that likewiſe is now ready ‡, unleſs it be thought too ſoon, and that you are made to wait till another

* St. John. See Journal to Stella, Sept. 1, 1711.

† The Deanry of Weſtminſter.

‡ The Biſhoprick of London was then vacant, by the death of Dr. Compton, who died July 7, 1713.

perſon has uſed it for a ſtep to croſs the water*. Though I am here in a way of ſinking into utter oblivion; for

"Hæ latebræ nec dulces, nec, ſi mihi credis amœnæ;"

yet I ſhall challenge the continuance of your Lordſhip's favour: and whenever I come to London, ſhall with great aſſurance croſs the Park to your Lordſhip's houſe at Weſtminſter, as if it were no more than croſſing the ſtreet at Chelſea. I talked at this threatening rate ſo often to you about two years paſt, that you are not now to forget it.

Pray, my Lord, do not let your being made a Biſhop hinder you from cultivating the politer ſtudies, which your heart was ſet upon when you

* To Lambeth. Swift certainly miſtook the object of Atterbury's wiſhes. He was not, however, the only one who has made the ſame miſtake. "The reſtleſs Biſhop of Rocheſter," ſays Dr. Maty in the Life of Lord Cheſterfield, "diſappointed in his hopes of a "Primacy, with ſuperior abilities, a claſſical purity of language, "and an auſtere dignity of action, ſtood forth the champion of a "Conſtitution which he attempted to ſubvert, and of a Church "whoſe principles he poſſibly diſbelieved. . . . The Archbiſhoprick "of York was refuſed him in one reign; and it is ſaid that he "entertained hopes of being bribed with that of Canterbury in the "next." It is here more than inſinuated, that Atterbury's ambition extended to York or Canterbury. Yet thoſe who were better acquainted with his views knew that Wincheſter would have been much more deſirable to him than either of the others. And there are perſons ſtill living, who have been told, from reſpectable authority, that that Biſhoprick was offered to him whenever it ſhould become vacant (and till that event ſhould happen, a penſion of 5000 *l.* a year, beſides an ample proviſion for Mr. Morice), if he would ceaſe to give the oppoſition he did to Sir Robert Walpole's adminiſtration, by his Speeches and Proteſts in the Houſe of Lords. When that offer was rejected by the Biſhop, then the contrivance for his ruin was determined on. N.

went

went to govern Chriſt-church. Providence has made you ſucceſſor to a perſon, who, though of a much inferior genius, turned all his thoughts that way; and, I have been told, with great ſucceſs, by his countenance to thoſe who deſerved. I envy Dr. Freind * that he has you for his inſpector; and I envy you for having ſuch a perſon in your diſtrict, and whom you love ſo well. Shall not I have liberty to be ſometimes a third amongſt you, though I am an Iriſh Dean?

"Vervecum in patriâ, craſſoque ſub aëre natus †."

A very diſordered head hindered me from writing early to your Lordſhip, when I firſt heard of your preferment; and I have reproached myſelf of ingratitude, when I remembered your kindneſs in ſending me a letter ‡ upon the Deanry they thought fit to throw me into; to which I am yet a ſtranger, being forced into the country, in one of my old pariſhes, to ride about for a little health. I hope to have the honour of aſking your Lordſhip's bleſſing ſome time in October. In the mean while, I deſire your Lordſhip to believe me to be, with very great reſpect and truth, my Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

* Dr. R. Freind, then head-maſter of Weſtminſter ſchool. See p. 262.

† "——— a land of bogs,
"With ditches fenc'd, a heaven fat with fogs."
JUVENAL, Sat. X. 75.

‡ Which is already printed in the Dean's Works.

To the Same.

MY LORD, Dublin, March, 14, 1715-16.

AS much as your Lordſhip's thoughts and time are employed at preſent, you muſt give me leave to interrupt them, and, which is worſe, for a trifle; though, by the accidents of time and party, of ſome conſequence and great vexation to me. I am here at the head of three-and-twenty dignitaries and prebendaries, whereof the major part, differing from me in principles, have taken a fancy to oppoſe me upon all occaſions in the Chapter-houſe; and a ringleader among them hath preſumed to debate my power of propoſing, or my negative, though it is what the deans of this cathedral have poſſeſſed for time immemorial, and what hath never been once diſputed. Our conſtitution was taken from that of Sarum; and the knowledge of what is practiſed there in the like caſe would be of great uſe to me. I have written this poſt to Dr. Younger *, to deſire he would inform me in this matter; but, having only a ſlender acquaintance with him, I would beg your Lordſhip to ſecond my requeſt, that the Dean would pleaſe to let me know the practice of his cathedral, and his power in this point. I would likewiſe deſire

* D. D. of Magdalen College, Oxford. He obtained the Deanry of Saliſbury in 1705; died Feb. 27, 1727-8, and was buried under the ſouth aile of St. Paul's Cathedral, without any monument.

your

your Lordſhip to let me know how it is at Weſtminſter, and the two other cathedrals with whoſe cuſtoms you may be acquainted.

Pray, my Lord, pardon this idle requeſt from one that loves and eſteems you, as you know I do. I once thought it would never be my misfortune to entertain you at ſo ſcurvy a rate, at leaſt not at ſo great a diſtance, or with ſo much conſtraint:

"Sis felix, noſtrumque leves [I do not like *quicunque* *]
"laborem:
"Et quo ſub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
"Jactemur, doceas †."

The greateſt felicity I now have is, that I am utterly ignorant of the moſt public events that happen in the world:

"Multa gemens ‡ ignominiam plagaſque," &c.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect and truth, my Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT§.

* The *quæcunque* of Virgil was more favourable to the zealous admirers of the memory of Queen Anne. N.

† "But tell a ſtranger, long in tempeſts toſs'd,
"What earth we tread, or WHO COMMANDS THE COAST."
DRYDEN's Virgil, Æn. i. 457.

‡ This phraſe ſeems to have been deeply impreſſed on the Dean's mind. He uſes it again, in a letter to Mr. Pope, Oct. 30, 1727; "I forgave Sir Robert a thouſand pounds, *multa gemens*." The line above is from Virg. Georg. iii. 226. N.

§ Biſhop Atterbury's Anſwer to this letter, dated April 6, 1716, is already in the collection of Swift's Works.

To the Same.

MY LORD, April 18, 1716.

I AM extremely obliged to your Lordſhip for the trouble you have given yourſelf in anſwering at length a very inſignificant letter. I ſhall entirely follow your Lordſhip's advice, to the beſt of my ſkill. Your conjectures from whence my difficulties take their riſe are perfectly true. It is all party. But the right is certainly on my ſide, if there be any thing in conſtant immemorial cuſtom. Beſides, though the firſt ſcheme of this cathedral was brought from Sarum, yet, by ſeveral ſubſequent grants, from popes, kings, archbiſhops, and acts of parliament, the dean has great prerogatives. He viſits the chapter as ordinary, and the archbiſhop only viſits by the dean. The dean can ſuſpend and ſequeſter any member, and puniſhes all crimes except hereſy, and one or two more reſerved for the archbiſhop. No leaſe can be let without him. He holds a court-leet in his diſtrict, and is exempt from the lord mayor, &c. No chapter can be called but by him, and he diſſolves them at pleaſure. He diſpoſes abſolutely of the petty canons and vicars choral places. All the dignitaries, &c. ſwear canonical obedience to him. Theſe circumſtances put together, I preſume, may alter the caſe in your Lordſhip's judgment. However, I ſhall, as your Lordſhip directs me, do my utmoſt to divert

vert this controverſy as much as I can. I muſt add one thing, that no dignitary can preſide without a power from the dean, who, in his abſence, makes a ſub-dean, and limits him as he pleaſes. And ſo much for deanries, which I hope I ſhall never trouble your Lordſhip with again.

I ſend this incloſed, and without ſuperſcription, to be ſent or delivered to you by a famous friend of mine, and devoted ſervant of your Lordſhip's.

I congratulate with England for joining with us here in the fellowſhip of ſlavery. It is not ſo terrible a thing as you imagine; we have long lived under it; and whenever you are diſpoſed to know how you ought to behave yourſelves in your new condition, you need go no further than me for a director. But, becauſe we are reſolved to go beyond you, we have tranſmitted a bill to England, to be returned here, giving the government and ſix of the council power for three years to impriſon whom they pleaſe for three months, without any trial or examination: and I expect to be among the firſt of thoſe upon whom this law will be executed. We have alſo outdone you in the buſineſs of Ben Hoadly; and have recommended to a biſhoprick one * whom you would not allow a curate in the ſmalleſt of your pariſhes. Does your Lordſhip know that, as much as I have been uſed to lies in England, I am under a thouſand uneaſineſſes about ſome reports relating to a perſon † that you and I love very well? I have writ to a

* Dr. Charles Carr, Biſhop of Killaloe.

† See the Letter, dated Aug. 3, 1713.

lady

lady * upon that ſubject, and am impatient for an anſwer. I am gathering up a thouſand pounds, and intend to finiſh my life upon the intereſt of it in Wales.

God Almighty preſerve your Lordſhip *miſeris ſuccurrere rebus*, whether you underſtand or reliſh Latin or no. But it is a great deal your fault if you ſuffer us *all to be undone;* for *God never gave ſuch talents without expecting they ſhould be uſed to preſerve a nation.* There is a Doctor † in your neighbourhood to whom I am a very humble ſervant. I am, with great reſpect, your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful, &c. J. SWIFT.

Some perſons go this ſummer for England; and if Dr. Younger be talked with, I hope you will ſo order it that it may not be to my diſadvantage ‡.

* Lady Bolingbroke; who, in her anſwer, dated Aug. 4, 1716, ſays, "To my misfortune, I am ſtill kept in town, ſoliciting my "unfortunate buſineſs. I have found great favour from his Ma- "jeſty. But form is a tedious thing to wait upon. Since it is my "fate, I muſt bear it with patience, and perfect it if I can; for "there is nothing like following buſineſs one's ſelf. I am unwill- "ing to ſtir without the ſeals, which I hope to have ſoon. I hope, "one time or other, his Majeſty will find my Lord has been miſre- "preſented; and, by that means, he may be reſtored to his country "once more with honour; or elſe, however harſh it may ſound out "of my mouth, I had rather wear black."

† Dr. R. Freind; from whom there is a letter to Swift in the Dean's Works, in which he ſays, "The Biſhop [Atterbury] and "my brother are much yours, and very deſirous of a happy meeting "with you. Before this can be with you, you will be able to gueſs "how ſoon that may happen."

‡ This ſeems to imply a wiſh in Swift to exchange his Deanry of St. Patrick's for that of Sarum.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM